THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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San Remo

By M. de Blowitz

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A Manipulated Market

By Elliott Flower

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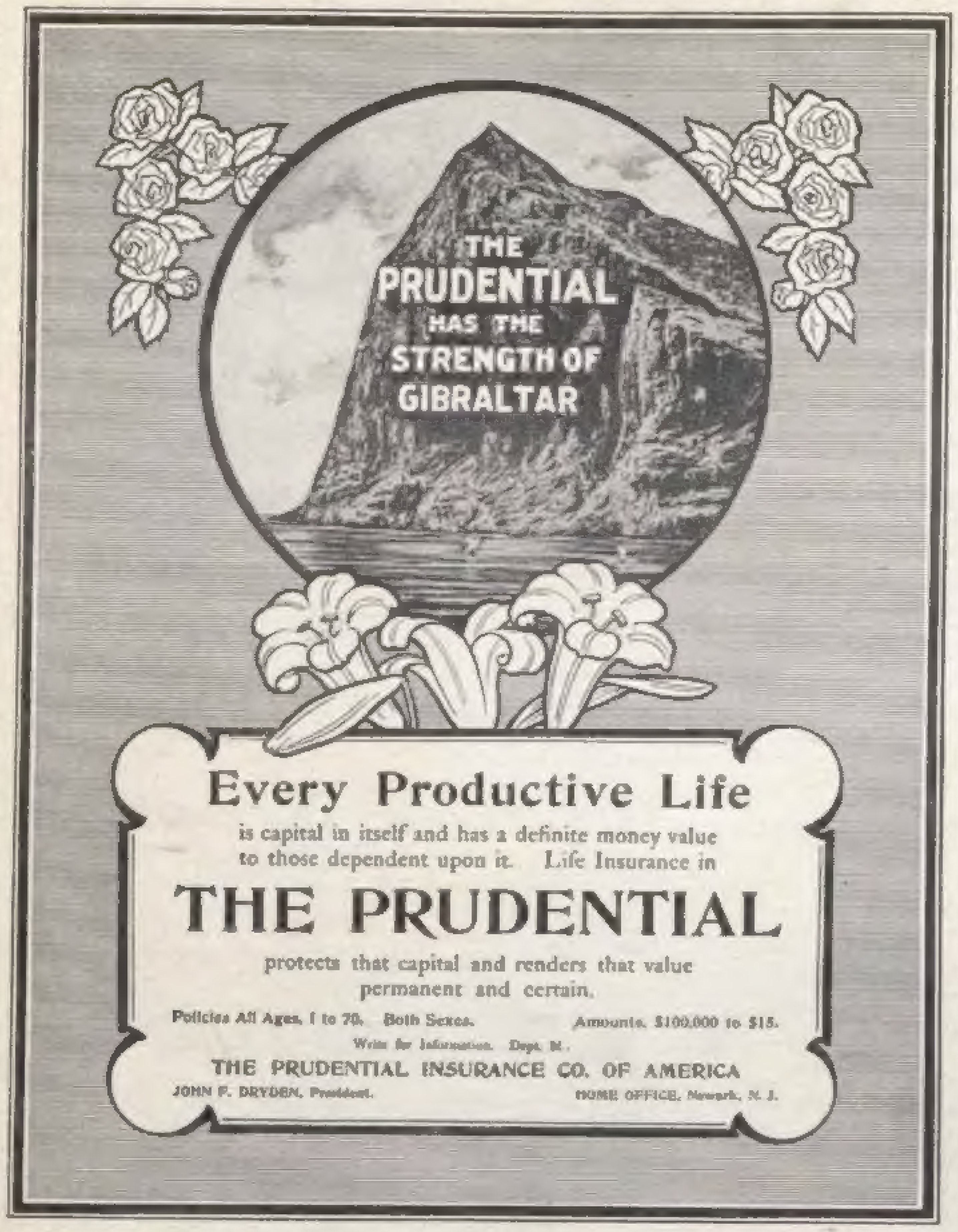

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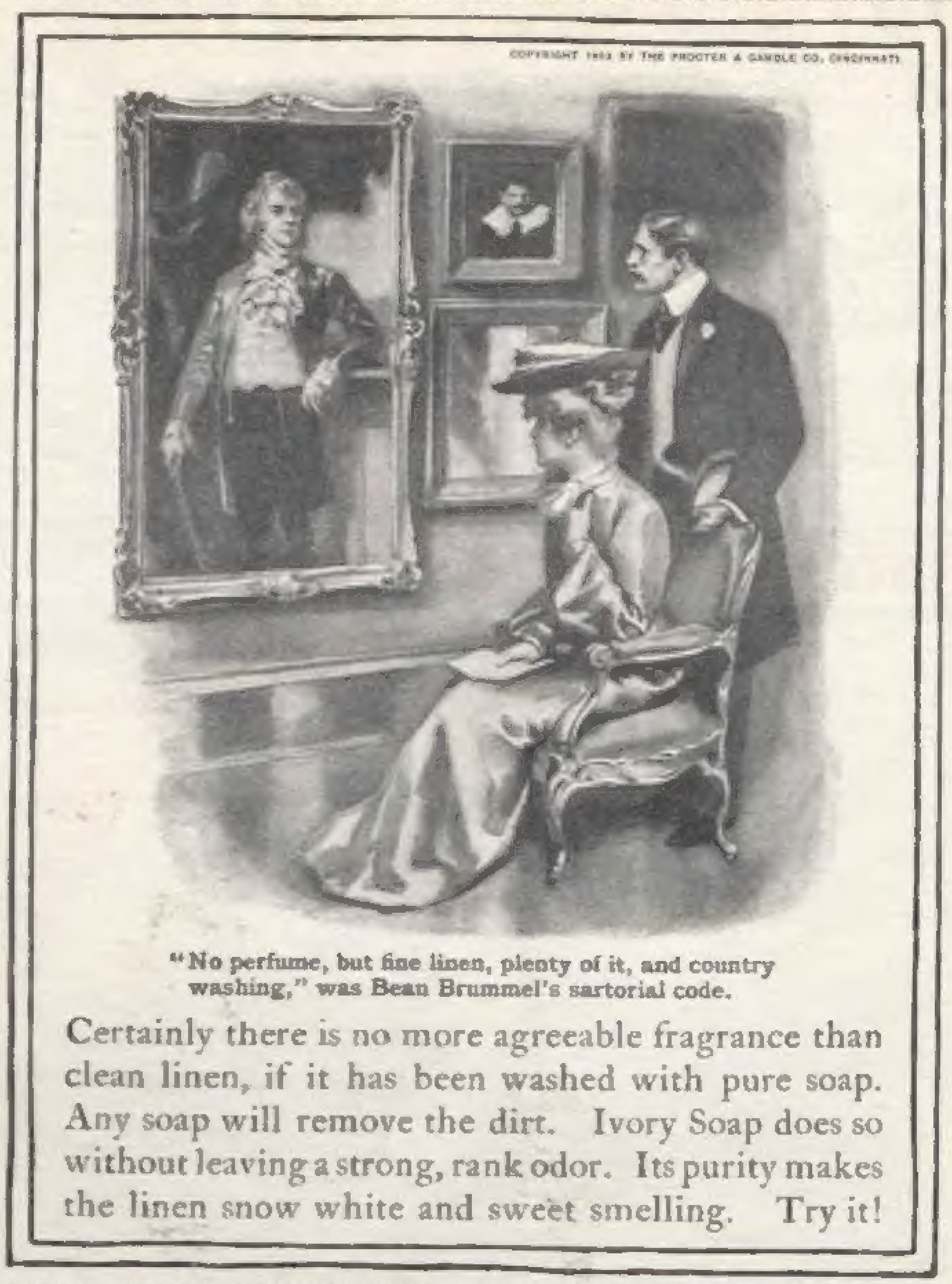

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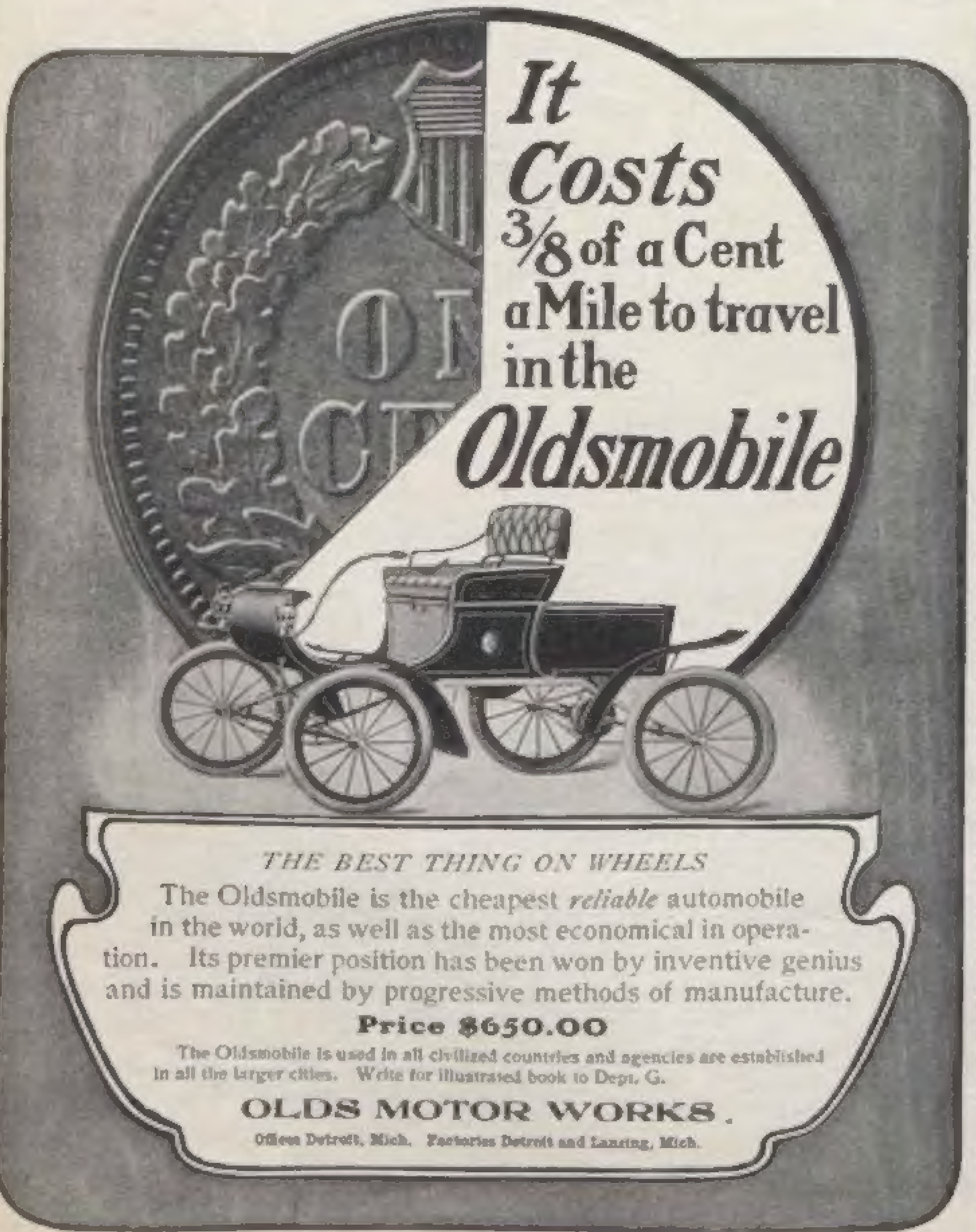

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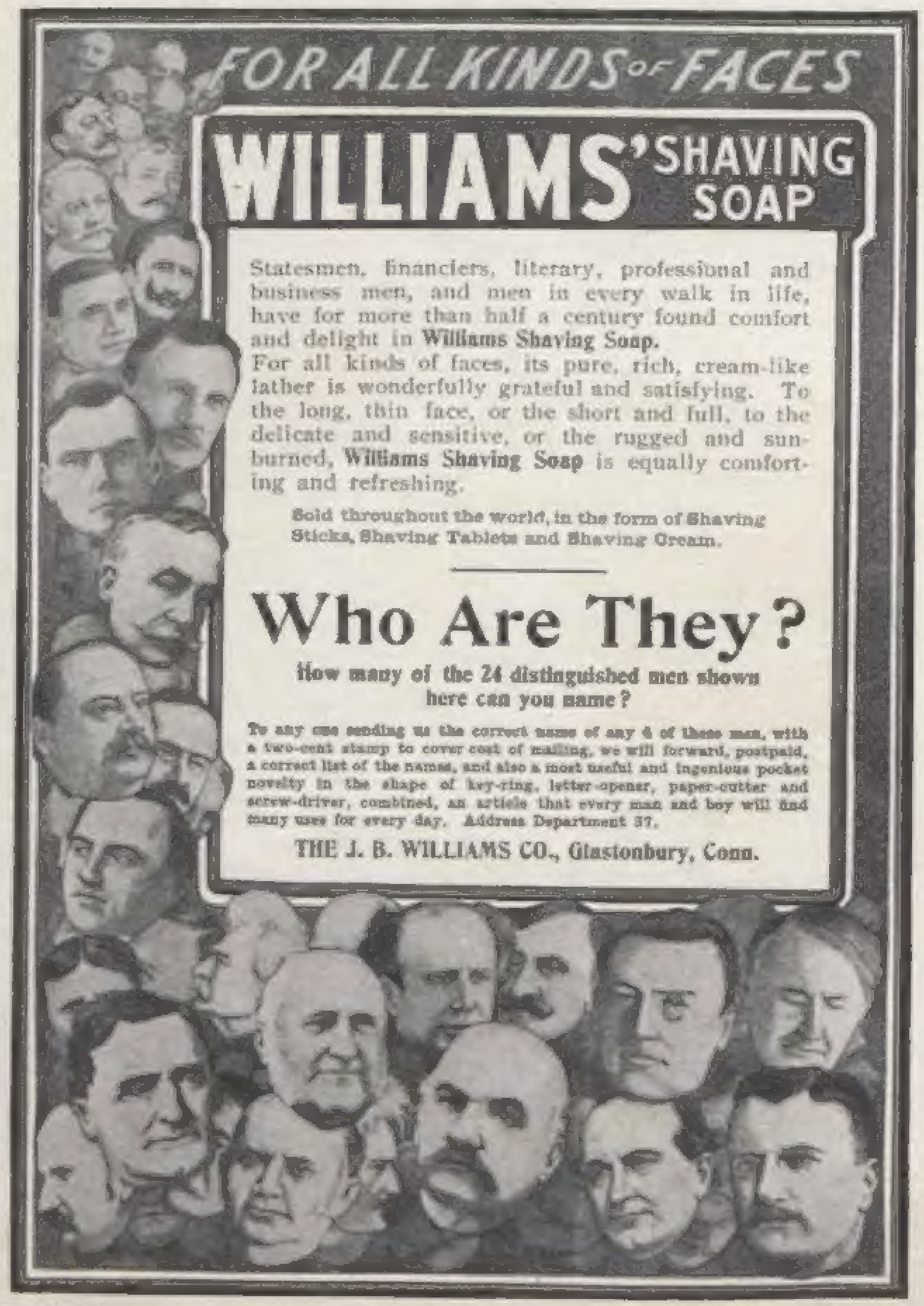
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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Recollections of M. de Blowitz

SAN REMO

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I DOUBT if in modern times, or perhaps even in the past, a greater, more impressive, more really affectingly tragic episode has ever taken place than that of which the marvelous region of the Côte d'Azur, by the shore of the eternally blue Mediterranean, was the theatre during the winter of 1887–1888.

On the frontier which separates France and Italy, in the delicious little town of San Remo, among the palms and the orange trees in blossom, there in the sunlight and the fragrance which bathed the white city, a man whom suffering had vanquished was slowly dying. He was the son of the old Emperor, William I, the son-in-law of Queen Victoria. I refer to the Crown Prince Frederick William.

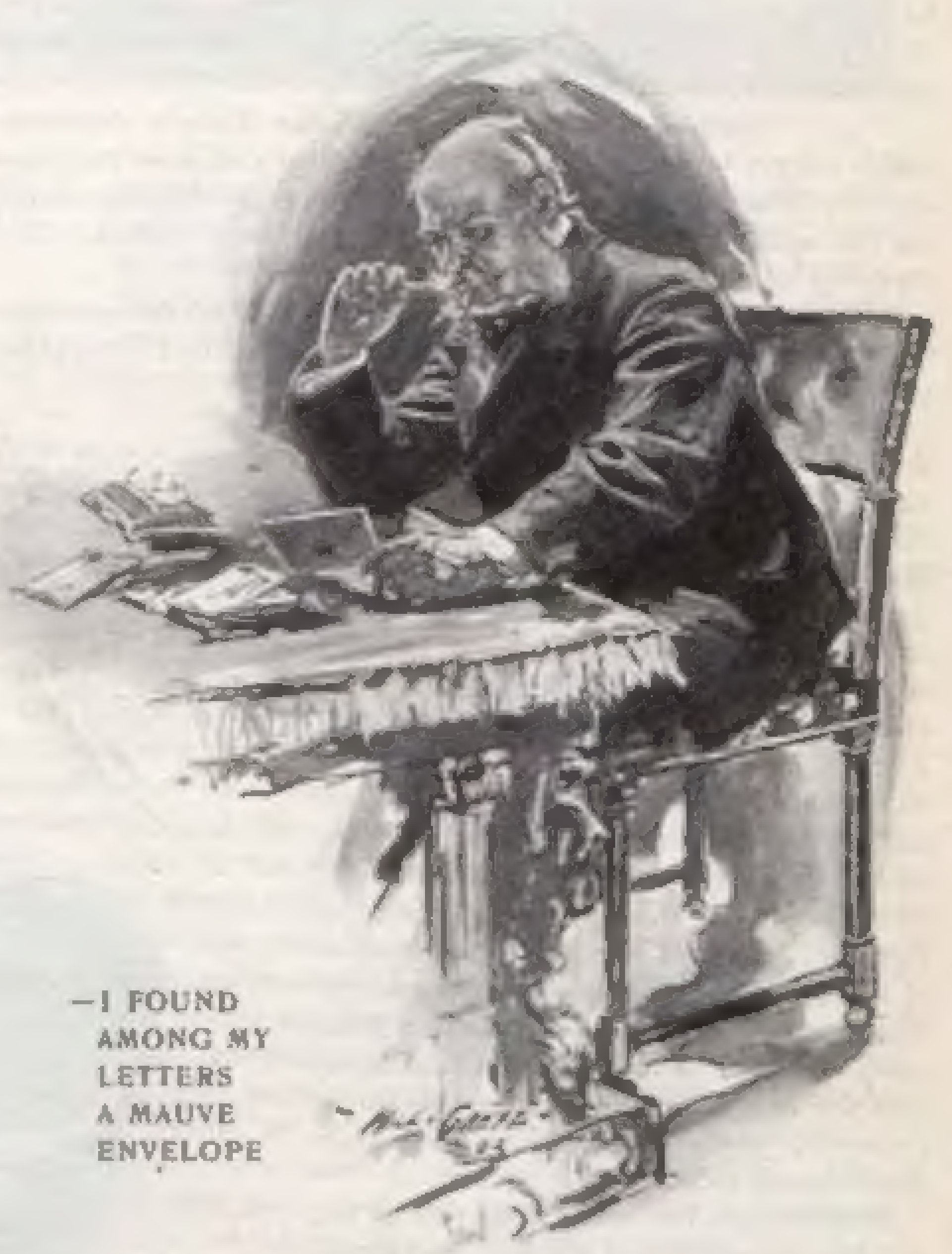
The whole world had its eyes fixed on this town and on this man. With anxious curiosity the whole world was watching the frightful struggle there being conducted in order to prolong the life of this doomed heir to a throne. Would he live long enough to become one day Emperor? Would he have the strength to traverse finally the little space separating him from one of the greatest thrones on earth? Who would be the first to die, the old Emperor, enfeebled by age, or the Crown Prince, enfeebled by sickness? Who first would be the King, the Crown Prince Frederick, or the young man, ardent, impetuous and impatient, known as Prince William? All about the planet these were the questions that people were asking themselves, and for which they were awaiting a reply.

San Remo had been, so to say, taken by storm by reporters from every country, immediately upon the arrival there of the Crown Prince. Opposite the Prince's villa was a hotel, the Hotel de la Méditerranée. People almost came to blows to secure a front room there. Certain American papers had sent out young ladies as reporters, counting on the fact of their sex to procure them certain privileges. These ladies, from morning to night, kept leveling their photographic apparatus at the villa, the garden, and above all, at the balcony where, in the afternoon, Frederick William was wont to come to cradle his suffering in the somewhat distant murmur of the sea. To protect him against this inquisitorial indiscretion a high wall of verdure had been constructed, and on the balcony had been placed a screen. But this was all so much time and trouble thrown away. The reporters, men and women alike, ascended to the roof of the hotel, and from that vantage point, plunging their vision beyond both screen and wall of verdure, photographed and gazed and listened to their hearts' content. . . .

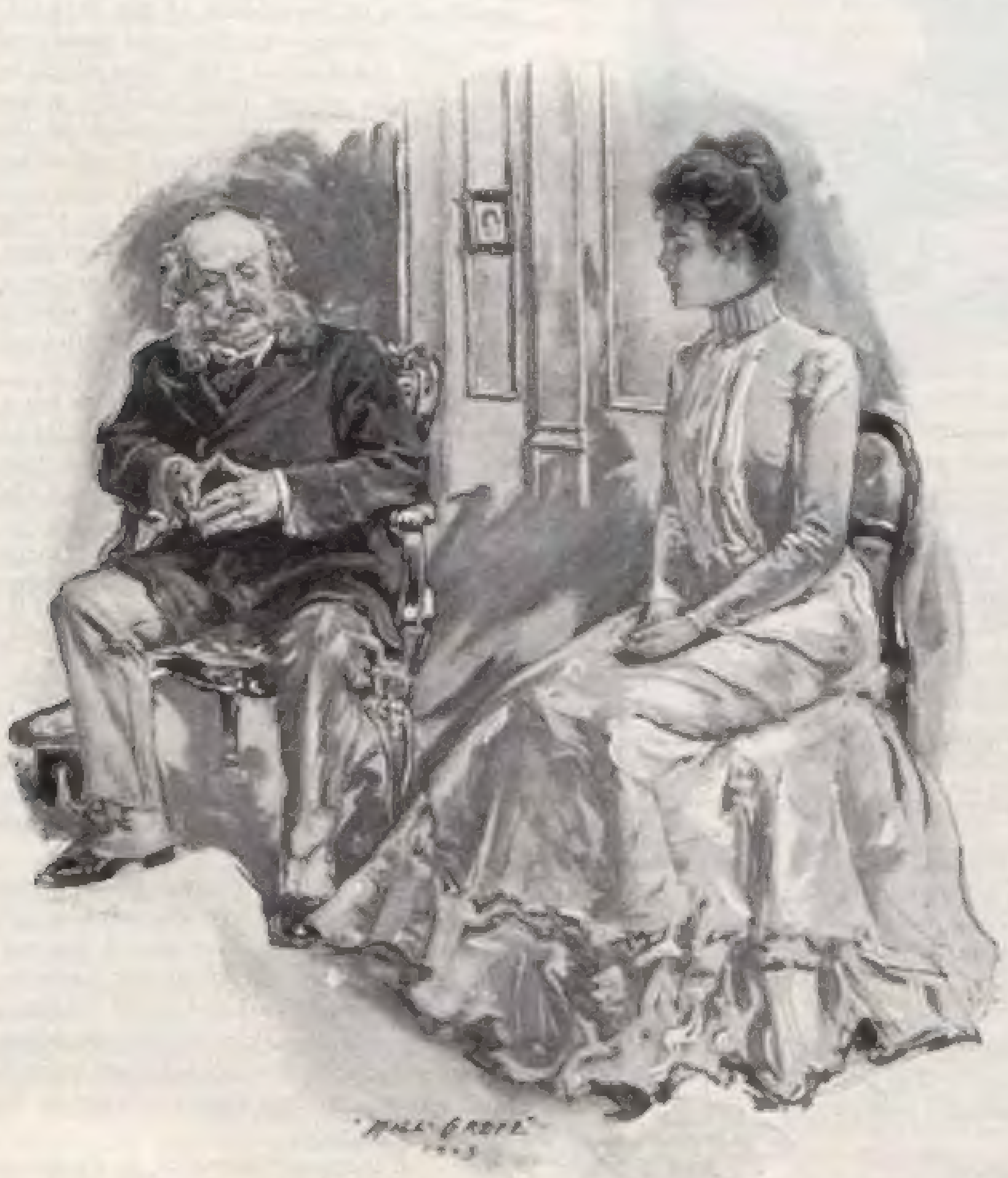
Yet they obtained little enough. No one, at all events, had the slightest inkling of what was taking place in the interior of the villa, whither no outsider had been allowed to penetrate. The occupants—orderlies, doctors, *dames d'honneur*, servants, were all of an extraordinary discretion. Not the slightest echo escaped by the windows; not the slightest piece of gossip issued by the door. Reporters and journalists remained in an ignorance anything but blissful, and telegraphed nothing of importance. As one of them, a Frenchman, said:

"So little is known as to what is going on about the Crown Prince that it is impossible even to embroider [*sic*] and to give play to one's imagination."

I myself, happening to be at Monte Carlo, had gone over to San Remo, and had striven to penetrate a little the mystery, to raise a corner of the veil, to bring back a few echoes of the tragedy which was evidently taking place, which I felt certainly was going on, behind the walls of verdure. But I had completely failed and had left San Remo disappointed, irritated, but haunted by the image of this villa, picturesquely suspended in its garden of verdure, but tantalizingly mute and enigmatic as a sphinx.



—I FOUND AMONG MY LETTERS A MAUVE ENVELOPE



—RELATED TO ME WHAT WAS CALLED "THE TRAGEDY OF SAN REMO"

One morning in the first week in March, 1888, I found, however, among my letters a mauve envelope. I recall vividly even now its very form and color. The letter was in a large and fine feminine hand. It contained only four lines, as follows:

"If you wish to know the tragedy of San Remo, why do you not try to find Madame Zirio?"

More than once—let me say this here—more than once during my long and adventurous existence I have received just such mysterious and anonymous suggestions. They were not always written on mauve letter-paper, and they did not always emanate from a feminine hand; but according to my mood at the moment, according to the feeling of presentiment which agitated my soul, according to the sensations aroused in me by them at the time, I either flung them into the waste-basket or religiously heeded their contents. And when I had adopted the latter resolution I uniformly did not regret it.

I recalled quite well the name of Madame Zirio, whom I had met once in the South of France. She was a tall, handsome woman, with bright, honest eyes, brilliant black hair—in which she often wore, like the women of Catalonia, a large fantastic comb—with a delicate yet energetic mouth, and in general an air due to her Marseillaise extraction, which betrayed the suppleness of the Phocians and the wavy motion of the Greeks. She was married to an Italian who was always ill, M. Baptiste Zirio, and I was unable to make out what possible connection there could be between her and the dying heir of the German Empire. Yet I felt a presentiment bidding me "Go!" and I went. In a word, that very evening I packed my bag and boarded the Mediterranean Express for San Remo.

Once there I discovered without difficulty the little house occupied by Madame Zirio. I rang the doorbell, was ushered in, and it was only after I found myself seated in this lady's drawing-room that the whole humor of the situation came over me, and I asked myself how I was going to explain my position to my hostess.

I concluded that the simplest means were the best, and when Madame Zirio appeared and we had exchanged the preliminary compliments, I merely showed her the mauve letter.

She blushed a little, then became pale. "It is really strange," said she. "I, too, received a letter yesterday almost identical with this one. The handwriting was very like this and the color of the paper was the same. Mine also contained four lines: 'If you receive the visit of a celebrated journalist, why not tell him the truth of the tragedy of San Remo?'"

The coincidence was, to say the least, odd. I hasten to add that the mysterious person who had sent these two letters knew certainly what she was about, for Madame Zirio, whose name hitherto had been pronounced by no one in the world, whose very existence was unsuspected by any journalist, was in reality the proprietor of the white villa occupied by the Crown Prince Frederick. It was she who had presided over all the preparations; she who, having only five weeks allotted her, had engaged and trained the admirably discreet *personnel*, from whom no one at San Remo had been able to extract the slightest information; she who had daily access to the interior of the princely habitation; she who was consulted hourly, by night as well as by day, as to what had to be done; she to whom Prince William had paid a visit during his forty-eight hours' stay at San Remo, and to whom even, in token of his gratitude and friendship, he had offered his photograph with a dedication.

Madame Zirio herself had arranged the apartments. The ground floor was set apart as a general drawing-room and dining-room. The first floor was occupied by the Crown Prince and his wife. A large bedroom, with two small beds exactly alike, communicated by a large dressing-room and by a small corridor with the apartment of the *dame d'honneur*, the Countess of Brüchl.

On the second floor were the apartments of the Princesses—Princess Victoria, then *fiancée* to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, and who, displaying her hands which were interminably long, said with a laugh, in French: "*Moi, j'ai des Hohenzollern les mains, les pieds et les oreilles; c'est énorme!*" and Princess Sophie, who on the eve of her return to Berlin said: "I am pleased to leave, for I was almost forgetting here that I am a Royal Princess."

Indeed, the house had so delighted the Crown Prince that when he first entered it, lifting almost joyously his traveling-cap and flinging off the long brown ulster, he said to Madame Zirio: "I am touched by the attentive way in which our stay here has been arranged. You feel that it is a woman's eye, and the eye of a woman of this Côte d'Azur, which must have presided over everything."

. . . And, seated there in Madame Zirio's drawing-room, only a few steps from the white villa and near the blue sea, my hostess, following the hest of the mysterious letter on the mauve paper, related to me what was called "The Tragedy of San Remo."

It was, indeed, a veritable tragedy, and behind the peaceful walls of the sunlit house there were some terrible struggles, certain frightful rivalries. The sick man had brought with him German doctors, among whom was Professor Bergmann, and English doctors, notably Sir Morell Mackenzie; and between these doctors the struggle was almost dramatic in its intensity. At the outset the Germans held their peace, relatively speaking; but later they expressed their opinions on Sir Morell Mackenzie with a brutal want of self-control, even going so far as to say that he furnished information to the press, and that, on this information, he speculated on the Bourse. The *personnel* was entirely German or English, and reflected the dissensions of the doctors. Count von Seckendorff, who had taken up his abode in a dark room, without sun, on the ground floor, was the inflexible partisan of the Royal Princess, while Count Radolinski took the German side.

Between the two parties there was not one single moment of truce. The struggle was sombre and silent, but it was visible on any and every occasion. The two camps attacked each other bitterly. When the moment arrived to perform the operation of tracheotomy, the wretched battle continued even around the tube which was to prolong the agony of Frederick III. The German doctors wanted a German tube; the English doctors an English one. Finally, under the direction of the famous American, Dr. Thomas Evans, a goldsmith constructed the model which was adopted.

On November 9, 1887, at 6:30 P. M., another element of tragedy came to heighten the dramatic character of the situation. Prince William of Prussia arrived at San Remo. The local authorities, his brother, Prince Henry, and the aides-de-camp awaited him. With that spontaneity characteristic of him, Prince Henry ran to meet his elder brother, in order to fling himself into his arms. Prince William interrupted this brotherly movement with a haughtiness that was remarked. His features wore a look of gravity, measured and hierarchic. The smiles vanished from the faces of the lookers-on and heavier fell the veil of sadness.

During the forty-eight hours of his stay Prince William saw his father very little, or perhaps not at all. But he had long talks with the German doctors, displaying toward the English doctors either disdain or utter indifference.

"My mother," said he textually, "is really very short-sighted in substituting English science for German science, which Bismarck, who never makes a mistake, considers superior to all the others."

He made also with his brother and sisters a few excursions on the sea, spending the afternoon thus, and displaying real gayety, as if he had nothing whatever on his mind.

"Voyez-vous," said he, "it is better to have only boys, for when you have a girl it becomes immediately much more embarrassing and a good deal more expensive. You immediately have to have a governess, a *dame d'honneur*, and a whole complicated household. Whereas with boys you can dress them all alike in uniform. A single piece of stuff serves for them all."

On the very morrow of his arrival Prince William announced his departure.

"Ah, all the better," said Madame Zirio, who chanced to be there. "For the Crown Prince is better, and the last consultation was reassuring. . . ."

"Oh, no," replied Prince William, "on the contrary, my father, as was foreseen when I left Berlin, is given up. He is suffering, without the slightest doubt, from cancer. It's a matter of only a certain number of days, perhaps of weeks. I am going, because in staying on there is no longer anything to hope for. My grandfather is much enfeebled. The Czar is coming, and my presence at Berlin is indispensable. I think I shall still have time to return here."

There were a few moments of silence when Madame Zirio said laughingly:

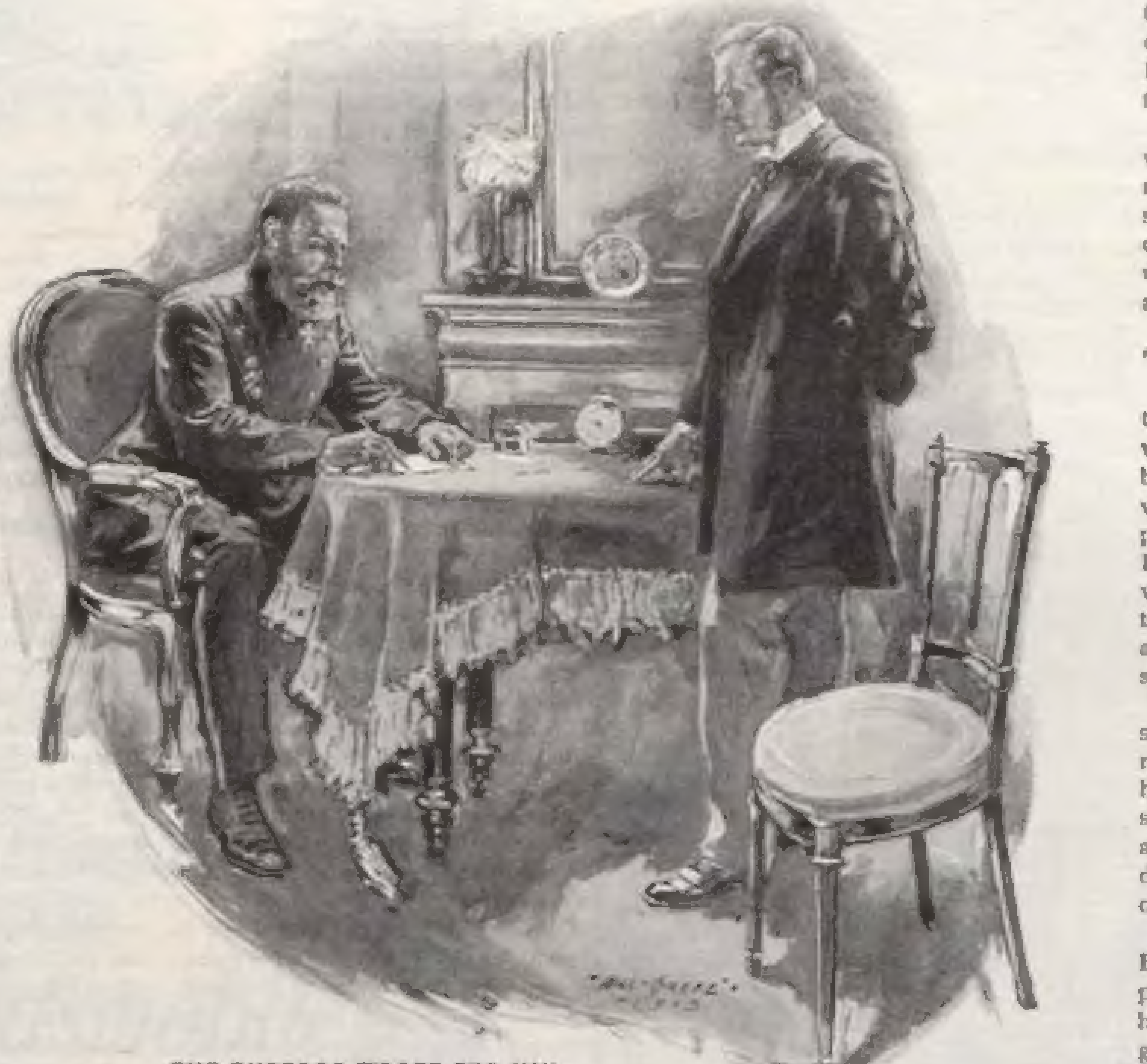
"Will you allow me to say *Au revoir*, Emperor to be?"

"Willingly," replied the Prince, and he took leave.

On the morrow he quitted San Remo for Berlin, absolutely convinced that his father's case was hopeless.

On February 7, 1888—just four weeks before I myself arrived at San Remo—at eleven A. M., the Crown Prince and his wife took an open carriage for a drive on the Corniche. Doctor Mackenzie and Doctor Bramann, Doctor Bergmann's assistant, were at the door of the villa awaiting the departure of the carriage. Just as the driver was about to give the rein to his impatient horses a breeze sprang up on the coast. Mackenzie made a sign to the driver, who pulled back his team.

He came up to Bramann. The Prince, with a sad look in his eyes, turned his head toward them.



THE EMPEROR WROTE FOR HIM A FEW WORDS OF THANKS

"This promenade is imprudent," said Doctor Mackenzie to Doctor Bramann. "The respiration is becoming difficult. Within two hours it will perhaps be too late and Bergmann will not be here before two days. We must come to a decision."

"Never," replied Doctor Bramann, "shall I have the courage to assume the responsibility of this operation."

And the Prince, who kept looking at them both, saw that Bramann was becoming pale.

"At all events," replied Mackenzie, "before letting him go out we must make a fresh examination."

And he made to the future Emperor an affectionate sign to invite him to get out of the carriage.

The Crown Prince flung off the furs that covered his knees, and, turning toward the Princess as if to ask her to pardon him for having spoiled her outing, stepped down, and entered the house. The doctors then examined once more the throat.

"I will wait an hour," said Doctor Mackenzie. "If there is no change you will operate."

An iron bedstead was sent for, and the head-rail was broken so that the doctors should not be embarrassed. The bed was placed in the middle of the room, a red cushion was placed on the pillows and they waited.

At one o'clock there was a fresh examination.

Doctor Mackenzie, after a rapid glance, merely turned to Doctor Bramann and said:

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," was the latter's reply.

The Prince lay down on the little iron bed. He was calm.

"Is chloroform indispensable?" he asked.

"Yes, Prince," replied the doctors. The anæsthetic then began its work. The operation began. . . .

Two hours later it was over and the Crown Princess Frederick, entering the apartment of her *dame d'honneur*, the Countess of Brüchl, exclaimed with sobs:

"Fritz has the tube in his throat."

All this, I need hardly say, is history, and even now as I am writing these lines for my American readers I recall vividly the scene there at San Remo, when Madame Zirio related to me, as the shadows fell, the whole story of this tragedy in which she herself had been so absorbed a spectator.

This interview, as I have said, occurred on March 8, 1888. I sat there drinking in every word that fell from the lips of my interlocutrice, fixing them faithfully in my memory, when a *coup de théâtre*, more unexpected still, took place.

The drawing-room door was suddenly burst open and a servant appeared, quite out of breath, on the sill.

"Madame, Madame," she cried, "you don't know the news?"

"No, what is it?"

"It has just come from the White Villa. It appears that the old Emperor has just died at Berlin."

A moment later we were on our way to the White Villa.

In the garden of the Crown Prince a pall of sorrow seemed to hang like an atmosphere. Officers, major-domos, sentinels and servants were hurrying hither and thither in strange confusion. The large downstairs drawing-room was brilliantly lighted and through the windows we beheld the scene as if we were at the play.

The household had assembled there and was ranged in a circle. The talk was in undertones. All seemed to feel the strangeness, the really stupefying character of the sudden elevation of the Prince, whose death already had been discounted and deplored.

Suddenly the door opened and the "Emperor" appeared.

He had become handsome again as in the radiant days of his youth. His beard, with a few silver streaks, glowed in the brilliant light of the chandelier. Tall and well built, he dominated the entire company. His blue eyes were slightly veiled. His delicate complexion, now heightened with a little color, seemed to show the real tranquillity which now invaded his soul, and his mouth fell into that seductive smile which characterized him.

With a firm step he walked straight to a small table in the middle of the drawing-room and wrote—for the tube prevented him from speaking—a few lines which he signed. An officer read out the paper aloud. It was the announcement of the death of the Emperor William I and of his own accession as Frederick III.

This done, the Emperor went up to the Empress, made a long and reverent bow, putting into the act all the homage due to his wife's valiant courage, and with a grave and tender gesture passed round her neck the ribbon of the Black Eagle.

The Empress, her eyes filled with tears, flung herself into the arms of Frederick III, and holding one another close they gave at last full vent to their sobs which they had so long and so heroically restrained.

All present then defiled before the new Emperor. Doctor Morell Mackenzie, who had performed the operation, stopped somewhat longer than the others. Frederick III had seized his two hands, clasping them warmly. At a writing-table the Emperor wrote for him a few words of thanks:

"I thank you for having made me live long enough to recompense the valiant courage of my wife!"

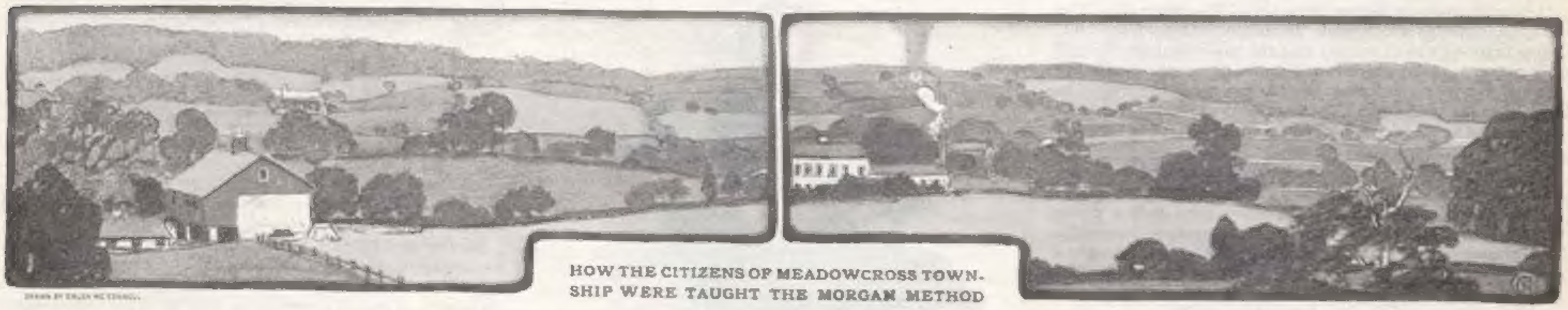
Then the drawing-room became empty. The Emperor ascended with the Empress to his apartments on the second floor. The lights gradually went out. Once more the White Villa was plunged in shadow and silence.

On the morrow I left San Remo for Paris. I have never since seen Madame Zirio, and I cannot say whether she still preserves the mysterious mauve letter. Nor have I any inkling even now as to the author of the extraordinary contents.

During my journalistic career I have been aided by many a chance; I have met on my route many a strange incident. But no chance and no strange incident was ever more marvelous than those which led me to San Remo to witness the *dénouement* of an historical tragedy.

And I felt it my duty, in these my Memoirs, to devote to this episode of my career an entire chapter, for it will show every one the extraordinary rôle, in the success of a journalist, played by that inscrutable goddess whom we call Destiny.

A MANIPULATED MARKET



HOW THE CITIZENS OF MEADOWCROSS TOWNSHIP WERE TAUGHT THE MORGAN METHOD

By Elliott Flower

Author of Policeman Flynn, The Spoilsmen, etc.

WHEN Jack Bentley came back to Meadowcross Township he was received with the most distinguished consideration by the good, but unsophisticated, people. Jack had been away for seven or eight years, and the rumors now circulated made him a financier of surpassing ability. Some of these rumors might have been traced to Jack himself, but that is a matter of no great importance. He talked freely and with such assurance of J. P. Morgan's methods that many of the good people gained the idea. that he must have represented that financier in some of his big deals. Furthermore, his ideas were so progressive and his theories so startling that soon he was regarded as nothing short of a genius.

"Every one," he asserted, "has the same opportunities that Morgan had. Morgan began in a small way and gradually broadened the field of his activities, because he had the right idea—consolidation. At the beginning he couldn't have swung that steel trust or the ship combine any more than you could do such a thing now. His idea has been consolidation and organization, with a view to decreasing expenses and increasing profits, but he consolidated and organized on a minor scale first, and gradually his power grew."

At this the good people of Meadowcross Township could only look solemn, wag their heads, and "allow" that "by gum! that boy o' Bentley's has a big head on his shoulders, even if he did run away from the ol' man to git out o' workin' on the farm." For Jack had been something of a scapegrace son, although now he made amends by giving his father financial assistance.

Just why he had come back from the city, even temporarily, no one knew. Very likely it was a whim, a desire to see the old place again and to overwhelm the unimaginative and plodding farmers with his intimate knowledge of the ways of the great industrial and money kings. If so, that ambition was soon supplanted by another. He talked so much of opportunities that before long he began to see them in the most unexpected places.

"If you had brains and experience," he told some of the neighbors on one occasion, "you could make a mint of money. You can't do it by struggling along, each man for himself, but you can by consolidation. That's the secret of modern success. The capitalists combine, the workingmen combine, and the fellow who doesn't get into some sort of a combination is crowded out. It stands to reason that he should be, for he isn't strong enough to fight and he hasn't the facilities for cheapening production. He can't make what he possesses, whether it's brawn, brain or property, pay what it should. There is a waste of effort or a waste of material that handicaps him. He hasn't enough money properly to develop all the opportunities that lie open to him, and, in addition to that, he has to let others make money out of him that he might as well save. Look at the steel trust! Does it let the owners of iron mines make a profit out of it? Well, hardly. It owns its own mines. Before the combination the shipowners had a pretty good thing, but have they got it now? Not any. The steel trust owns its own ships that transport its ore from its own mines. And the packers! Why, they now own plants that make a profit out of what used to be waste. There is money for them in the by-products, but only unlimited capital enables them to get it out. The small concern can't do it. Instead, it has to hand over a profit to others, and, to that extent, it is dependent upon others who may make it trouble at any time."

The good people were impressed, but they could not see how such methods were to be made to apply to them. This idea of consolidation, or combination, was all right for men in a manufacturing line, but for farmers there would be no material benefit. True, they might operate their farms jointly, dividing the expenses and profits, but it would make little difference in the result.

Jack Bentley let them ponder the matter for a while—perhaps he needed the time to work the scheme out in his own mind—and then, after an interval of about a week, he took up the subject again.

"What do you do with your profits?" he asked. "You let the man who owns the steam thresher have some of them, don't you? And the flour-mill man gets some, and the elevator company, and the creamery man and half a dozen others. Well, that's all right, only it isn't good business sense. They provide certain things that you need, and they've got to be paid for it; but why don't you buy those things yourselves and keep your profits? You think you can't afford it, but that's because you're back numbers. I'll tell you how to do it—how J. P. Morgan would do it: Organize a stock company to take charge of all your farms, pay the appraised value of each farm in stock, levy a small assessment for operating expenses, and pretty soon you will be in a position to cut off the profit of the outsiders and take it yourselves. In addition to the usual officers, you can have a General Manager to supervise the cultivation of this consolidated farm under the direction and control of the Board of Directors. At first you will have to do the work yourselves, much as you do now, but after a little I don't see why this plan shouldn't enable you to hire laborers and devote your own time to the duties of directors."

The good, but unsophisticated, people of Meadowcross Township were aghast. Here was a stupendous scheme, but it sounded all right. Surely one great farm, embracing practically a whole township, could be operated for less than twenty farms that aggregated the same area. On some of the great farms of the Northwest the real owner was seldom seen, according to reports. He merely took the profits and enjoyed a life of leisure in the city, leaving his manager in control. But would the profits be sufficient to enable twenty families to do that?

Jack Bentley could not promise that all would become millionaires, but he was sure they could get rid of much of the hard work and live in greater comfort than ever before. They might at least move to the village, instead of remaining on the farm.

"You see," he explained, "this is only the beginning. There are other opportunities that naturally grow out of this one. Take the steam thresher, for instance. Individually you can't afford to own one, and certain enterprising men in the village are making a good profit out of you in consequence. They thresh your grain for a price. But there is no reason why the Consolidated Farms Company should rely on them, for it will be big enough and rich enough to have its own machine and thus save, or make, the profit that now goes to others. And there is no reason why the Consolidated Farms Company should not have its own creamery, its own cider mill, its own elevator and its own flour mill. This one big farm would furnish the raw material for all these and enable you to undersell individual farmers, if necessary, and still make a good profit. Then there is the summer-resort question. Most of you take summer boarders, and you don't make much out of them, either—hardly enough to pay for the trouble. Well, you have a pretty good river skirting the southern edge of your consolidated farm, and you could easily put up a hotel there and hire a man to run it. That's another thing that's possible by combination only.

"Now, it may be that all these enterprises are more than one company should attempt to handle. In that case you might organize a separate company for each, making them interdependent. In other words, the Meadowcross Creamery Company should have a monopoly of that business so far as the Consolidated Farms Company is concerned, and in the same way the Coöperative Elevator Company should have assurances that no grain will be diverted to other elevators. You catch the idea, don't you? One way or another you'd make all the money there is to be made. You would be working for yourselves, and if one company failed to show a profit the dividends from some other would be the higher in consequence. The cash couldn't get away from you, for you would have all the avenues choked up; it would have to stay right here in Meadowcross Township."

For two days the good people walked on air and had golden visions. At last they had learned the secret of Mr. Morgan's success. Not only that, but they saw how his methods could be of practical use to them. Consolidation gave his companies strength to do that which would be impossible otherwise, and, whenever necessary, they were made interdependent—lovely word!—by ironclad contracts. Meadowcross Township lived on "consolidation" and "interdependence," and lived high—in its mind. Then old Heber Dangley suddenly jarred the good people by asking about the money necessary to get all these enterprises started.

"We ain't got it," he said, "an' it's goin' to cost a lot at the beginnin'. I ain't sayin' thet the scheme is wrong, but we ain't got the money for all this here—not even if we took out every cent we all got in the bank."

"Oh, that's easily arranged," asserted Jack Bentley, when this objection was brought to his attention. "That's often the situation of men who have the great ideas and the great opportunities, and they have to make some concessions to capital. Some of the stock will have to go to the men who advance the money; that's all. I can fix it easily. There are lots of men who will be glad to buy in, and who will be of value to the company, too, because of their knowledge of how these big things are done."

This seemed reasonable, and Bentley went to the city to see about raising the necessary cash. He returned in about a week accompanied by two men, and, contrary to expectations, neither of them turned out to be J. P. Morgan. One was a lawyer, and the other was introduced as a financial agent. Both were sharp, direct and inquisitive, but they finally decided that the investment was a good one.

"It looks all right," asserted Dickman, the lawyer, at the conclusion of his investigation. "You're making a fair living out of your farms now, and, with the economy that will come with consolidation, you ought to make half again as much. If properly handled the profits should increase fifty per cent. Add to this what you will make out of the elevator, the thresher, the flour mill, the creamery, and the other allied industries, and I don't see why you can't treble or even quadruple your present incomes. There ought to be a big profit in the summer resort alone, if properly conducted. Of course, it will take considerable cash, but a favorable report from my friend, Delvarr, will bring all you want of that."

The good, but unsophisticated, people of Meadowcross Township immediately began to let their thoughts turn to automobiles and houses with steam heat; but Delvarr brought them back to the consideration of existing conditions.

"My principals," he said, "will put up whatever money is necessary, but they will naturally expect a twenty-five per cent. interest in each of the companies, and also the right to name the various managers needed. This will be necessary to protect their interests."

There was a painful pause, and then Heber Dangley inquired, "What's the matter with our interests? Ain't we puttin' up everything we got in the world?"

Dickman assured them that the terms were reasonable, but they were hard-headed men in some ways and they refused to be convinced.

"I reckon Jack'll want something fer puttin' the scheme through," suggested Moses Magee.

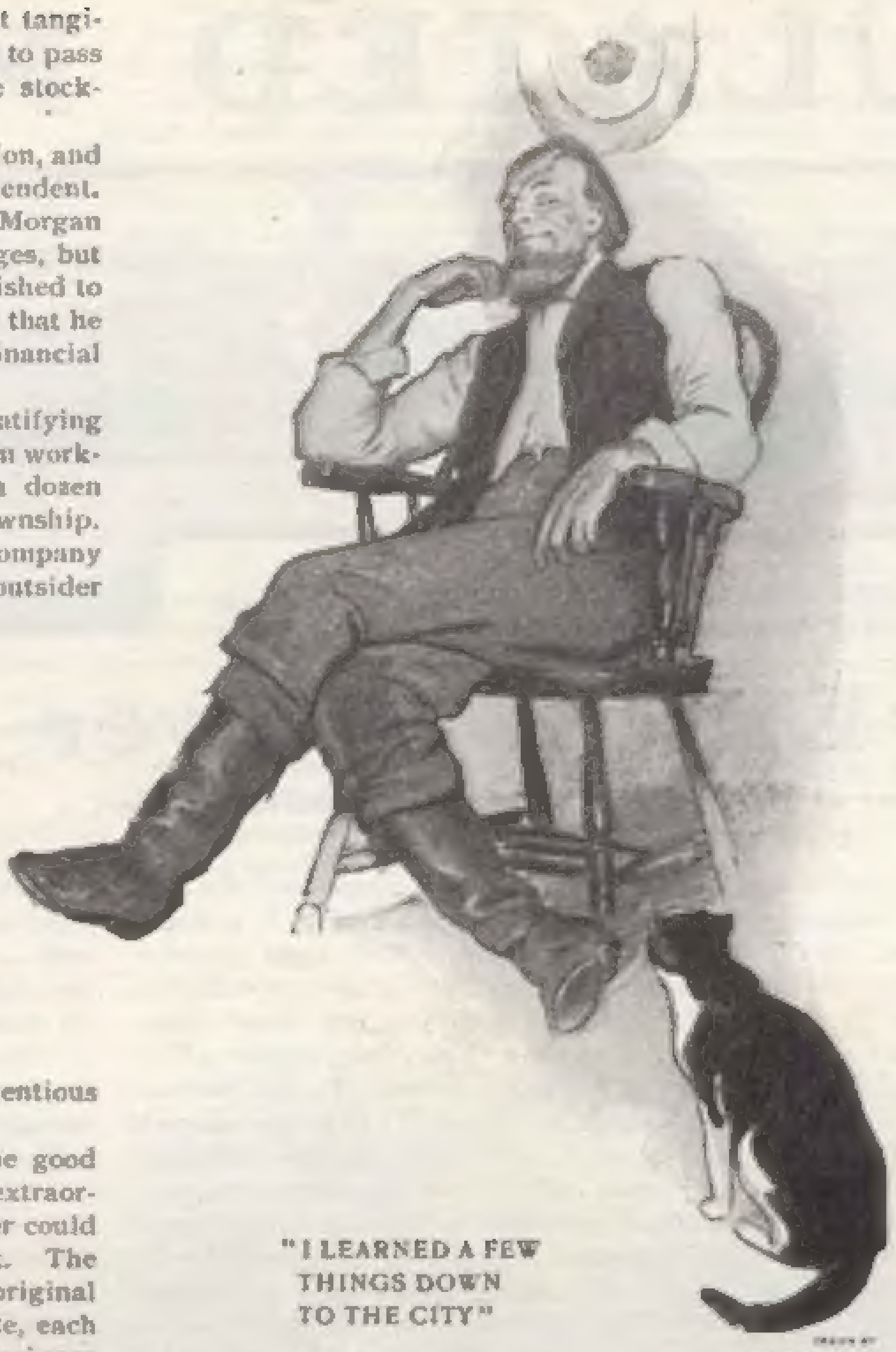
"Oh, ten per cent. will suit me," returned Jack Bentley.

"Makin' thirty-five per cent. we're handin' over," put in Dangley. "I reckon you kin count me out."

"Me, too," several others promptly added. It seemed to them too much like giving away more than a third of their farms.

Jack Bentley looked worried. It never would do to lose such a good thing as this promised to be, and when it became apparent that the farmers would not yield, he took the two city men aside for a conference.

"Might as well be modest in the beginning," he urged. "We'll get it all in the end." And much more to the same effect, as a result of which it was finally decided to accept fifteen per cent. of the stock of the Consolidated Farms Company in full for all services, including Jack's. For the money advanced notes were to be given, secured by mortgages; and the capitalists were to have the privilege for the first year of appointing the managers of everything except the



"I LEARNED A FEW THINGS DOWN TO THE CITY"

consolidated farm. The big farm represented present tangible property, which the good people would not permit to pass from their control. At the expiration of a year the stockholders themselves would assume full charge.

Dickman drew up the various articles of incorporation, and also the contracts which made the companies interdependent. Some surprise was expressed that the name of J. P. Morgan did not appear anywhere in the contracts or mortgages, but the opinion prevailed that Mr. Morgan probably wished to remain in the background, fearing that the knowledge that he was risking so large a sum of money might hurt his financial standing.

After the preliminaries were arranged there was gratifying haste in perfecting the details and getting everything in working order. A certain small company owned half a dozen creameries, one of which was in Meadowcross Township. The situation was carefully explained, and the company agreed to sell this creamery, it being evident that no outsider could expect to get any business under the new conditions. If it did not sell a new creamery would be built. In the same way the elevator at the village of Meadowcross was secured, and also the flour mill. As a matter of fact, the circumstances made it easy to secure them cheap. There was no trouble about getting a new steam thresher, either, but the summer-hotel project took time. Still, the consolidation had been perfected in the fall, and by spring the hotel was ready for business and had been extensively advertised. It was not all that it should be, but it would do for a beginning, according to Jack Bentley, and later they would build a more pretentious one. Bentley himself took charge of the hotel.

Meanwhile the speculative fever got a grip on the good people of Meadowcross Township, and certain most extraordinary happenings served to strengthen it. One never could tell just which company was going to show a profit. The stock had been divided throughout according to the original land-holdings of the farmers, but they began to trade, each desiring to get that which paid the best. After a preliminary slump creamery stock went to a premium, and some of the farmers gave flour-mill stock, with a cash bonus, for it. The creamery was the only one of the concerns that declared monthly dividends, but the books of the elevator company showed that a profit was accumulating there. The consolidated farms did well, and one by one the farmers lightened their individual labors and left the work to hired help. It really took so much time to keep track of their investments that they could not give their attention to the details of farm cultivation. Furthermore, they could see that they were prospering, so they could afford to take life a little easier.

As a result of this trading the stock quotations began to fluctuate, and there were gains and losses — all on paper. But presently Jack Bentley and Delvarr began to buy quietly for cash. They never seemed to care for the high-priced stocks, but they were willing to take those that had depreciated. They said it was to steady the market and restore confidence, and that certainly had a nice sound. When John Canwood discovered that the cider mill would show a deficit at the end of the season, in spite of the fact that there were splendid orchards on the consolidated farm, Bentley reasoned with him gently.

"What's the use of frightening people and destroying confidence?" he asked. "If you're worried, I'll take the stock off your hands at — well, say sixty. Of course you can't expect more than that if the books show no profit." He got the stock for cash — somehow Bentley and Delvarr never sold, and seldom traded, any stock — and then he cautioned Canwood not to alarm people, but just to mention quietly to any one who was nervous that he could easily dispose of his stock. In a little time Bentley and Delvarr between them had about eighty per cent. of the cider-mill stock, and after that, strangely enough, the business began to show a slight improvement. At least, the manager's reports were no longer pessimistic. The cider mill was perhaps the least important of the enterprises, and control of it did not mean much, except as an indication of what could be done. The representatives of capital had begun with only a fifteen per cent. interest in the Consolidated Farms Company. They still had that, and in addition now absolutely controlled the cider mill and had acquired a minor interest in most of the other companies. At first, as explained, they would not trade, but in time they consented to do a little trading. This was when reports and fluctuations became most confusing. Every manager issued a monthly report, and the reports from the Coöperative Elevator Company became really alarming. The good, but unsophisticated, people studied them to see where the trouble lay, but they could only discover that the expenses were eating up the receipts.

"Never mind," said Jack Bentley, "the profit will show up somewhere else. Look at the Meadowcross Creamery Company."

Truly, that was making a wondrous showing, and there was a sudden strong desire to get rid of the elevator stock and secure the creamery stock. Bentley had acquired some creamery stock before it was in such demand, and, "just to steady the market," he was willing to trade a little of it for elevator stock. Of course, as one was profitable, according to reports, and the other was not, it would be preposterous to expect an even trade, but he would accept elevator stock on a fifty per cent. basis.

"I'd rather have ten shares o' stock that pays than twenty that don't," asserted Len Riley, and he transferred his elevator stock to Bentley, receiving in exchange fifty per cent. of its face value in creamery stock. Others followed his example, some getting cash and some creamery stock, so that presently the representatives of capital controlled the elevator.

"And when the time comes," laughed Bentley, "we'll put that creamery stock down to a point where we can get it back cheap."

One man only — Moses Magee — did not seem to worry. But, then, he was very much of a back number, for he continued to work on the consolidated farm as hard as he had worked on his own little farm before. He was the manager of the consolidated farm — the one managership that the good people had refused to surrender to the representatives of capital — and he did not even find time to consult the monthly reports relating to the other enterprises.

"Somehow I don't seem to git the hang o' them things," he explained. "I can't rightly make out what they mean, so I don't bother with 'em. If there's anything comin' I git it; if there ain't I don't."

When, one by one, the good people moved to the village, Moses still stuck to the big farm; nor was he lured from it even when the summer hotel opened and a reduced rate was made to stockholders. However, as manager of the farm, it was perhaps necessary that he should stick to it.

One day, while Moses was at work, one of the other stockholders came to him.

"Mose," said the farmer, "got your elevator stock yet?"

"I reckon," answered Moses.

"Don't want to trade it fer creamery stock, do ye?"

"I don't mind," said Moses. "I ain't lookin' fer no trade, but I figger one kind's as good as another in the long run. If you're feelin' that you'll be happier with elevator stock, why, any on 'em suits me."

Now, at this time the city men, by their clever manipulation of the little market they had created, had secured practical control of everything except the consolidated farm and the creamery, and the first year of the experiment was drawing to a close. The good people were slow to part with their farm stock, and the creamery had been left to the last for trading purposes. As fast as the interdependent enterprises passed under the control of the schemers they began to prosper, and the farmers, beginning to understand that they had been outwitted in some way, were anxious to get back the stock they had sacrificed. Meanwhile, there had been a sudden terrific slump in creamery stock, the last report showing a sad condition of affairs. As a matter of fact, to use Bentley's expression, the time had come "to put on the screws," and the farmers saw their incomes dwindling. They had to sell to the interdependent companies, and those companies had forced down the price for the raw material on the plea that outside market conditions made it necessary. The rate for threshing had been boosted also, and now that the creamery had suddenly ceased paying dividends the outlook was dark indeed. The profit seemed to lie entirely in those companies in which they no longer had an interest.

"Of course," Bentley had explained suavely, "you made a serious mistake in disposing of your interests in these other companies, but we had to humor you in order to steady the market." Bentley could bring in this "steady the market" phrase in a way that was very impressive. "Now the only way to get this stock back," he went on, "is to trade consolidated farm stock for it. You can't get it all back that way, but we can let you have a little and we're willing to make it an even trade."

Bentley and Delvarr had put aside the surplus stock in the various companies, over and above the bare controlling interest, for this very purpose, and they now expected so to manage as to secure a controlling interest in the Consolidated Farms Company. But Moses unwittingly interfered with their plans. He made the trade requested, and the report was quickly circulated. Heber Dangley showed up promptly, and he also wanted to trade creamery for elevator stock.

"Like to oblige," said Moses, "but I can't do it. Only had a little of each kind, an' I jest traded my elevator stock."

"How about the flour mill?" asked Dangley. "Will you take creamery stock fer that?"

"I don't mind," answered Moses. "I reckon they'll all pay about the same in time."

Then came others with similar propositions, and to each Moses gave the same careless, "I don't mind." As a matter of fact, he really thought he was doing a good stroke of business. He had kept out of the trading previously, and did not seek it now, but through all the fluctuations creamery stock had been the steadiest and had paid the best. It had had one slump at the beginning, just to enable Bentley and Delvarr to get what they wanted for trading purposes, and then had rallied and paid regularly. Now was the time Bentley and Delvarr expected to get it back, but it failed to come.

"What in thunder is the matter with the yaps?" asked Delvarr.

"Give it up," answered Bentley. "Somehow the way they're acting doesn't look right, but they can't hold out long. We've got them in a corner."

"Just the same, it would ease my mind to have some of that creamery stock show up," said Delvarr. "I expected they'd hold off a little on the consolidated farms, but it isn't natural for creamery to keep out of sight."

At the first opportunity Delvarr suggested to Len Riley that, if the creamery slump worried him any, he'd take the stock off his hands.

"Ain't got any of it," answered Riley.

To the same suggestion Heber Dangley made the same reply, but he refused to say to whom he had sold it. His only reason for doing this was that Delvarr "seemed too pesky curious." Furthermore, as a result of what had happened, there was a feeling of resentment toward the city men.

Delvarr went back to Bentley, much disturbed.

"It looks bad," he said. "Somebody has been buying up that stock."

"Heard of any strangers being about?" asked Bentley.

"Not a one."

"Well, we've got to unearth that stock somehow. I'll see what Dad can tell me, and meanwhile you sound some of them on consolidated farms. I hope that stock hasn't disappeared, too."

The schemers were now really worried. Everything had happened according to expectations until now, and, so long as the farmers had the stock, they had no fear of results. Proper manipulation would force them to sell in order to live, for there would be no profit in the two companies to which they still clung. But if some worldly-wise and resourceful men had got wind of the scheme there might be trouble. The consolidated farm was the basis of all else, and the schemers had to get control of that. Then — well, then, the farmers would be holding the empty bag, and would have gained some costly experience in stock manipulation.

Bentley's father was distressed when his son came to see him. It looked to him as if some underhanded work were being done, and he did not hesitate to say so, although he admitted that he did not fully understand the details.

"Don't worry, Dad," said Bentley good-naturedly. "It's a J. P. Morgan game that we're playing, but you'll come out all right. I'll take care of that. When the right time comes we'll have a complete reorganization, and I'll see that you're properly represented in the new company. All you've got to do is to give me a proxy to vote your consolidated farms stock. But, meanwhile, do you know what's become of the creamery stock?"

Bentley, senior, shook his head doubtfully and asserted that it "didn't look right," but finally informed his son that Moses Magee had been acquiring creamery stock. Thereupon Jack Bentley breathed a sigh of relief. Moses knew all about farming, but that was all that he did know. They would give him a little time, for he was an obstinate fellow, but he would be unable to hold out long; he would be looking for ready cash shortly. Incidentally, while waiting, they could make it more and more apparent that consolidated farms would pay nothing, while the minor companies that they already controlled would declare good dividends, and thus they could gradually bring the farmers to the point of trading for the surplus stock put aside for that purpose.

Here was where they made their great mistake. Moses knew nothing of the frightful slump in creamery stock until his wife told him. Then he would have accepted almost any offer, but he was ashamed to make a proposition.

"I reckon," he said, "I'm eight kinds of a fool, but I got my salary as manager o' the farm yet, anyhow."

"You won't have it if them fellers git control," she returned, "an' s'long as it ain't makin' any money there's a mighty big temptation fer people to sell. Why ain't there profit in it any more?"

"We got to sell to these here other companies," he explained, "an' they won't pay fair prices. The conditions an' the market is bad, they say."

"What d'you s'pose that Morgan man would do?" she asked.

"Gosh-hang the Morgan man!" he retorted. "I been hearin' too much o' him."

"Well, s'posin' he owned the creamery," she persisted. "Couldn't he make it pay? They got to buy from it, ain't they? An' I reckon you must pretty near own it."

It took five minutes for this to percolate through the brain of Moses, and then he made a dive for an old trunk, from the bottom of which he took his creamery stock.

"By gum!" he cried, "I got 'most three-quarters of it all." He walked the floor excitedly for a few minutes, and then announced that he was going to the city. "I got an idee," he explained, "an' I got to talk it over with Cousin Jim. I reckon he kin set me right, fer he's in the law business himself. I'm goin' to git copies of all the contracts an' take 'em with me."

Moses returned from the city chuckling. "I got 'em," he told his wife, but more he would not say. Nor did he seem in any hurry to act, further than to advise all the farmers to hold on to whatever stock they had left, and to give him power to represent them. "Leave it to me," he said. And they did.

Bentley and Delvarr grew more and more anxious as time passed, and finally Delvarr came to him with an offer for his creamery stock.

"Ain't goin' to sell," was his reply.

"But there's no money in it," urged Delvarr.

"There's goin' to be money in it," retorted Moses.

"I don't see how you make that out."

"Well," said Moses, "you got your own manager in there now, but his year's most up, an' then the stockholders has the say. I got a good bit more'n half the stock, an' I'm goin' to put in my own manager. An' prices is goin' up."

"What?"

"They're goin' to be doubled, an' mebbe more, an' your blamed old summer hotel has got to buy from me or I'll git damages on that there interdependent contract. I reckon, with the butter an' milk an' cream an' things you'll need, I kin make that creamery pay big."

Delvarr reported to Bentley, and then they sent in haste for Dickman, the lawyer. He came up from the city, and the three had a session with Moses.

"Be reasonable," urged the lawyer. "We admit that you've got a little the best of us on this creamery deal, but we control everything else except the farm, and you can't afford to fight us."

"I wouldn't give shucks fer what you own," asserted Moses.

"Don't be foolish," persisted the lawyer. "The creamery can't be made to support all of you, and, under the various contracts, you can't make anything out of the farm until we're ready to let you. So far as the farm is concerned, you've got to sell to us at prices fixed by a committee of the managers of all the allied industries, and, as matters now stand, you never can get control of that committee. It may take a little time, but we can simply bust you all."

Moses leaned back in his chair and looked at them with a calm, superior smile.

"I learned a few things down to the city," he said. "I took them there contracts with me. We got to sell to your companies everything we raise that's in their line, but we ain't goin' to raise anything that's in their line. Then what happens? Hey? That there flour mill o' yourn has got to have the wheat from this township so's to make any money, ain't it? Well, there ain't goin' to be no wheat."

Dickman, Bentley and Delvarr looked at each other, and for a moment they had nothing to say.

"You been puttin' up prices fer threshin'," Moses went on, "but if we don't raise grain we don't need your old machine, an' you might as well put it in the scrap pile, fer over in the next township they got one. An' if we don't raise grain what you goin' to do with your elevator? 'Tain't placed right to git grain from nowhere else."

"Surely you're not serious," argued the lawyer.

"Who says so?" demanded Moses. "Jest you watch an' see. I got the run o' this thing now, an' I'm goin' to have you all up in the air, as Cousin Jim says. Only, gosh-hang it! we got to give you apples fer your cider mill, but I don't reckon you'll make a whole mint out o' that. Looks to me like you got some mighty bad investments on your hands. There ain't even goin' to be much money in the hotel after payin' the creamery prices."

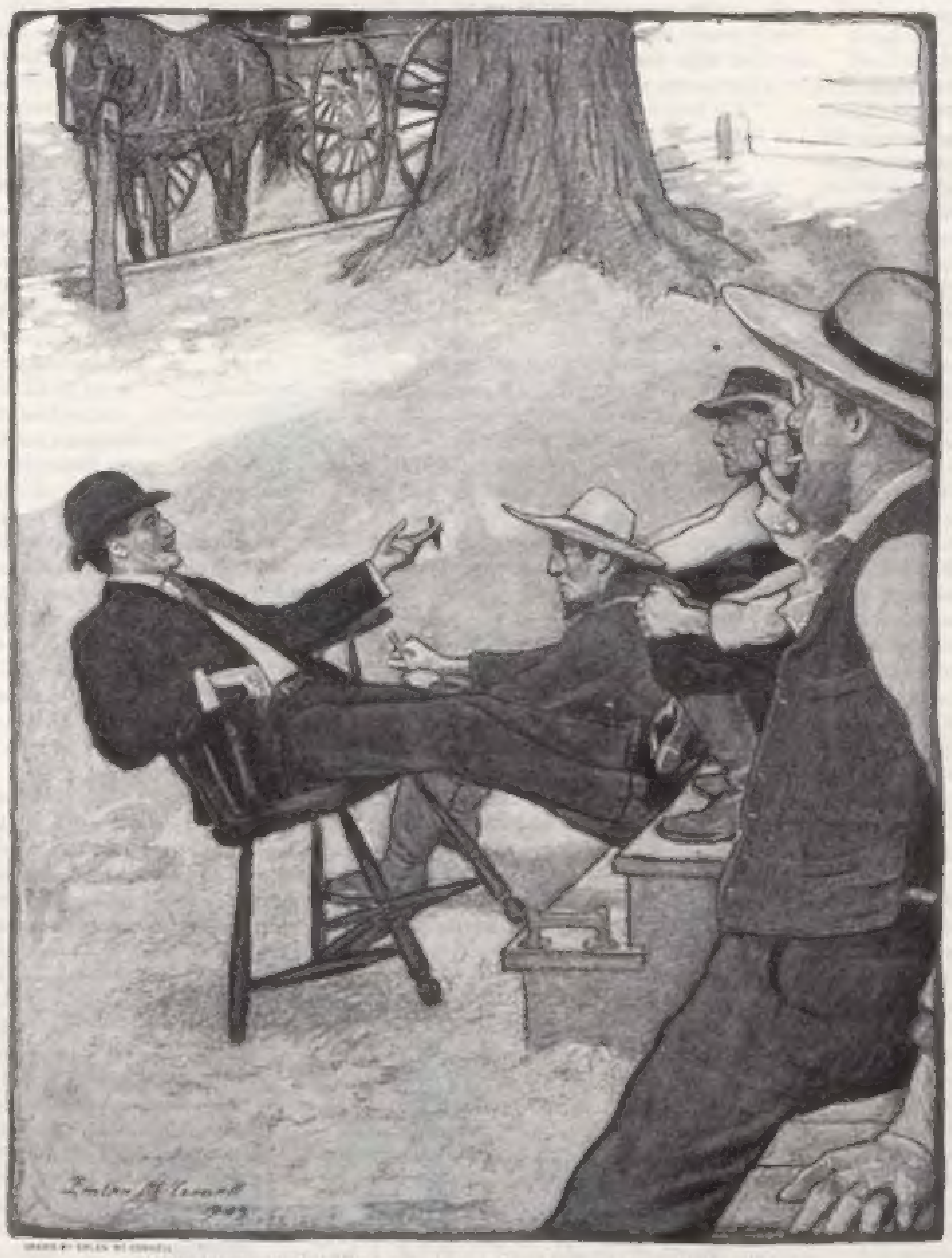
The three went away, and a few days later they returned with two more men from the city, and the conversation indicated that these were two of the men who had really advanced the money. They were speculators who were not too particular as to how they got their money so long as the returns were big. In this deal they were part of a little syndicate that had been formed as a result of Bentley's glowing description of the magnificent opportunity to acquire practically a whole township, including the industries, for which they made the preliminary advances. Dickman introduced them.

"If you're going to be ugly," asserted Dickman, "we've decided that it will be necessary to foreclose the mortgages. You see, you haven't got things so much your own way as you thought. We wanted to be easy ——"

"An' git everything in sight," broke in Moses; "but I ain't played my hand yet. I been holdin' back a right bower. Now, them mortgages was made to secure notes, an' the notes fall due one a year fer ten years. The first one ain't due for more'n another month, an' when it's due it's goin' to be paid. I got that fixed with Cousin Jim, an' he's middlin' well posted on what's what."

"Paid!"

"That's what I said."



JUST WHY HE HAD COME BACK FROM THE CITY NO ONE KNEW

"Can't we compromise this thing?" asked one of the strangers conciliatorily. "You can't make anything out of the farm if you don't raise grain, and we have you at our mercy if you do."

"Can't, hey?" ejaculated Moses.

"What will you raise?"

"Well," replied Moses, "I was thinkin' we could use a good bit of it fer a dairy farm, s'long as we got the creamery. An' the soil is more'n middlin' fair fer fruit, an' they do say there's a big call fer grape juice. It would take a bit o' time, but it looks to me like we might go in fer puttin' up our own grape juice. An' there's a chance fer live stock, too, with mebbe a bit o' tobacco off in one corner. Your committee o' managers kin fix the price fer what's in your line, but the manager settles what we'll raise, an' I'm the manager. Why, if we're put to it, we'll try raisin' alfalfa, by gum! Say! but wouldn't your ol' thresher an' elevator an' flour mill git rich on alfalfa!"

"I think," put in Dickman, "that we could go into court and force you to raise what we need."

"'Tain't in the contract," retorted Moses, "an' anyhow, Cousin Jim didn't think you'd be lookin' fer a chance to have your scheme showed up in court—not with him cross-examinin'."

"What do you want?" asked Delvarr.

"Everything," answered Moses promptly.

"Have you any plan to propose?"

"Well, I ain't much on plans, but I tell you what you do: you jest run down to the city an' see Cousin Jim. He's got some friends who think these here mortgages an' notes is good, if we kin git the whole thing under one head ag'in' an' everything goin' smoothly. I ain't sayin' he'll give you the top price, but, if you're good, I think mebbe he'll let you git out even or pretty near even. He says if we git all these here companies consolidated into one his friends think it will be pretty good security."

"We've got to turn over all the property, then?" suggested Delvarr.

"Looks like that."

"And if we refuse?"

"Well, after we've been raisin' alfalfa fer a bit I reckon we kin buy you out pretty cheap."

The party marched gloomily out, but paused at the gate, and all looked at Dickman, the lawyer.

"See Cousin Jim," said the latter with a sigh, "and be nice to him. You may get out whole and you may not, but you'll come closer to it that way than any other."

From the porch Moses called to Bentley to come back.

"Thought I'd tell you," he said, "that this here is the way that Morgan man does business. You didn't seem to rightly git the hang o' his methods. But we ain't goin' to store it up ag'in' your poor ol' Dad. He comes in on the reorganization, an' mebbe we'll give him an extra share to sort o' compensate him fer havin' sech a son."

Then he laughed, but there was no laughter in the party that drove away.

❧

Bacon's Billet

A SOUTHERN Congressman tells a story in regard to the Honorable Augustus O. Bacon, United States Senator from Georgia. Senator Bacon is recognized as a very serious-minded statesman whose disinclination to resort to jest in debate has added to his force in national affairs.

"At the beginning of the present session," says the Congressman, "when the chairmanships of committees were being awarded, Senator Bacon's name was considered. As a Democrat he could not, of course, expect to capture any of the most coveted billets dispensed by the enemy. Nevertheless, the Senators having the matter in hand very graciously decided to give Senator Bacon substantial recognition.

"'Give the Senator from Georgia something worth while,' said one, 'for he is a mighty serious man.'

"Another Senator, at that, exclaimed:

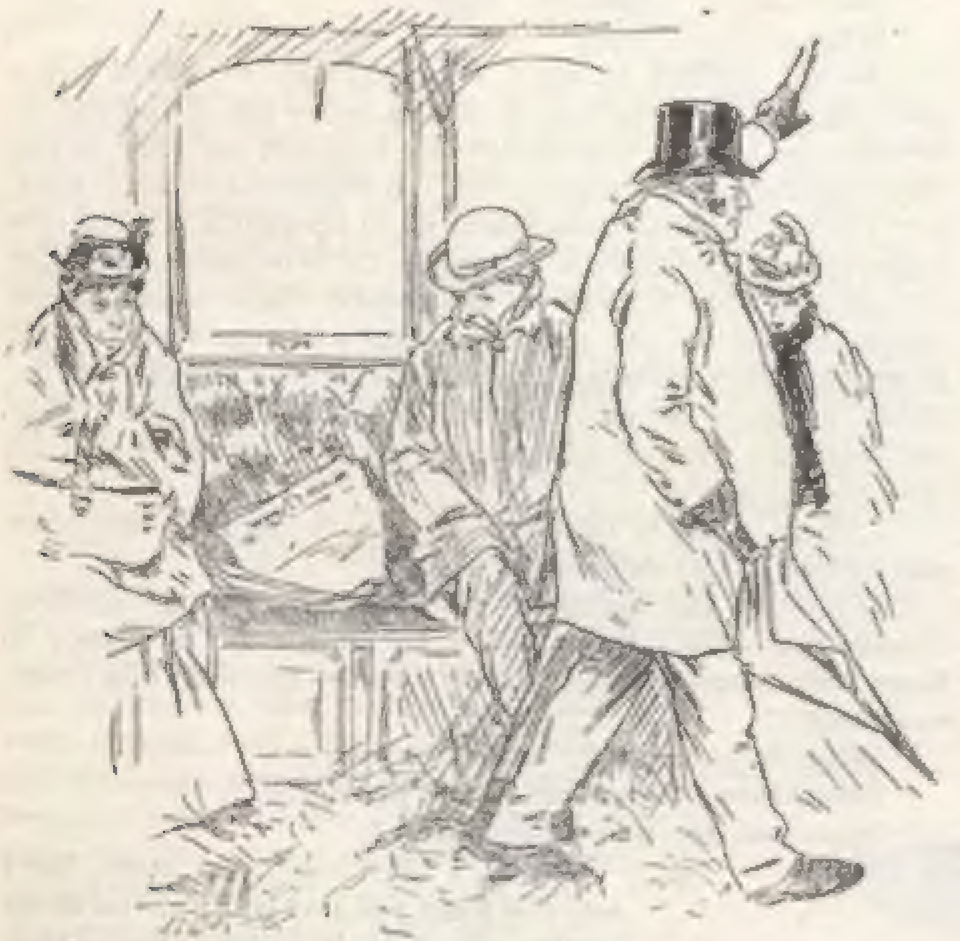
"'I have it! As Senator Bacon has by nature been spared a sense of humor, let's make him chairman of the Committee on Woman Suffrage. Then we shall have a chairman who can maintain his gravity when the women come before the committee to make their annual arguments.'

"The appointment was unanimously made."

Fortunes and Freaks in Advertising

By Paul Latzke

SOME STORIES OF FAMOUS SUCCESSES MADE BY MEN WHO HAVE USED PRINTERS' INK



BY SOME STRANGE WHIM OF RECKLESSNESS
HE LEFT THE PAPER BEHIND

WHEN the January wind comes at a certain angle across Boston Common wise men keep indoors and animals seek the sheltered way. The air cuts through to the body like a knife. The heaviest overcoat is scant protection. Furs turn to feathery icicles. There is then comfort nowhere except indoors before a blazing fire. Those who must be abroad take the nearest way, and the street-car companies for once reap a harvest of "short riders."

Out of such conditions it requires rare favor of the gods to build success, but the story of a family from Lynn shows that it is possible. It happened that a rich man, having a directors' meeting to attend on such a January forenoon, jumped aboard the car on which the elder brother of this family—a *young* elder brother—was journeying to his home in Lynn. The rich man carried in his hand a copy of a Boston newspaper, and at the end of his short ride, by some strange whim of recklessness he left the paper behind. The elder brother, having a long, cold ride before him, and having no pennies to waste on newspapers, picked up the abandoned paper with eager satisfaction. And from this incident grew the making of millions out of an $84 check, and the beginning of an advertising romance that probably has no parallel.

This young man from Lynn was taking the $84 check home, and he had it very closely buttoned in his inside pocket. It represented the first substantial sum he and his family had had in their possession for several years. At the other end of the car line his mother and brothers and sisters were waiting hungrily for his appearance with the small fortune. They had been living on very thin provender for months, and looked to this check for a taste of good, strong food. The family originally had been among the most substantial people in Lynn. The father was a wealthy builder, and in 1874 had over one hundred houses, finished and under construction. Then a financial squeeze came, and he lost every dollar he had in the world. Fortunately, there remained the home, which was in the mother's name, and somehow the family managed for four years to keep from starving. Then in 1878 the elder brother had an idea. His mother, in the years of their prosperity, had brewed a certain medicinal compound, the recipe for which had been given her by an old German woman. Of this compound she had given away thousands of bottles, refusing pay even from strangers who asked the medicine of her. Her son's idea had to do with this medicine.

"Why not make up the compound and sell it?" he suggested.

The mother was doubtful.

"Who would buy it?"

"The people to whom you used to give it and lots of others when they hear of it. You've got nearly a thousand letters upstairs from the people who wrote to thank you for the medicine. We'll take some of these letters and have them printed; then we'll distribute them as advertisements."

With considerable misgiving, $2.65 was taken out of the slender family stock to pay for a thousand small, four-page circulars. The three brothers distributed these circulars from house to house. Next day they went over the same route, carrying in canvas bags a supply of the medicine which their mother had meanwhile brewed over the kitchen stove. Wherever a circular had been left they rang the doorbell and offered their wares. It was slow work, but it brought in enough money to keep the family from want. Here and there a drug store took several bottles, and circulars were left on the drug-store counters. Finally the demand reached a wholesale drug house in Boston and they ordered a gross. It was the payment for this first big sale, the $84 check, that the elder brother was carrying home when he happened to pick up the rich man's newspaper. He was too cold to take deep interest in the new "stories" spread out before him, but he finally lighted on a line that held his eye. It was printed on the editorial page in black type, and read:

Circulation, 54,000 Copies Daily.

The line fascinated him. It brought a wicked temptation to his mind.

"It takes us," he said to himself, "about three days to put out a thousand circulars, and they cost us $2.65 undelivered. At that rate 54,000 would take over half a year to put out, and the printing would come to $143. Now if we only had the money we could put them all out in one day through this newspaper, and the cost would probably be no greater."

Just then the car passed the newspaper office.

The young man ran to the door and jumped out.

"I'll just see what it *would* cost," he explained to himself.

Inside, he handed the man a copy of his circular.

"What would you charge to put that in to-morrow morning's paper?"

"All of it?"

"Yes."

Mechanically the man counted the lines.

"$63.40."

"On the front page?"

"We don't put 'ads' there."

"Then it would do me no good."

"Very well, I'll put it there so you can try the effect."

The young man drew his breath hard. He knew what the sum asked meant at home; but the fever was on him. So steadying his voice as best he could he said:

"All right, you may print it if you will take in payment a check for $84 and give me the change."

The advertising man was willing and five minutes afterward his customer was on his way to Lynn again, but his precious hoard had melted to $20.60. At the house he was met by the whole family.

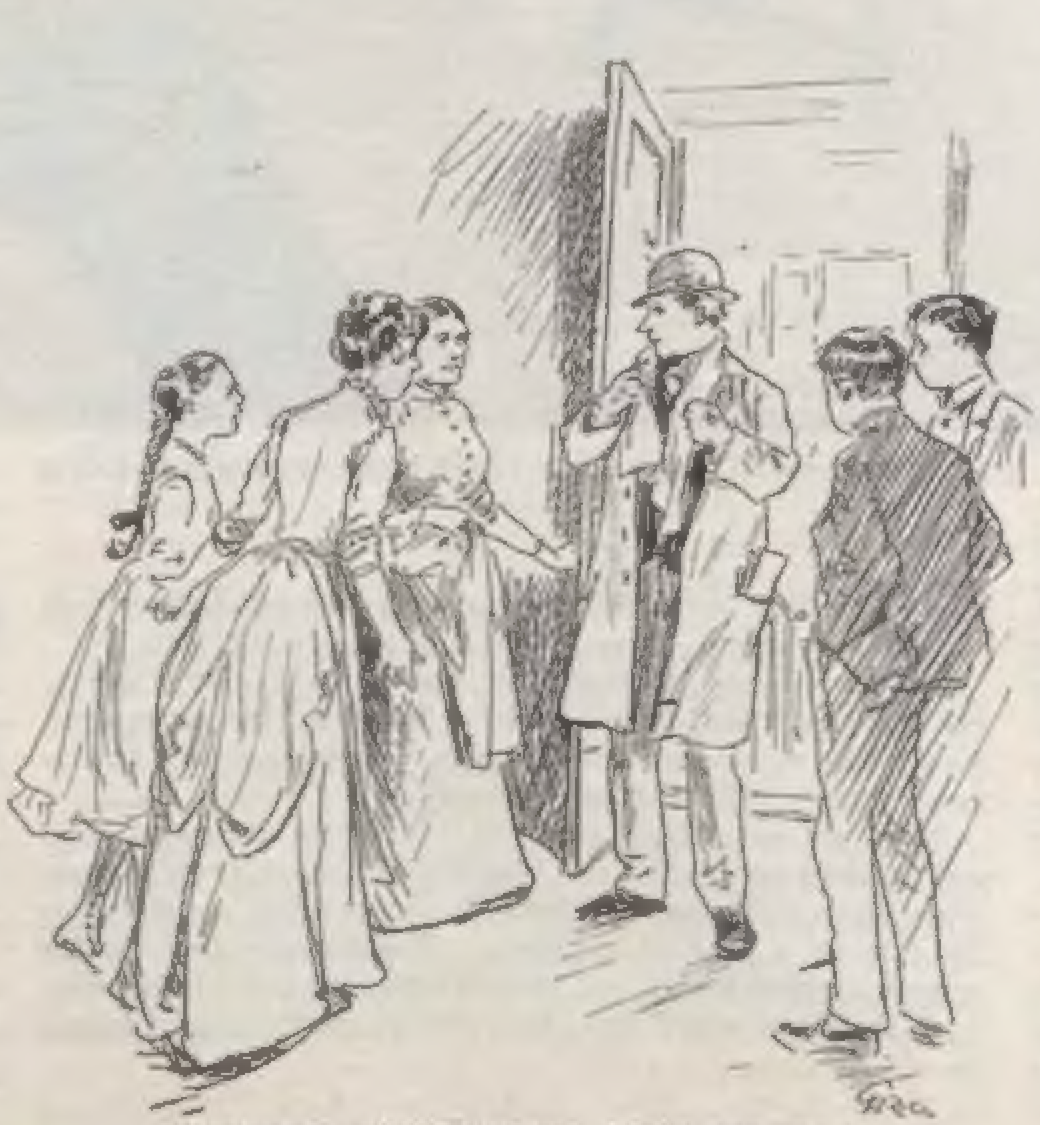
"Did you get the check?"

"Yes," he answered sententiously.

"Where—where is it? Let's see it?"

The questions came from all sides. They were hungry, clamorous for a sight of the precious paper. They wanted to handle it, feel of it, look at the figures.

Panic suddenly seized the boy. His intoxication passed away, and he realized what he had done. For a few minutes longer he fenced. Then, in desperation, he blurted out the story, and a wail of anguish and accusation went up. It was the most terrible tragedy that had come to this family since the dark days of 1874. The storm of words wore itself out after a while. The mother and daughters settled to deep, bitter crying. His brothers sulked in angry, hopeless silence. The little business that had at last promised a livelihood was ruined. The money left out of the $84 was not enough to face the most pressing demands of the butcher and the grocer. To buy more bottles, to put up a fresh supply of the medicine, to pay the printer for more circulars, was out of the question. For forty-eight hours the family remained in black despair. Then something happened. A messenger boy came with a telegram. It was from another wholesale drug house and read:



"WHERE—WHERE IS IT? LET'S SEE IT?"

"Ship at once five gross compound by express."

It took the messenger boy a long time to get over the impression that the family had all gone suddenly crazy. They hugged each other and laughed and cried, and carried on generally as properly brought up lunatics do on the stage.

With reflection came quiet. There were no bottles and no labels and no compound. But somehow the bottles and labels were forced from reluctant dealers and printers, and a big fire was made in the kitchen stove under the medicine kettle. All day and all night and all of the next day the family brewed and bottled, and then the "five gross" were ready for the express company.

During the nine years following, through H. P. Hubbard, of New Haven, then one of the great advertising agents of America, the family spent over one and a half million dollars for advertising. They began on $1000 worth of credit extended them by Mr. Hubbard on the strength of their sales in and around Boston. When the mother died she left a business valued at several million dollars.

What the Woman Left with the Change

ANOTHER fine advertising story, almost as fascinating as that of the family from Lynn, had its inception on a hot summer's afternoon in the thriving Ohio town of Tiffin. Its final chapters cannot be written, but the action of the story has already carried to New York, and finds expression there in the finest building to be seen in the wholesale dry-goods district of that city. This building, only recently completed, is located on Mercer Street near Eighth. The street door leads into an outer office as spacious as an assembly hall, and here is generally to be seen the man out of whose idea the house grew—A. J. Stewart.

Mr. Stewart was a dry-goods clerk in Tiffin. On the summer day when his real life story started he had gone to work as usual, put his stock in order as usual, and waited on his customers as usual, without dreaming that he was at the turning point in his career. In the course of the afternoon there entered a woman who asked for two yards of black velveteen. After he had cut it off and wrapped it up for her and she had left the counter Stewart turned to one of his fellow-clerks, John U. May.

"John," he said, "did you see what that woman bought?"

"No."

"Two yards of velveteen for skirt-binding."

"Well, that's nothing remarkable," replied John.

"No," admitted Stewart. "It isn't. But it has given me an idea. Women are coming in here constantly for the same thing. After they get the velveteen they cut it into strips, sew it together and finally turn out a very inferior material with which to bind skirts. Now, why wouldn't it be a good thing to save them all that trouble?"

"And how would you do that?" inquired May.

"Why, get a machine that will cut the velveteen and sew the strips together. Then put it up in rolls and sell it ready for use."

May instantly saw the value of the idea. When business closed that evening and for many evenings after they talked the matter over, and finally concluded they would go into the business, then unknown, of manufacturing velveteen skirt-binding. They interested one of their friends named Potter, and organized the firm of Stewart, Potter & May. Stewart and May resigned their positions and moved to Cleveland, where they secured the services of a mechanic to work out Stewart's idea for a machine. With their machine finished they started into business and found a limited market for their wares. The dry-goods merchants were quite alive to the merits of ready-made skirt-binding, but the processes of introducing it to the customer was necessarily very slow. About this time there appeared in Cleveland a salesman for a Boston jobbing house, named L. F. Howe. Stewart and May made it their business to interest him in the new invention and succeeded so well that Howe bought Potter's interest, the firm being reorganized as Stewart, Howe & May, as it stands to-day. These three young men worked along until 1892, when, feeling the need of advanced methods, the firm was incorporated and moved to New York. Mr. May retired and George S. Curtis, of New York, an expert in financial matters, took his place.

Mr. Curtis, even more than his associates, appreciated the field open to the new company if only the women of America could be educated to the use of ready-made velveteen skirt-binding. This seemed a difficult proposition, for at this time —only ten years ago—probably less than one per cent. of the dresses worn were bound with this material. Mr. Curtis had had no more experience in educational work of this kind than had his associates, but thinking the matter over he made up his mind that there was one certain way to achieve the end he was after.

"What we want to do," he said to the other members of the concern, "is to advertise. If we continue in the way we are it will take us forever to get the business on the basis it ought to be. We must continue to depend on the good will of the retailer to push our goods. As he's got other things to do, and skirt-binding is a small item with him, our progress will be slow. If we go directly to the women of the country, telling them of the great saving of time and money and labor that may be effected by buying skirt-binding ready made, we shall create a natural demand and our goods will sell themselves."

At first this proposition was received coldly, especially when Mr. Curtis announced that they ought to appropriate at least $5000 as a starter. Five thousand dollars was a very large sum of money to the firm at that time and to invest this in an unknown field was considered foolhardy.

But Mr. Curtis is a man who rarely lets go, and before he finished he had his $5000 appropriation. This was in the spring of 1894. Within five months the business had jumped twenty per cent. Even Mr. Curtis was amazed. As for the other members of the company they were fairly carried off their feet, and when Mr. Curtis asked for additional funds for advertising they told him he could have any amount he thought necessary. At his suggestion $100,000 was voted in a lump sum. In less than a year the business had doubled, and orders were coming in faster than they could be filled.

From one floor the business spread to two, then to three, then to four, and then to five. Finally the company bought the present site on Mercer Street, and erected there the building that stands a monument to the genius of advertising. The yearly output of the company is to-day sufficient to encircle the earth several times. Its wares are found in every hamlet in the land, and it is doubtful if there is a woman, even in the backwoods, who does not know their trademark.

The Necessity for "Sticking to It"

IT IS a characteristic of most conspicuous advertising campaigns that their success is generally to be traced, as in the case of Mr. Stewart's ready-made skirt-binding, to an underlying idea, but the failure to understand the necessity for perseverance has caused the ruin of some of the most promising properties that have ever been advertised into great success. An instructive example is that of a Philadelphia concern whose founder made millions out of the exploitation of an excellent laundry soap. For ten years his advertisements were the talk of the country.

At the outset of his career he called on the publisher of one of the great daily New York newspapers one day and asked the rate for a whole page. The price given him was satisfactory and then he said:

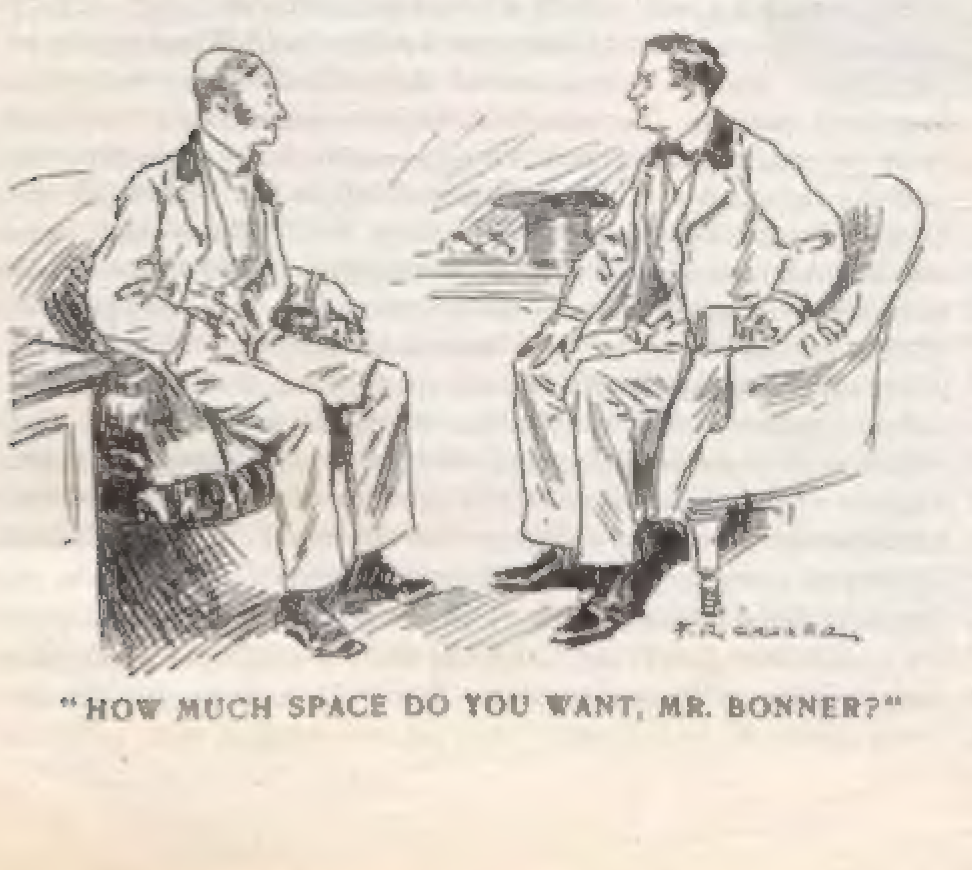
"Suppose I split my advertisement up and make two half-pages of it in different parts of the paper, would the price still be the same?"

The publisher told him it would.

"Well, then, suppose I split it up into quarter pages?"

"As long as you use the space of a page in one issue the price will be the same."

Before the soap-maker had finished he had an agreement from the unsuspecting publisher under the terms of which he was permitted to use the space of a page split up into inch advertisements to be scattered throughout the paper. Next morning the New York public was startled by the injunction: "Don't be a Clam," which appeared in big letters in 140 places throughout the paper. This was followed up in a few days with: "Don't be a Clam: a Clam Never Moves." Then: "A Clam is Not Progressive; a Clam Never Uses So-and-So's Soap; Don't be a Clam."



"HOW MUCH SPACE DO YOU WANT, MR. BONNER?"

This man spent enormous sums in advertising along this line. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the country. It was freely prophesied that no concern could stand the strain of such an expenditure; but a business was built up that was among the largest of its kind in America. Unfortunately this policy was not continued. The company concluded that printers' ink was no longer necessary to them—that the soap had been so enormously advertised that it would carry itself for the future. The sales began to drop off so slowly that they did not realize their mistake for a long while. Then they made a valiant effort to regain the lost ground. But the mischief had been done, and done irreparably. Even the most extravagant use of the art of publicity failed to bring back the lost sales.

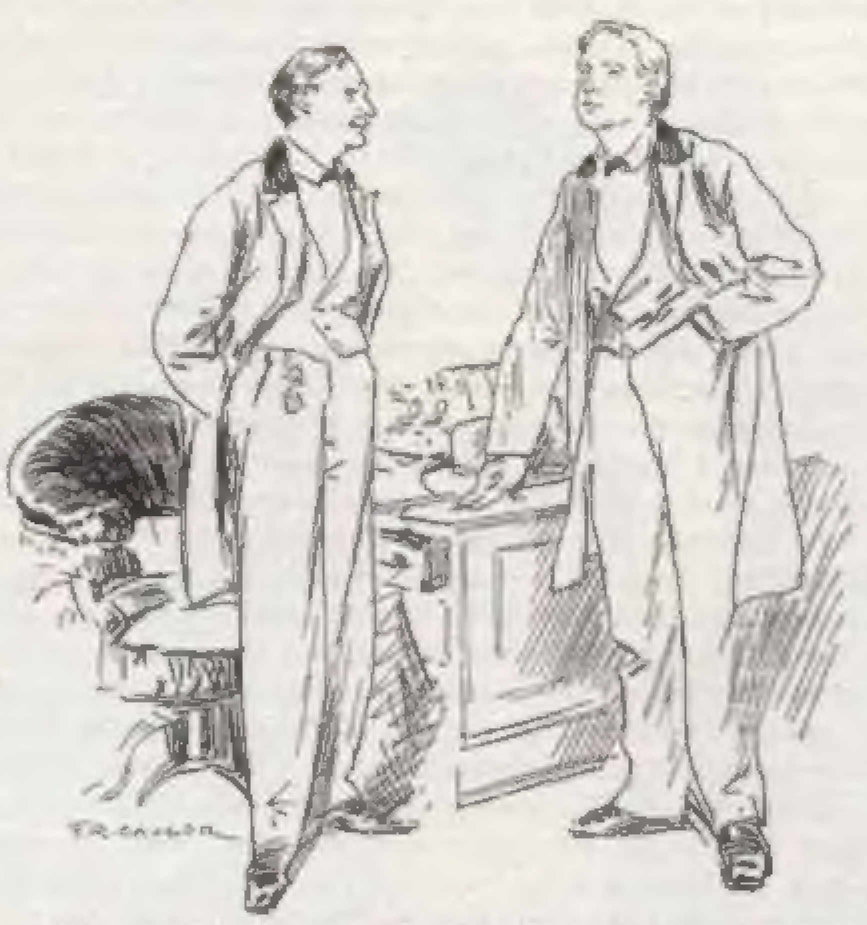
Robert Bonner's Idea of a Small "Ad"

IT MAY be argued that what would apply to such an article as soap would not apply to a more important and serious institution. But that this is not true may be readily shown by any number of instances. One of the most instructive is that furnished by the career of Robert Bonner, in his day probably the most famous publisher in America. Mr. Bonner built up a paper that was known and read everywhere. It made him a millionaire many times over. His success was founded primarily on his bold advertising, and never before nor since has there been such a lavish outlay of money by any publisher. On one occasion he called on James Gordon Bennett, the elder, saying that he wanted to contract for a big advertisement the following day in the New York Herald.

"How much space do you want, Mr. Bonner?"

"As much as you'll sell."

"Oh, I guess not," replied Mr. Bennett with a smile. "We've got lots of space, you know, for our advertisers."



"YOUR RECKLESSNESS IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN"

"That's good," replied the other cheerfully. "Here's copy for one page, and here's copy for another, and here's copy for a third, and here's——"

"Hold on, there, hold on," cried the astonished publisher of the Herald. "Bless my heart, man, we can't give you the whole paper."

"Why," declared Bonner with an injured air, "you told me I could have all I wanted."

"Well, in Heaven's name, how much *do* you want?"

"Why, I figured on about six pages."

"I'm sorry, but there is a limit, you know, beyond which we can't go and get our paper out; and three pages about marks this limit."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Still if you can't, you can't, and I'll have to be satisfied with a little advertising. But I must say I'm very much disappointed."

A few days after this "little advertising" appeared Mr. Bonner received a call from Henry Ward Beecher, who was then writing for him the novel Norwood, which was appearing in serial form.

"I've come," said Mr. Beecher, "to remonstrate with you against the dreadful way in which you are throwing away your money."

"I? How?"

"Why, through your foolish extravagance in advertising. A dozen men of prominence, friends of yours and friends of mine, have come to me within the last few days, asking me to see you and stop you in your course. Your recklessness is the talk of the town. Everybody is prophesying that you'll be a bankrupt unless you stop."

"Good, good," chuckled Bonner. "That's the very thing. Don't you see that my advertising is a distinct success if it has the effect of making the whole town talk about me? The result will be that the whole town will buy my paper."

And it did. Mr. Beecher went away only half convinced. But it wasn't long before he admitted the wisdom of Mr. Bonner's course, convinced by circulation figures that were stupendous for those days. Mr. Bonner retired some years before his death to devote himself to the enjoyment of the large fortune he had accumulated. His successors believed themselves in possession of a property that need no longer be advertised. They felt that, as it was known almost as well as New York itself, it would be "folly to waste money." Something like six or seven years ago the circulation of this great property had dwindled to such an extent that it was no longer deemed wise to continue it as a weekly publication. There were several bursts of tardy advertising, but they failed utterly to revivify this property that had made its founder one of the richest men in America.

IN THE COURSE OF THE AFTERNOON THERE ENTERED A WOMAN WHO ASKED FOR TWO YARDS OF BLACK VELVETEEN

The publishers learned by costly experience what is to-day impressed on all advertisers by experts—that you must "keep everlastingly at it" to win and hold success with printers' ink, and that it is a practical impossibility to revivify any property that has been once advertised into great success and then allowed to die down for want of persistent effort.

* * *

A Trackless Trolley

TROLLEY cars running independent of tracks, wandering freely over any part of a street or road, and all the time maintaining trolley wheels safely against overhead wires, are now a practical, realized innovation. The danger of the current-collecting attachment failing has been overcome. Moreover, it can be readily applied to the wires or removed at will, or switched from one line to another. Without changing the speed, a car can be guided to the right or left of any object with no more effort than that required in manipulating an auto-motor vehicle. As now constructed, the trackless trolley car can travel on any part of a road or street twenty-five feet in width.

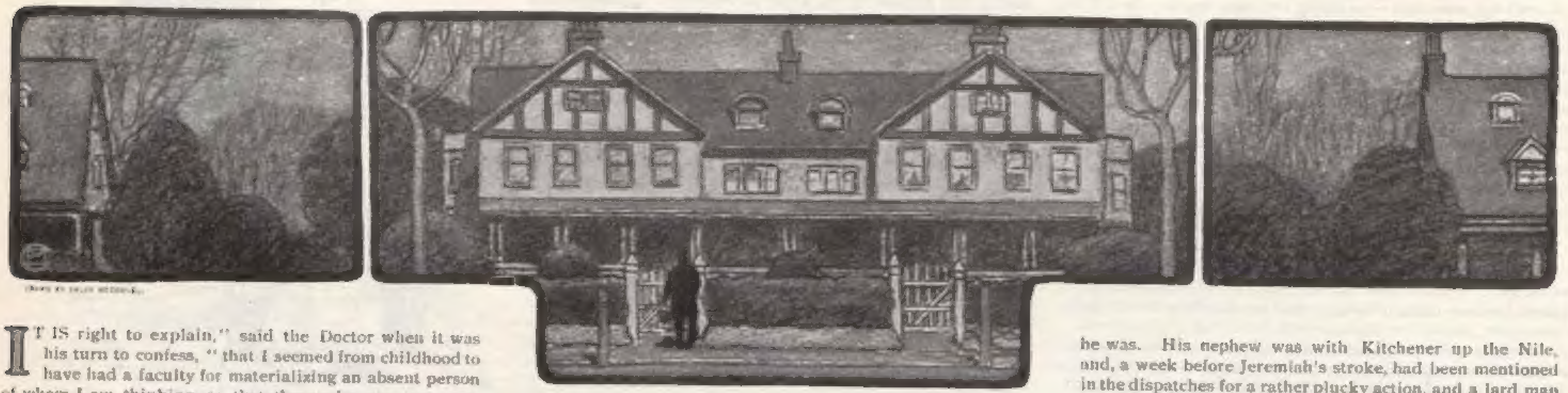
As there are no tracks to construct and equip in this new system, the cost of street-car lines is reduced to a minimum. Two overhead parallel wires supply the current. A tension spring sustains the trolley pole substantially at the height of these wires. Grooved trolley wheels engage the wires laterally instead of perpendicularly, and these wheels are connected with a device constructed on the principle of lazy-tongs made of non-conducting material and provided with springs. The conductor operates the trolley contrivance by means of two pulley ropes. He can easily, by a pull on the ropes, control the movements of the lazy-tongs, and release springs which cause the trolley wheels to fly apart. This brings the trolley cords or ropes against the wires. The conductor then pulls downward, thereby drawing the trolley wheels toward the wires until the latter are brought into engagement with extension arms and thence readily to the grooves of the wheels.

Now the car is ready to proceed. The lazy-tongs are so adjusted that they maintain a necessary constant parallel with the transverse line of the car—in other words, remain at right angles to its course. The extensible character of the lazy-tongs, under the impulsion of springs, keeps the trolley wheels pressed against the wires. In fact, sufficient lateral divergence is provided for in this contrivance to keep the wheels in firm engagement with the wires when the latter are pressed farthest apart midway between their supports.

The conveyance may move along a line parallel with the trolley wires, and at such a distance that the trolley pole stands at an angle to the wires of from seventy-five to eighty degrees. Whatever angle the car takes is followed by the extensible dove-tailed contrivance between the trolley wires.

Street cars traveling at great speed can turn out to avert collisions, and may freely wander at either side of the street or roadway without interruption to the propelling current.

UNSOLVED—By Ian Maclaren



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WISSET'S WILL

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"IT IS right to explain," said the Doctor when it was his turn to confess, "that I seemed from childhood to have had a faculty for materializing an absent person of whom I am thinking, so that those who are present to my spirit are also present in their body. What the body may be in which they become visible I am not going to discuss at present, for that would lead us into one of the most difficult provinces of psychical investigation, and our idea is not conferences, but experiences. Perhaps two instances will be enough to show what I mean and may help to explain the incident I am afterward to tell.

"When I was about nine years old it was thought expedient for some reason or other to take me from the chamber where I slept with my younger brother and to send me to a lonely bedroom on the highest floor, where I had not only the room but the whole floor to myself. The room was large; it had two huge dark cupboards running under the slates, it had an opening by a trap-door to the roof, and I was terrified of the thought of the first night. Of course, I pretended that I was not afraid and that I was awfully glad to have such a jolly big room all to myself, and then, when our old nurse had bid me good-night and I was left alone, I simply sweated with fear for hours, and I longed, as a lad will, for his mother. If she would only come up! But then she would be in bed long ago. I would go down to her, but my father would laugh at me. If I could only let her know without any other person knowing. All this time my eyes were firmly closed for fear of what I might see, and my head buried deep in the pillow and almost covered with bedclothes for fear of what I might hear, when it seemed to me as if I knew that some one was in the room, and I opened my eyes to see my mother standing at the bedside looking at me very kindly. 'How did you know, mother,' I cried, sitting up in bed, 'that I was wearying for you?' And then, just as a lantern picture disappears from the sheet, she was gone. Within ten seconds I was out of that room and downstairs battering at the door of the bedroom where my father and mother were sound asleep.

"Twenty years after and when I had begun to practice, I was sitting in my study one Christmas Eve, and my thoughts turned to the dearest friend and the truest I have ever had. I went to medicine and he went into the army where he did splendid work and died gloriously in one of our Indian wars—Mappin, of the Irregular Horse. My mind fixed itself upon him, his look as he used to sit smoking in my room, as he slogged in cricket, as he bade me good-by when he left, and I longed with all my heart that distance were obliterated and that old Jack were beside me again. There was no noise in the room and nothing to make me look round; but I started to my feet as if some one had been announced, and there in the uniform of the Indian Horse, much browner than he used to be, and a little older, with a scar upon his cheek, but with the old gay and careless look, was Jack. 'Wherever did you come from, old man?' I cried joyfully; 'this is a trick to play . . .' But I was alone in the room. No, I know I was not dreaming, for while still standing there the telephone bell rang at my side. Perhaps I ought to add that I did not receive a letter a few weeks afterward saying that Jack had died at that very hour, for he was not killed for some years afterward. It is likely (if that throws any light upon it) that, like my mother, he was sleeping at the time when present to my thoughts he also materialized before my eyes. And now for my experience.

"It was only in his last illness that I attended Jeremiah Wisset, and Jeremiah used to boast that up to that time he had never paid one sixpence to the medical profession, which had secured to him, he explained, two advantages in life: more money and good health. When I saw him first, which was years before he died, he was so thin and dry—a skeleton with a parchment stretched over it—that I do not believe any respectable and enterprising microbe with a sound appetite would have landed on such a creature. He belonged to that class of lean old men who seem to be indefinitely preserved by a drying process, so that there is no reason that they should die any more than a mummy. His practical business in life was operating in lard, and his name on the produce market was a synonym for shrewdness, capacity, courage and hardness. By the cunning and daring of his speculations he had upset markets, ruined rivals and made great strokes of success. Every man has a lighter side, and Jeremiah allowed himself one recreation, and that was the Restoration of the Lost Ten Tribes. He had received, so he would explain when not occupied with lard, special revelations that the Ten Tribes were the Afghans, and he used to confirm this remarkable idea by photographs showing the likeness between the rulers of Afghanistan and distinguished Hebrews, and also by a collection of texts from the Old Testament in which he traced distinct prophetical allusions to the customs and habits of the Afghan people. It may seem incredible that the same man who kept the lard market in a state of perpetual commotion was the President of the Afghan Restoration Society; but really every person is mad on some points. You may play upon the instrument for a long time before you touch the false note, but sooner or later it will catch your ear. One of the richest men I know, and one of the most benevolent, thinks he has a glass leg; a very successful barrister believes that he has reached a state of spiritual perfection by the special assistance of Heaven; a clergyman I often meet is convinced that any disorder among his books or papers is brought about by the active interposition of Satan, and a respectable tradesman who has amassed a competency by remnant sales will tell you the date of the end of the world and show you the picture of the General who is to command at the battle of Armageddon. If you ask why gentlemen with such remarkable views are not locked up, I will only reply that most of them are clever enough to lock you up, and if you presume upon their weakness you are very likely to be undeceived. Any one who judged Jeremiah's mental capacity by his views on the Afghan question would have made a mistake, and one or two lard men who subscribed to the Restoration Society and then presumed upon the fact in the market were very badly hurt. Jeremiah kept his relaxation strictly within bounds, and outside the Afghan he was a silent, reserved, determined, merciless man.

Any affection which he was capable of—and perhaps he had more heart than people knew—had been given to a nephew, of whom he sometimes spoke in moments of rare confidence to old Kinnish, his rival in lard. It was understood that if this lad had fallen in with Jeremiah's wishes he would have been brought into the office and have been made the old man's heir, but the foolish fellow persisted in going into the army, with only one hundred pounds of private income, and remaining in it, and Jeremiah declared to Kinnish that, although Robert was his natural heir, he should leave every penny to the Society for the Restoration of the Afghans. And Kinnish, who knew better than to talk with Jeremiah about the Afghans, took a very dark view of the nephew's chances. Kinnish declared to his cronies at the club that Jeremiah was much fonder of that nephew than he would allow, and that the refusal to join him in business had hit the old man hard. Certainly he began to age visibly and, although he could not get thinner, he got weaker, and when he was stricken down one evening in his room after an exciting day in the city I had no doubt when I saw him that it was the beginning of the end. He lived for about a month in what I may call a state of suspended animation both of mind and body. He could hardly speak, and he never seemed to think of business; he took as much food as was given him and fell in with any arrangement made for his comfort. The only thing he seemed to care for was to sit at the window of the room where he kept his papers and his books on the great Afghan question, and to look out of the window as if watching for some one's coming. I asked his nurse whether he ever expressed a wish to see any person, but she said no; and when old Kinnish called, Jeremiah did not seem to know who he was. His nephew was with Kitchener up the Nile, and, a week before Jeremiah's stroke, had been mentioned in the dispatches for a rather plucky action, and a lard man had seen Jeremiah going from paper to paper in the Exchange newsroom with much interest. I asked him whether he would like me to communicate with Lieutenant (now Captain) Stokes, but Jeremiah only looked at me and shook his head; then he resumed his watch at the window. His mind was dazed and I came to the conclusion that he had forgotten everything, but that through his dull consciousness there stirred some affection for his nephew, and that though he did not know it, and made no response if Stokes' name was mentioned, he was feeling after him.

"One night about ten o'clock I was summoned to come in haste, and was not surprised to find Jeremiah had had another shock and that he was dying. He was speechless and helpless, but it appeared as if his mind had wakened and that he desired to say something. His eyes appealed; but it was not for any bodily relief, since the nurse was attending to every want, and I knew that he had no pain. Following as far as one could the signal of his eyes we concluded that he desired something that was not in the room, and I went into his sitting-room and looked for any book which might satisfy him. I brought in turn and held up before him, naming it as I did so, a Bible, one of his Afghan books, a bound volume of produce reports, finally a daily newspaper, believing that in this way we might strike the thought that was in his mind. His desk was locked; but when we asked him if he wished it opened, there was no response in the eyes, and I doubted whether, being the man that he was, he would keep anything valuable in a place that could be opened so easily. We mentioned to him clergyman, lawyer, and Peter Kinnish, but the eyes said 'No'; then I said, 'Stokes, your nephew—Lieutenant Stokes,' and his eyes said 'Yes'; it was distinctly his nephew about whom he was thinking, and when I added, for I had forgotten his promotion, 'Captain Stokes,' I saw a flash of satisfaction. He knew that his nephew was in Egypt and could not be brought home in time; for I was now convinced that he was absolutely *compos mentis*. It was therefore something to do with Stokes that was troubling his mind. Was it a message that he wanted to send? The eyes were not satisfied. Was it some paper that had to do with his nephew? Then I saw that we had struck upon the truth. But Jeremiah was weakening fast and the time was very short. Very likely he wished to make some change in his will: I did not know whether in that state he could legally do so, but at any rate if that was what he desired we ought to do what we could. Again I asked him whether he wanted a lawyer sent for, but that was not his desire. Whether he wished a paper brought? Yes, that was it. Having procured his keys I opened his American desk and began to bring bundle after bundle into the room and lay them on the bed and his eyes looked at me in despair. Not these? No. Not there? No. Where? Then he seemed to make an effort to break the silence and tell us what he wanted and where it was, and the cord of life snapped. He was gone, carrying his secret with him.

"When the time came to settle Jeremiah's affairs his lawyers produced a will which he had made three years before and at the time when his nephew finally decided to remain in the army. By the provisions of this will Stokes received a thousand pounds, certain hospitals received five hundred each, generous provision was made for his clerks and servants, and the remainder of his estate was left to the benefit of the Society for the Restoration of the Lost Ten Tribes—that is to say, the Afghans—to their native country. And there was a special condition that under no circumstances was any portion of this money to go for the benefit of 'those persons calling themselves Anglo-Israelites and pretending that the English nation is the Lost Ten Tribes, which is a delusion.' The will was drawn up with great care, and notwithstanding the Afghan craze there seemed no chance of its being broken. Arrangements were made to realize the estate, and the Afghan Society at once began to look out for a staff of officials, so that if it were impossible to induce any of that turbulent people to settle in the Holy Land the money might be profitably used in supporting secretaries. No one was surprised at the

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of stories by Doctor Watson of unsolved experiences.

conditions of the will, but every one was angry that so much good money should be wasted and a fine young soldier be deprived of his heritage. I felt so keenly about the matter myself that I told Kinnish, who was the trustee and who despised the job openly, about Jeremiah's last hour. Both of us searched through his drawers and in every corner of the house to find a more recent will. We both came to the conclusion that if he had changed his mind he would not go to the lawyers, but that he would leave some holograph will, and we were certain that if it revoked the Afghan legacy and left the money to his natural heir the law courts would do all they could to confirm it. But no such document could be found, and Kinnish raged furiously. 'Just think of it, that a man should have made such a pile in lard and have left two hundred and thirty thousand pounds to a gang of crazy cadgers.'

"A month after Wisset's death I had a bad case in his Drive that required me to make a visit every night between ten and eleven o'clock, and I passed Wisset's house as I returned home. The first night I was thinking about my patient and a new medicine which I proposed to try next morning, if there were no improvement during the night, and neither Wisset nor his house came into my mind. Next night I was somewhat relieved about the case and my thoughts were free to turn to Jeremiah. What an agony it must have been if he really had repented him of his anger and had actually restored Stokes to his heritage; if he had been thinking with pride of him during his last moments and had been trying to secure him his rights, and after all had failed, and had died knowing that his fortune would go to those Afghan thieves. It was in its way the most tragic thing that had happened in my practice, and my mind — this, of course, is an important point — was fixed on Wisset and his death. Again I saw him in imagination sitting at the window looking wistfully up the Drive, pleading with his eyes for what he wanted, and then dying at the critical moment. I was now approaching the house and looking at my watch I saw that it was about the time when Wisset died, ten minutes to eleven. His furniture had been sold, the house itself was lying empty till it also should be sold. The blinds were pulled down, the house had that dreary appearance which an empty dwelling always presents — the contrast between a corpse and a living person. One thinks of the fires that have died out, and the light that has been extinguished, and the face which will never look out of the window again, and the hand that will never bid you welcome at the door. No one could say that Jeremiah Wisset was an extremely vital person except in the lard market, or that his greeting as a host was likely to be very enthusiastic; but I had come to judge the old man by that last hour, and to weave a romance of repentance and affection round him. When I looked up at the house I did not expect to see anything except a forsaken house with blinded windows, but in my mind I was replacing Wisset there as I had seen him during the last month of his life.

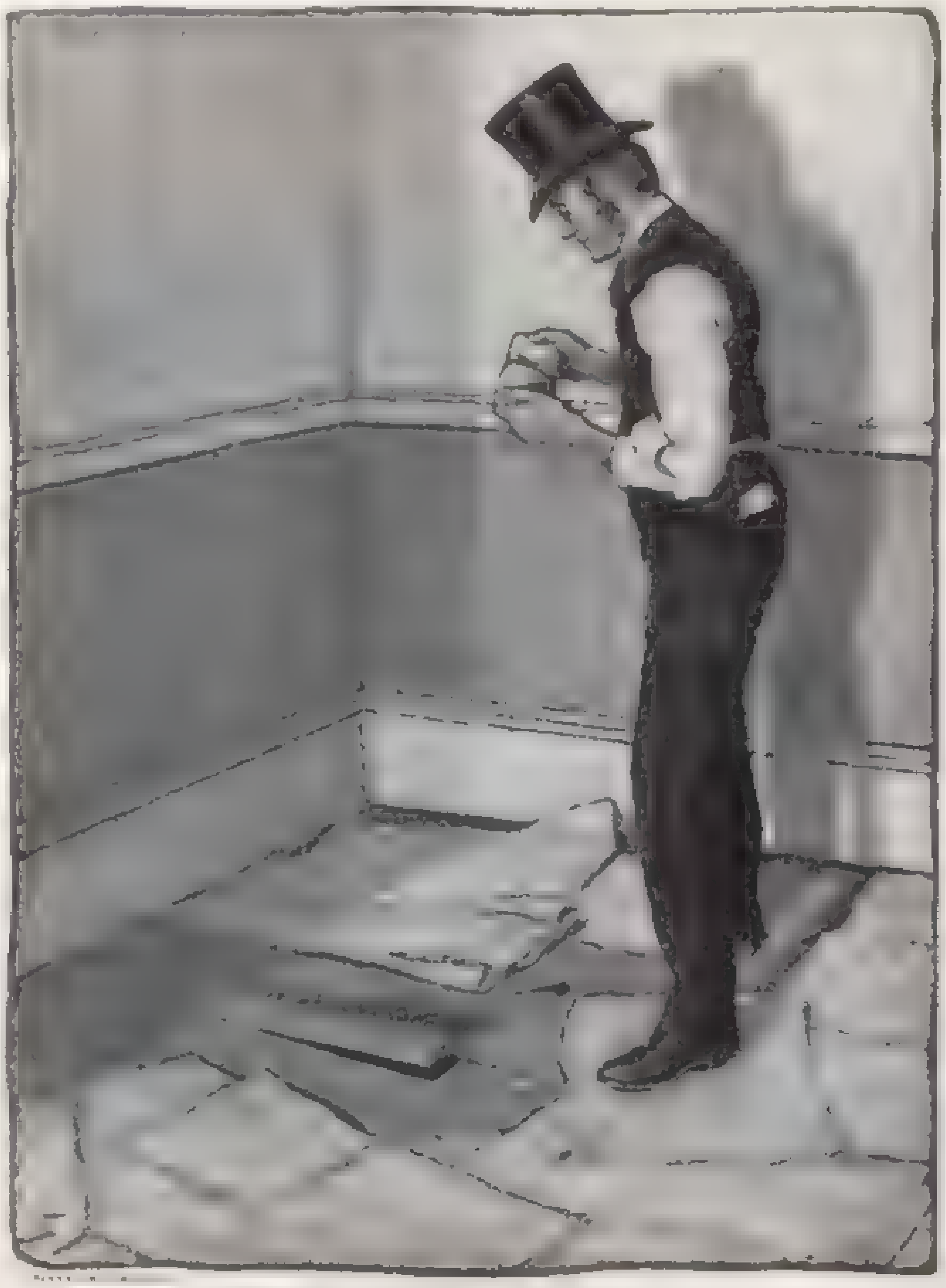
"Let me now explain that Wisset's house stood a little back from the road, with a small garden in front; that it had three floors, and the middle-floor windows were those of his bedroom and his sitting-room. And there was a dressing-room between, which opened both into the sitting-room and the bedroom, but which Jeremiah never used. On the other side of the road, directly opposite the sitting-room, there was a powerful lamp which lit up the Drive for a considerable distance and flung its light with special strength on the sitting-room window. The moon was under a cloud and there was not much natural light; but the atmosphere was clear, and in the gaslight one saw the sitting-room window quite distinctly. I stopped and looked at my watch and then I looked up at the window. The whitey-brown blind hung straight and motionless, and then it seemed to me as if it were shaken backward and forward. I went closer to the gate, not that I really thought the blind was being moved, but merely to correct my eyesight. The blind appeared now to be pressed against the glass, and then released. I rubbed my eyes and watched closely, believing that this apparent motion of the blind was some effect of the gaslight; or it might also be a draft in the house, which was empty and all the doors of which were open. I noted, however, that everything was very distinct and that there was no appreciable wind. The blind, after lying quiet for a moment, was now, so far as I could judge — for we are only recording impressions, are we not? — jostled as if some one desired to see out, but could not work the blind. I remembered at that moment that, like many other blinds, that one had been very refractory, and that more than once when it refused to rise the nurse had to roll it up so that Jeremiah might secure his loved view. Of course it was nonsense, I said to myself, but if Jeremiah had been within I should have been certain that they were attempting to set the blind in motion. As it was, I noted in my memory how untrustworthy is our eyesight, how we have only to imagine a thing is moving and it moves, and to think how a thing used to be, and again it is the same.

"After another look at that upper window I was about to leave when . . . what was that? The blind swayed as if one were trying to get a hold of it, and then it was crumpled up at the edge. Where it was pressed together there was something white against the light brown. Could it be? Yes — so far as my eyes served me — and the light was wonderfully clear — it was a human hand, as if some one within, having struggled in vain to get the spring to work or the blind to rise, were now pressing it aside in order to look out. Perhaps you men may feel differently, and of course one could imagine anything more eerie, but personally I do not know anything that would affect my imagination more than what I saw. Consider! An empty house, blinds hanging low on the windows; then, as you are looking, a hand appears upon the blind, only a hand, white, distinct, active. The rest is left to your imagination. Whose hand is it? What is he, or it, doing there? What is going on behind? No doubt a simple explanation lay to hand: a caretaker had been placed in the house, and for some reason wished to pull up the blind. But the hand was not that of a working-woman; it was a man's hand — thin, bony, strong, and, above all, white, very white. Or it might be a burglar had forced an entrance to the house from behind and was ransacking it to find whether Wisset had hidden something away. But burglars don't waste their time on empty houses as a rule, and if they do they would not advertise their presence by pulling up a front window-blind even at eleven P. M. For a moment I thought of climbing over the gate and trying whether I could not get entrance to the house. I looked up at the window again; the hand was gone, the blind was motionless, and then the disappearance affected my imagination more even than the appearance. My courage weakened and I hastened home. As I left the Drive I looked back and saw from an angle Wisset's house with the light of the lamp on that middle floor, and I would have given much to know what was the secret with it

"Next evening I visited my patient as usual, but as I had to go to another case afterward I did not come down the Drive. The following evening I was determined to have another look from the outside at Wisset's house. I arranged to pass there about a quarter to eleven. It was full moon with an almost cloudless sky and the lamps were hardly needed. The Drive was quite still, many of the families were retiring to their bedrooms, and as I came down the road lights were being put out, for the men had to go early to business, and unless there was some social function they went early to bed. When I came to Wisset's gate the house was standing out clear in the moonlight, and there was neither sign of life nor motion. For a minute or two I watched and then began to question whether two nights ago I had not been dreaming dreams. I looked round the quiet and prosaic surroundings of trim villas, neatly-kept gardens, and comfortable middle-class life. In the house opposite the last light went out; it was now eleven o'clock and I turned from the gate on which I had been leaning to go home, when I gave one parting look at the mysterious window, and before my eye, as I stood there on the street in full possession of my senses and with the clear moonlight falling on the house, I saw the blind, after what seemed a brief struggle, go up and at the window in the place where he used to sit — and looking up the Drive — was, so far I as could judge, Jeremiah Wisset himself. Not as he used to sit there, confused and dull, but as he lay in bed before he died, white, wasted, but eager, and longing and waiting for some one? None of us have spent much time in describing what we have felt in giving these experiences: we have kept ourselves to what has happened outside of us, but I frankly acknowledge that I gripped the gate post and was glad of its support. I did not think of going into the house, and indeed at that moment I would not have gone in for a million sterling. My impulse, even though I was outside and safe from any power within that house, was to bolt; but the fascination of the window made me look again, and this time my fear seemed to pass into pity, for the face was so troubled, and then suddenly it disappeared as a person turns from a window to some duty in the room, and I was certain that duty was the quest for what had been lost. The blind came down again and the house was as before, and I went home with a deepened sense of mystery.

'Next morning I sent for the keys of the house under some excuse of looking through it to see whether it would suit a patient, and I determined to ransack it from basement to attic. One has read of the creepy feeling with which people have gone into a haunted house, and one associates anything supernatural with old castles and wainscoted walls and secret doors, and such like dramatic machinery. Nothing could be further removed from the conventional haunted house than Number 27, Albert Drive. It was a middle-class, semi-detached villa, renting for about eighty pounds a year, and containing, as advertisements said, three entertaining rooms, seven bedrooms, two dressing-rooms and necessary kitchen accommodation. It steadied my nerves to run over the house-agent's description as I stood on the doorstep and opened the front door. The interior was, of course, cheerless, dirty, as empty houses are apt to be; and one's footsteps echoed on the uncarpeted floors. The light was shining everywhere and there was nothing about such a house to suggest mystery. Amongst some ingenious Christmas literature I had read of thieves taking possession of an empty house, and then getting up ghost scenes to frighten away intending tenants, and it occurred to me that it was within the bounds of possibility that this had been done in Wisset's house. If so, the gang would be living in the cellars, which were reached by a steep, almost ladder, stair. I brought a serviceable stick with me, but I almost wished that I had added an operating knife as I went down into the semi-darkness of the cellars. There were three — coal cellar, washing-house and a box room, together with the wine cellar — but they were all empty. There was no sign of any squatters. I came upstairs and locked the door of the cellar stairs and went through the rooms on the ground floor, including the kitchen, and made no discovery. Next I made a survey of the third or highest floor, and found nothing there to remark, and then I came to what I may call Wisset's own ground. I looked into two rooms

(*Continued on Page 23*)



I RESOLVED TO KEEP THE PACKET INTACT, TO BE OPENED BY THE LAWYER

Despotism and Democracy

A Study in Washington Society and Politics

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CHAPTER II

ON THE fifteenth of April Congress met for one of the most exciting sessions in the history of the country. There was excitement both for the members and for the public. Usually, when great economic questions have to be disposed of, which rack the intelligence of the strongest men in the House and Senate, which make and unmake Presidents and policies, at which men work like slaves toiling at the oar, by night as well as by day, and of which the harvest of death is grimly reckoned beforehand, the people go on quietly, reading with calm indifference the proceedings of Congress in the newspapers or skipping them because of their dullness. When questions arise affecting the honor and prestige of the country, the American people, justly described as "strong, resolute and ofttimes violent," become deeply agitated, are swayed all one way by the same mighty impulse, and force Congress to act as the people wish. The Congress at these times is calm. There is nothing to do but to comply with the mandates of the people. One party is as willing to vote supplies as another. All march together. The march would become a wild storming party but for a few cool heads who act as a brake, and keep the pace down to something reasonable and the policies in the middle of the road. But the brake is powerless to stop the march onward.

At this session, though, there were to be things to agitate both the people and the Congress. The question of peace or war had to be decided; and if it were peace, as the cooler heads foresaw, it would be peace on such stupendous terms of power and prestige to this country that it might be impossible to deal sanely with the great economic problems which were like the rumblings of an earthquake, and were liable to produce vast convulsions. For the present, economic questions were in the background; the Committee on Foreign Relations was the most prominent one in the House and in the Senate.

It almost cured Crane of his infatuation for Washington society to see how little it was impressed by the large events waiting to burst from under the great white dome on the hill. Himself in a fever heat of suppressed excitement, he felt aggrieved that dinners still went on unflaggingly, that the first long season of grand opera Washington had ever known was about to begin, and claimed much attention. None of these smart people seemed to care in the least that he was to present the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations in an unprecedentedly short time — a report which might mean war or peace, accordingly as it might sustain the Administration or not. He expressed his sense of personal injury to Thorndyke as the two sat hard at work in their committee-room one night, a week after the meeting of Congress.

They were quite alone, and it might be said that the report was theirs alone. There were other strong men on the committee, but they had got used to the autocratic rule of Thorndyke, and rather liked it. He consulted them attentively, but he was always the man who acted. The new chairman recognized this, and being ambitious to rule as Thorndyke had ruled, he consulted his predecessor somewhat ostentatiously — at which his colleagues smiled and let him alone. Crane had just experienced an instance of Thorndyke's good will, who was in the act of saving his chairman from making a ridiculous blunder which would have hindered his prospects very much as Oliver Goldsmith's unlucky red coat did for him with the Bishop. The Secretary of State, a very long-headed person in a small way, had previously got the length of the Honorable Julian Crane's foot, as the vulgar express it. He had asked Crane to play golf with him; he had invited the Member from Circleville to little dinners with him.

The Secretary's father had made money, and his daughters were replicas of Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Of his sons, one, a man of some brains and much perseverance, had reached the most highly ornamental position in the Government of the United States — the Secretaryship of State. He maintained it with dignity. He had been brought up in an auriferous atmosphere, totally denied the descendants of Cap'n Ebenezer Crane, who had lost his all in the steamboat business, and spent his last years keeping the Circleville tavern. Crane knew all about this, one of his grandfather's standing quarrels with Fate being that Josh Slater, a durned fool, and a rascal besides, in Cap'n Ebenezer's opinion, had made so much, where a better man — that is, himself — couldn't make a living. But Crane knew better than to refer to any of these matters before the Secretary, who was indeed only dimly acquainted with his father's profession. The Secretary, a polished, scholarly man, was a very good imitation of a statesman. He liked to be called the Premier, prided himself on his resemblance to Lord Salisbury, and dressed the part to perfection. During Thorndyke's chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations, when the present international complication had been brewing, the Secretary had been a good deal annoyed by being summoned to the Capitol on what he considered flimsy pretexts. He determined when Crane succeeded Thorndyke to make a bold stroke, and have the chairman come to him occasionally, on the sly, as it were. To this end he had written Crane a little note beginning, "My dear Crane." In it the Secretary spoke pathetically of his gout, also of his age, and would Crane, on the score of old friendship and the Secretary's many infirmities, come to see him at a certain hour at the Department, and perhaps the necessity might be avoided of the Secretary taking a trip in the changeable weather to the Capitol, which otherwise would be inevitable?

Crane showed this note with ill-concealed pride, and was about to fall into the Secretary's little trap through the telephone, when Thorndyke hastily interposed.

"My dear fellow," said he, grinning, "you had better wait until the Secretary's gout gets better, rather than inaugurate the policy of running up to the State Department to see him, when it is his business to come here to see you. The old fellow tried that game on me, but, in return, I used to get the committee to invite him down here about once a week to give his views on something or other for which we didn't give a tinker's dam, as the Duke of Wellington used to say. But it cured him. He stopped inviting me cordially and informally to come to the State Department to see him."

Crane's face flushed.

"The old sneak!" he cried, and then dashed off a curt note to the Secretary. Thorndyke promptly confiscated this note, and dictated another which was, if anything, more affectionate in tone than the Secretary's. Crane would wish, above all things, to oblige the Secretary, but was himself under the weather, and so forth, and so forth.

"But I played golf with him at seven o'clock this morning!" cried Crane, throwing down his pen.

"So much the better," replied Thorndyke. "You are returning his own lie to him with interest. Go on — 'Possibly by to-morrow you may be well enough to comply with the wish of the committee, and come to the Capitol. In any event, before a formal request is made for your attendance, your convenience will be consulted with regard to the hours and the weather.' And when you get him up here put him in the sweat-box and give him all that's coming to him — that's the way to get on with him."

"I see," said Crane, light breaking upon him; "and when you had the old fellow up here, and I thought you were so friendly and polite to him, you were just 'sweating' him."

"That's what I was doing. However, I reckon the present Secretary to be the ideal man for the place. He is highly ornamental, perfectly honest, and satisfied with the shadow of power. Occasionally he reaches out for something in the way of etiquette or attention — as in the present case — but when he doesn't get it he subsides quietly. The State Department has been steadily losing power and prestige from the foundation of the Government until now, when it is recognized as a mere clerical bureau and a useful social adjunct to the Administration. Do you think if Daniel Webster were alive to-day he would take the portfolio of State? He would see the Administration to the demnition bowwows first. Mr. Blaine took it twice under compulsion, and was the most wretched and restless man on earth while he had it. Both times he was so much too big for the place that he became exceedingly dangerous, and had to be forced out each time to save the Administration from total wreck. The lesson has not been lost on succeeding Presidents, and there will be no more Blaines and Websters in the Cabinet, anywhere at all. The trouble is, however, that foreign Chancelleries persist in taking the State Department seriously. They can't take in that you, as chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, are of a good deal more consequence at present than the Secretary of State. You can send for him, but he can't send for you. You can call for information from him and practically force him to give it to you, but he can't make you tell the day of the week unless you want to."

Crane, who had signed and sealed his note while Thorndyke was speaking, glowed with pleasure at the last words. But he returned to his grievance about none of the smart set taking any interest in what was to happen on the morrow.

"The diplomatic people are taking the deepest interest in it," replied Thorndyke grimly, "and when this report is read to-morrow they will be up against a fierce proposition." Thorndyke was not above using slang when in the company of men alone.

They fell to work again at some last details, and it was not far from midnight when they left the great white building on the hill. In spite of the engrossing matters which had employed them both men had been haunted by the recollection of their conversation the night before, about Constance Maitland — but neither had spoken her name. Thorndyke said, as they came out on the deserted moonlit plaza:

"It's a pity Mrs. Crane can't be here to listen to you speak to-morrow."

"Yes," replied Crane promptly. "But I have written her about it, and I shall send her a dispatch as soon as I get through to-morrow. By the way, I sent Miss Maitland a ticket to the reserve gallery. I shall probably see her at the British Embassy, where I am going to take a look at the ball."

It was Crane's first invitation to the British Embassy, and he was slightly elated at it, and being unable to conceal anything Thorndyke saw his elation. His only reply to Crane's important communication was, "Good-night — here's my car." And he jumped aboard the trailer just passing.

When he reached his own door he turned away from it. The night was growing more enchantingly lovely every hour. A great white April moon was riding high in the heavens, and the soft freshness of the spring was in the air. Thorndyke made the beauty of the night an excuse to himself for remaining out-of-doors. In truth, he had felt a yearning, ever since Crane had first told him that Constance Maitland was in Washington, to see her habitation — it was next to seeing her. He struggled against it for an hour or two, walking away from the street wherein she dwelt. He soon found himself in the poorer part of Washington, a long way from the gay quarters — a part of narrow brick or frame houses, cheap churches and many small shops. He was reminded of that saying, as old as Plato, who did not himself say it first: "In all cities there are two cities—the city of the poor and the city of the rich." The city of the poor in Washington, however, is the least disheartening of its sort in the world—for even the poorest house has air and space and sunlight about it and green trees to shelter it.

After having wandered about until he felt certain the West End was asleep, Thorndyke yielded to the overmastering impulse and set out for his goal at the other end of the town. He soon entered Massachusetts Avenue—that long and beautiful avenue, shaded with double rows of lindens, their pale green buds breaking out into their first delicate leaf, the vista broken by open spaces with statues, and closing with the rich foliage of Dupont Circle. All was quiet, silent and more and more brightly moonlit. No glaring gas lamps marred the light or darkness of the perfect night—for in Washington, when the moon shines, the gas lamps don't shine.

Thorndyke's soul, dragging his unwilling feet, brought him to one of the pretty side streets opening upon the splendid Avenue. It was here that Constance Maitland's house was.

Thorndyke believed—such is the folly of love—he would have known the house even if Crane had not mentioned the number. But the number was conclusive. It was an old-fashioned house, broad and low for a city house. It had been the advance-guard of fashion. There was a little strip of garden and shrubbery at the side, where clipped cedars were formally set, and three great lilac bushes were hastening into a bloom of purple splendor. The scent of the lilacs brought back the terrace on Lake Como, where lilacs also grew, and where he and Constance had spent those glowing and unforgotten hours—and by moonlight they had often sung together the old duet from Don Pasquale, *Oh, April Night!* Thorndyke, entranced and lost in visions, began to hum the old, old air. What strange power of restoring the past have old songs and the perfume of flowers long remembered! Thorndyke felt as in a dream—all the intervening years melted away—it was once more Como, with its moonlight, its flowers, its songs, its loves—and then he looked up and saw Constance Maitland standing before him.

She had just returned from the ball—the carriage from which she had alighted was rolling off. As she met Thorndyke face to face on the sidewalk she started slightly, and her long white mantle slipped from her delicate bare shoulders to the ground. Her eyes met Thorndyke's—everything was in that gaze except surprise. When two people think of each other daily for many years the strangeness is not in their meeting, but in their separation. They had seen each other last on a moonlit night, and the sweet scent of lilacs was in the air—and now, after eighteen years, it was so like.

The moonlight was merciful to them both. Neither saw all of Time's earmarks—Thorndyke saw none at all in Constance. Her girlish figure was quite unchanged. Her pale yellow ball gown, the pearls around her throat, were youthfulness itself. She had never been remarkable for beauty, but her face showed no lines, her silky black hair, simply arranged, revealed none of the silver strands that were visible by daylight. Thorndyke received a distinct shock at her youthfulness. It was his lost Constance of the Villa Flora.

She held her hand out to him without a word, and he clasped it. In that clasp Constance realized that she had all and more of her old power over him. Thorndyke could not have said a word at first to save his life, but Constance, with equal feeling, had a woman's glibness, and could have plunged into commonplaces on the spot. But she refrained, knowing that her silence was eloquent. She withdrew her hand lingeringly. Then Thorndyke saw the white cloak lying on the ground. He picked it up and held it wide for Constance, and when he enfolded her in the cloak she was enfolded for one thrilling, perilous instant in his arms. Another moment and she would be at his mercy. Constance, knowing this, suddenly remembering the maid waiting for her and possibly belated neighbors looking out of their windows, withdrew a little. This restored Thorndyke's vagrant senses, and after a moment or two he said:

"It does not seem—now—so long since we parted."

"It is very long—it is nearly eighteen years," Constance replied. Her voice was the sweet voice of the far South, for her young eyes had first opened upon the blue waters of another lake than Como—Lake Pontchartrain. In her speech there were continual traces of her Louisiana birth—Thorndyke had ever thought her voice and her little mannerisms of language among her greatest charms—and he was confirmed in his belief at the first word she uttered. He said to her:

"I did not know until yesterday that you were in Washington."

"I did not like to send you a card," Constance replied.

"You might have done so much."

"I don't know which of us is in the wrong," she said—said it so deliberately that it might convey a thousand meanings. "But if you are waiting for me to ask you—come. Of course, I can't ask you in now—if we were as young as we once were, it would be quite dreadful for us to be standing and talking as we are—but both being old enough to take care of ourselves, we have our liberty."

Love and hate are closely allied, and often reason alike from the same premises. As Thorndyke realized more and more that Constance Maitland still had power to disturb him mightily he resented her ease and tranquillity—and conscious of the lines in his face, conscious that he was growing bald, he felt injured at her continuing youth. Evidently, the recollections which had made him forswear love, forego wealth, and had turned him into a Congressional drudge had left no mark on her. He took, at once, her hint to leave her.

"If you will give me your key," he said stiffly.

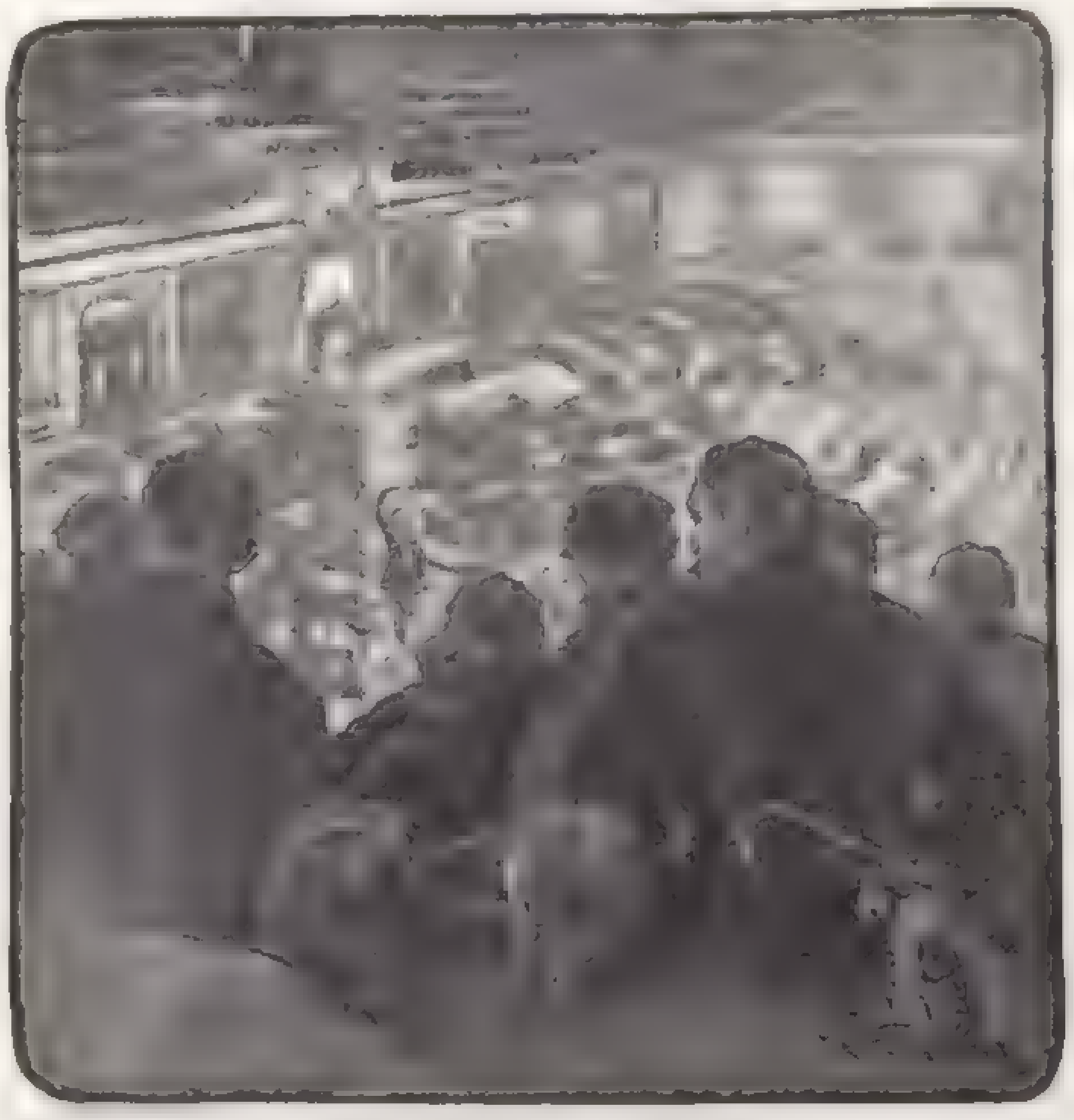
Constance handed it to him; he went up the steps and opened the door. The gaslight fell full upon her, and it was as if with every glance they became more infatuated with each other and found it harder to part.

"To-morrow," said Thorndyke.

"Yes—to-morrow," Constance echoed dreamily.

Thorndyke banged the door to and literally ran down the street.

When he came to himself, as it were, he was in his own room, smoking. He kept on saying to himself, "To-morrow—to-morrow," and then called himself a fool—a purely academic proceeding, however, which never really influences any issue between a man and his will. When, at last, he went to bed the sky was opalescent with the coming dawn. After four hours of sleep he waked with the uncomfortable feeling which waits on excess in everything, especially excess in the emotions after one is forty years of age. The tumults of youth are killing after forty.



CRANE SPOKE FOR HALF AN HOUR

He got through with his breakfast and his mail under the disadvantages of seeing visions of Constance Maitland floating all about him—visions of Constance offering to give up her fortune and live with him on what he could save of his Congressional salary after supplying the wants of his crippled sister, Elizabeth. And in case he should lose the nomination at the hands of his boss, as he had once done—there would be nothing at all for Constance or Elizabeth, either, nor for himself that he could then foresee. What a strange infatuation was Congressional life! It was almost as strange as the infatuation for a woman forever barred from him—and by the worst luck in the world, he, Geoffrey Thorndyke, was the victim of both!

These unpleasant thoughts walked every step of the way with him to the Capitol on that bright April morning. When he reached the great white building, sitting majestically on the hill, he was one of a vast multitude of people surging toward the south wing. It still lacked half an hour of twelve, and the flag was not yet hoisted. Crowds were disembarking from the street cars, the plaza was black with carriages, and over all was that tension of feeling which communicates itself to thousands and tens of thousands of persons at once. Something was about to happen that day in the House of Representatives. As Crane said, the smart set cared nothing for it, but their majesties, the people, were deeply interested in it, and had every reason to be, and assembled in great crowds to see the first act. Thorndyke made his way to his committee-room. No one was there except Crane. The gentleman from Circleville was dressed for his first appearance as a star. Thorndyke, being in rather a savage humor, thought he had never seen Crane so overdressed, so full of elation and vain simplicity, and, in short, so nearly a fool. In this he did Crane great injustice, for Crane never was, at any time, in the category of fools, although he often did foolish things.

He spoke to Thorndyke affably, although with a slight air of superiority, holding in his hand the report of which Thorndyke had supplied the most effective part—the close reasoning, the conclusive logic, the historical precedents and the invincible moderation. Thorndyke might indeed have said of that report, "All of this I saw—most of this I was." And in the debate that might follow Thorndyke would be obliged to take care of Crane—for Crane, although a powerful and attractive speaker, was easily disconcerted when on his feet, and had a tendency to panic under the enfilading fire of debate. Thorndyke was not an orator in the popular sense, but when it came to having all his wits about him, to defending his position, to bold incursions into the enemy's territory, he was not surpassed by any man in the House.

As his colleagues said of him, he always went documented, and carried concealed parliamentary weapons about his person.

By way of revenge, Thorndyke began to chaff his colleague on the subject of his dress. Crane's shirt-bosom snapped like giant crackers, his cuffs rattled, his collar creaked. He was conscious of this, and glowered darkly at Thorndyke's jokes. Thorndyke's clothes, in contradistinction to Crane's, were the clothes of a clothes-wearing man. They were neither old nor new, neither out of the fashion nor conspicuously in the fashion—they were, in short, the clothes of a man whose father before him had worn clothes.

Both men were in their seats, which were near together, when the Speaker's gavel fell. The galleries were packed, the corridors jammed. In the diplomatic gallery every seat was occupied. The bright costumes of the Orientals and the flower-decked spring hats of the ladies made it gay. The gallery reserved for the President's family and the Cabinet families was also full. So great was the pressure that the motion was at once made to admit ladies to the floor of the House. They came fluttering in like a flock of pigeons, and soon filled all the space back of the desks. They were not, in general, of the smart set, who, as Crane complained, were like Gallio, and cared for none of these things—but were chiefly of official families.

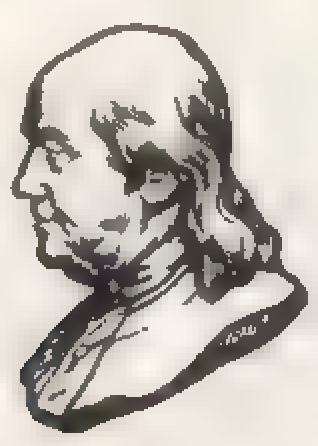
As soon as the prayer and some routine business were over the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations was called for. The calling of the roll had been waived—it was easy enough to see that every member was present who could get there, as well as many Senators. When the report was handed to the reading clerk there was a deep pause. Thorndyke looked at Crane. He was very pale, but the veins in his neck were pulsating strongly. He glanced up at the reserved gallery at the side, and his face flushed deeply. Thorndyke followed his eye. It fell upon Constance Maitland sitting in the front row. She was dressed in a rich black toilette which contrasted strongly with the brilliant colors around her. A delicate black tulle hat sat upon her graceful head, and she fanned herself slowly with a large black fan.

Her distinction of appearance was extreme, and she showed her perfect knowledge of it by the simple but effective trick of wearing black when there was a riot of color around her. By means of a good figure and perfect dressing this seduced the world into thinking her far handsomer than she really was. Thorndyke recognized that when he saw how much more attention she attracted than much younger and more beautiful women.

But then the silence was broken by the great, bell-like voice of the reading clerk reading the report. As the clerk

(*Continued on Page 28*)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST



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The Absent-Minded Beggar

BETWEEN nine and ten o'clock the other morning a man had the following experiences:

He received a letter from an acquaintance about a rather important business matter—but the letter had been misdirected, and the delay cost him a considerable sum of money

Two papers were delivered from a near-by news-stand—but they were not of the dates he had ordered

His butler told him that a Mr. Wilson wished to see him, and as he did not wish to see the only Mr. Wilson he remembered knowing he told the butler to send Mr. Wilson away—but he afterward learned that by failing to see his caller he had missed something greatly to his advantage and that the name given to his butler was not Wilson but Winston.

He had asked for boiled eggs for breakfast and he got an omelette.

A suit of clothes arrived—and the tailor had cut the trousers three inches too short

He himself sent off a note—and addressed it to the wrong number and the wrong street.

This is a slightly exaggerated picture of what is happening to everybody everywhere all the time. Wherever there are human beings there you will find a very large part—often more than half—of the routine of life taken up with making wholly avoidable mistakes and correcting them. And in this state of affairs lies another answer to the ever-recurring question, Why do some men get on so much better than others who seem to have just as good minds?

Why? Because the men who get on have *the power of giving attention* while the other men have not.

The power of giving attention is one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest, powers of the human mind—next, of course, to the fundamental faculties which enable a man to be called sane. He who possesses it will outstrip any man, no matter how clever, who has it not. The lack of it explains almost all failures; the possession of it is the principal part of almost all—perhaps all—successes. Yet it is one of the humble faculties. It is one that began to develop away back there when the animal kingdom was just waking up to the fact that to get food there is a better plan than waiting for it to be drifted by the air or the ocean into the mouth. It is one that can be easily and quickly cultivated in almost any child.

It simply means to read carefully each and every report that is brought to one by his senses. If you are looking, see what your eyes reveal; if you are hearing, listen to what your ears relate; if you are feeling, tasting, smelling, give whichever it is the courtesy of your attention. Most people can remember—if they attend. The trouble is lack of attention.

Robert Houdin, probably the greatest prestidigitator of modern times, won a reputation for practicing the black art by cultivating this power. He became so expert at seeing what his eyes saw that from a glimpse into a crowded show window as he walked along the street he could name two-thirds of the articles in it. J. Pierpont Morgan has cultivated this power to such an extent that by glancing from page to page of a complex report he can lay his finger on the weak spot in the property which the report describes—or in the report itself. But illustrations and instances are innumerable. Every biography, every history is crowded with them Every work of constructive genius in finance, commerce, politics or art is an illustration and an instance—and so is every well-ordered life, every well-kept shop, every competent servant

To realize this power test yourself—or better still, your friend—for when one tests one's self vanity and self-excuse usually prevent results of much value. Begin an important statement or a promising story; let something interrupt you, note whether your friend, who ought to have been, and probably was interested, goes back to the point before the interruption and asks for the rest. Question him on some exciting story in the current news and see how far wrong he has read the newspaper reports of it—which he is probably denouncing for inaccuracy. Test him on large matters and small, and when you shall have done you will probably know why he is succeeding or failing in life.

No one is too old to begin to give attention, but the best time is in youth, in childhood. Not a school day should pass without the teacher cultivating this power in her pupils' minds by asking them to tell or write out what they saw on the way to school, or something of the kind. And no parent who wishes to do his or her duty by the children should neglect to develop and to encourage—in childhood it needs little more than encouragement—this power of accuracy and quickness, but especially accuracy, in reading the reports of the senses.

There are, beyond question, large differences between various human minds in strength and capacity. But the greater part of the width of the gap between bright and stupid is not in the height of the bright above the normal but in the depth of the stupid below it. Some day we may learn that mental sluggishness is as curable as physical sluggishness—if taken in time and treated intelligently.

It is the door carelessly left open, the watch or pocketbook carelessly exposed, that makes the opportunity for the thief. It is the business carelessly conducted, the railway carelessly managed that makes the opportunity for the "Captain of Industry." It is the government carelessly administered that makes the opportunity for—for the rascal that's out to oust the rascal that's in.

And every man who habitually makes a multitude of mistakes of carelessness began his career of alternate catastrophe when, a boy, he only half saw what was put before his eyes, only half heard what was put into his ears.

The Increase of the Well-to-Do

ONE of the interesting facts of the past year was the large number of estates yielding fortunes to new owners. Several hundred Americans died leaving millions to their heirs. More than a thousand left hundreds of thousands of dollars. In England more than two hundred left estates valued at over $300,000,000, or more than $500,000 each, five of them being over five millions each and seventy-six being over a million each.

It is always impossible correctly to find a man's wealth during his lifetime. He will not tell and others cannot guess. But when his money reaches the courts the amount is public property. Gradually legislation is getting a larger share of the big fortunes for public purposes. Thus in England last year the death duties aggregated $100,000,000. The duties in this country vary in the different States, but they gather in quite a sum and the disposition is to increase them. One American plutocrat paid taxes on $700,000 and when he died he left $70,000,000. It was only when his estate came into the courts that the State got a chance to get a share of it—and even then the heirs fought the tax bitterly.

In these enormous figures the main interest is the proof of the rapid multiplication of well-to-do families. We do not say rich, for in these days riches are comparative. One American is said to be worth a thousand millions; quite a number are worth hundreds of millions, and naturally these look down upon the man who has only a million. In fact, a millionaire in New York nowadays is something of a nonentity. And, of course, the many who have only hundreds of thousands are not worth mentioning when real wealth is being discussed. They do not even get their names in the papers.

But it is plain from the returns that there is in the English-speaking races of to-day a very large population of families whose regular incomes range from $25,000 to millions There are enough of these to explain a great many things. We have been surprised of late by the remarkable prices brought by treasures in art, sculpture and old books. We sometimes express surprise that there is such a wide market and such quick buying for the finest products of artisanship. The demand for the highest and the best is booming. It seems easy to explain it by saying that rich persons are throwing their money away. But that is neither truth nor explanation.

In these new conditions are fruitful promises for excellence Money cannot paint pictures, but it can make the rewards of the painter opulent beyond all precedent. It can support a higher grade of art, of literature, of bookmaking, of periodical production, of every kind of effort and enterprise which involve genius, talent, brains, skill and experience. In this respect the increase of the well-to-do opens prospects for the artistic that surpass anything the world has ever known. For these fortunate people will have beautiful homes and beautiful things to put in their homes and beautiful books to read. It is, indeed, the true golden age.

Score One for the Baby

AT LAST some one has come to the defense of the baby In the past, millions of laws and ordinances, statutes and regulations have been enacted by various bodies of wiseacres covering every known field of human endeavor from bananas to Canada thistles, from drain pipes to gold mines, but not until the dawn of the twentieth century did the baby come into its own.

Cleveland has the honor of giving to a grateful world the children's champion. In that city, as in every other embryo metropolis of the country, the iron heel of landlordism was constructively fixed upon the tender neck of the rising generation—until a fortnight ago, when up rose an alderman in the city council with an ordinance which carried fines and imprisonments, pains and penalties, for any landlord or renting agent of any residence property who dared to debar a prospective tenant because the home-seeker had aided in his humble way to swell the national census. If that ordinance becomes a law the haughty landlord must haul in his "No Children" sign and lay in an extra supply of window-glass and varnish to repair expected ravages. The alderman explained to the amazed and admiring council that he has eight sturdy young Americans of his own, and is tired of hiding them from ferocious janitors and suspicious agents when he wants to revel in the great American prerogative of May moving.

Now that the first blow has been struck the battle for the baby should be carried on until it becomes a national movement that Congress may take cognizance of. On the one hand we have President Roosevelt painting pen pictures of race suicide and clamoring for the good old days when every family dinner table had to have three leaves in it to accommodate the gathering. On the other hand are the owners and renting agents of the apartment houses, which are so rapidly supplanting single residences in the large cities, setting a determined face against the entry of families with children. They think far more of their paint and varnish than they do of "race suicide" or any kindred topic. For years this warfare has gone on while the luckless couple unfortunate enough to have a little treasure or two have been obliged to sneak their loved ones into the flat buildings in barrels and bundles when the janitor was not looking and take them out for brief airings under cover of the friendly darkness at night.

But now that the Cleveland alderman with the large and interesting family has fired the shot which will be heard around the world, aldermanic bodies all over the country may be expected to rally to the standard of the baby and overthrow the hosts of oppression wherever their black flag may be raised.

The Rage for Writing

THERE never has been a time when the young people of this country betook themselves to authorship with such zeal as now. The editor of every magazine between the seas can certify to the truth of this statement. They are overslaughed with tons of manuscript—poems, essays and stories, written by boys and sweet girl-graduates who do not write because they have anything to say but because they need money and are dazzled by the success of other young people who did have something to say. The enormous sales of one or two historical novels, especially, have bewildered them.

There is not an event in our short history that has not been misstated in their imitations of these fortunate books, nor an American hero, from Henty with the Iron Hand to Admiral Dewey, whom they have not apotheosized and bedecked with impossible virtues. The books as a rule have been failures.

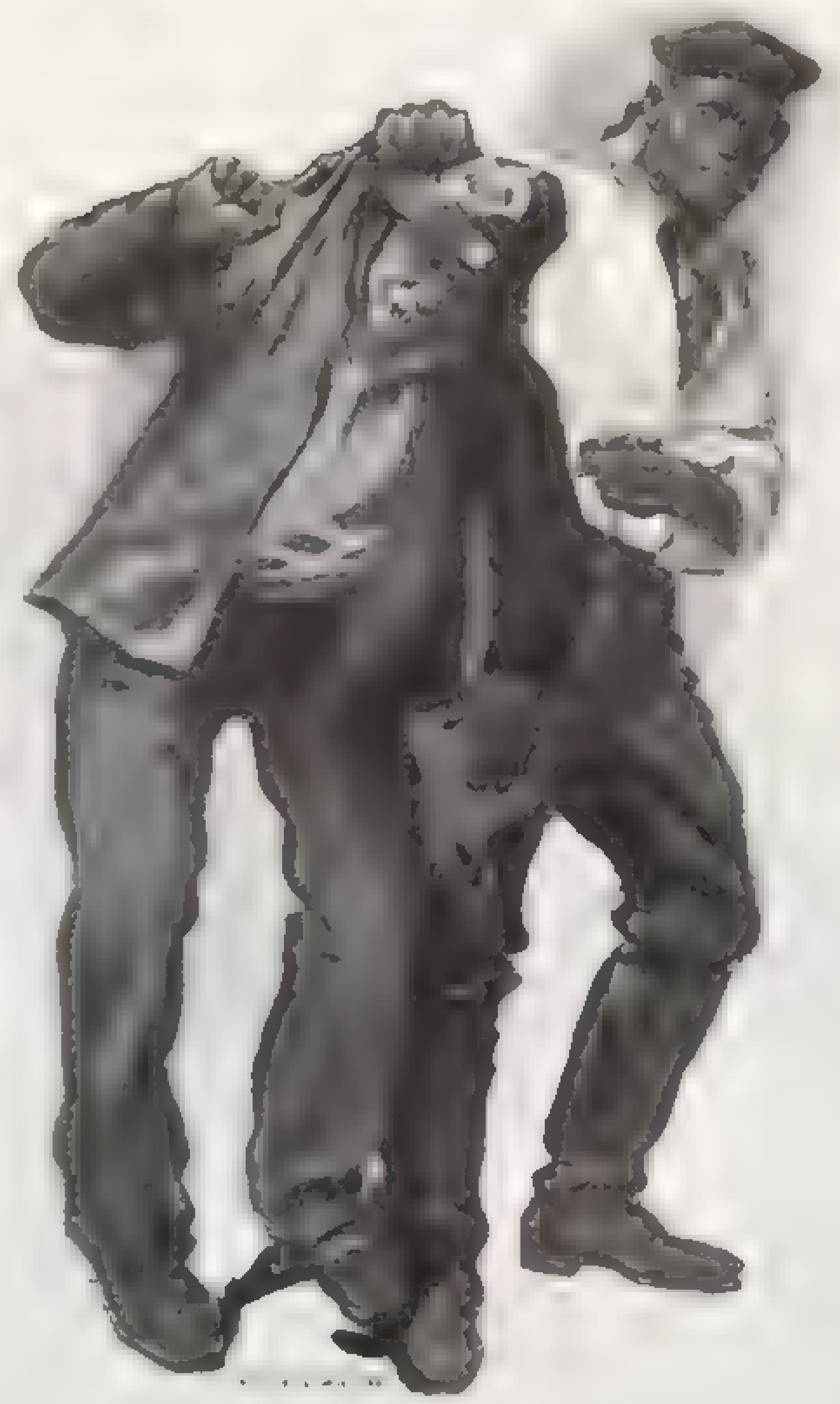
We have a suggestion to make to these unlucky authors. They have found how difficult it is to describe a period and events of which they know nothing. The young man who undertakes to tell you of an incident in the Revolution or the Civil War, and of Washington or Lincoln, will unconsciously make a dozen mistakes. But nothing can be easier than to write of his own town and acquaintances. If he sets down from day to day what he sees, let us say of the doings of the trades unions, his picture will be correct and vivid, and forty years hence of great significance and value.

There is a drowsy old town in France in which is a dusty museum containing stuffed alligators and other worthless trash. But in one room is a long yellow strip of canvas stretched around a frame on which uncouth figures have been worked with infinite patience. It is the story of the conquest of England by the Normans, stitched into the cloth by the Norman women at the very time when the deed was being done. There are facts told there which never were kept for us in writing or tradition. The tapestry is of little value as a work of art. But it is true. The Norman Matilda could not write books. She took her needle and with her red and blue crewels made a picture of the things she saw, and the picture has remained, for nearly a thousand years, an invaluable history.

SINFUL PECK

A WHOLE SECOND MATE

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON



"LE' GO," HE GASPED. "LE' GO O' ME!"

HE WAS a huge, loose-jointed and big-fisted man-and-brother, with a countenance positively beautiful in its picturesque ugliness. It was a shade or two darker than coal, deeply pitted with pockmarks, and held a strange combination of good humor and ferocity. Over the gleaming eyes was a perpetual scowl, but the thick lips seldom hid the yellow teeth within, and his moist and expansive smile was nearly as fixed as his scowl. One front tooth was gone, and through the aperture, even when his smile was largest, he could whistle spirited music of quite a good quality, and as he whistled, his feet, large and heavily shod, would shuffle spasmodically, as though in repressed sympathy with the music. He came off to the ship in time for breakfast, and, carrying his dunnage in one hand, climbed a single rope and scrambled over the rail with an agility seldom displayed by men of his size; then, squinting aloft with seamanly scrutiny, he advanced to the Captain, who had emerged from the companion

"I'se come aboard, Cappen Jackson," he said, smiling benignly

"So I see, Mr. Johnson," answered the Captain, "and I see you've brought the Articles of War with you." He glanced at a pistol and pair of brass knuckles strapped to the outside of the heavy satchel in the hand of the other.

"Yes, sah; I allus pack 'em outside when I join a new ship, sah. Shows de men wha' dey gwine to get 'f dey don' watch out." His smile grew in dimensions

"Well, that's all right — I need a good second mate, for I've got a crowd forrard that'll take 'em away from you and jam them down your throat if you don't watch out. But you might as well start right, as you only go to Manila with us. There's a new law passed this year which forbids all form of assault, and also makes me liable for damages in case I permit the escape of an officer who is liable to arrest. So, don't touch a man here unless in self-defense

"Why — how, Cappen," asked the second mate in wonder — "how you gwine to keep men at work 'less you t'ump 'em round a bit?"

"The Lord knows," answered the Captain, a shade of anxiety clouding his face. "Twelve o' my men'll stand anything. They're dock-rats and hobos shanghaied out o' New York, and have just learned to get out o' their own way. The rest are a baker's dozen o' Lake sailors, old men now, but able and intelligent, seamen to the last man jack o' them and regular helyons if you rouse 'em. Mr. Peck was one o' them, but he saved my life outside, and I took him aft as acting mate until the other two get out o' the hospital

"By the way, are you a navigator?" added the Captain as an afterthought

"No, sah, but I'se a whole second mate

"Well, we'll get along, no doubt — but I want to tell you about these men, so you'll know what you're up against. They took charge outside here, and tied us all down; then they threatened to sail the ship back to New York unless I agreed to pay them off at Singapore and send 'em home like gentlemen. Well, I agreed, and did my part; but they chose to wait around Singapore to get a salvage job settled in court, went broke, starved a while, and yesterday signed with me again as there were no other ships in port for them and no other sailors for me. So, there you are. They'll come aboard much disgruntled, I s'pose, but if you're a little careful with 'em there may be no trouble. Don't stir them up needlessly

"No, sah, not 'less dey needs it," said the negro, beaming joyously. "Jess de same, sah, I nebber seen no crowd dat could down me."

"Well, I've warned you Here's Mr. Peck — Sinful Peck they called him forrard. He's a rare little man in his way. He can show you your room, and I'll go ashore for the men"

Sinful Peck came out of the cabin, waddling a little in his walk from a growing rotundity due, no doubt, to late immunity from manual labor and to the excellence of the cabin fare, but rather unbecoming to one of his short stature. His round, cheerful face lit up in surprise as he viewed the negro; but he accepted the introduction gracefully, and when the Captain had descended the side to a waiting sampan he led him to his room, and then to breakfast. He watched him a few moments while he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, squared himself at the table, and began shoveling in the remnants of the breakfast with a tablespoon; then, with a grimace of disgust, he returned to the deck.

"Might as well be 'fore the mast with the crowd," he muttered, "as aft with that pig. 'Mister Johnson' — well, I'll be ——." He leaned against the rail and his face grew thoughtful. "And yet, what's wrong with him? Muscular, massive, ferocious — the incarnation of American buckoism, brute strength, seamanship, ignorance and stupidity. Great Scott, what development! He could shut his hand on any of the crowd — and they punched and kicked and insulted me all the way out. Let's think. What'd the skipper ship that brute for? Can I use 'Mistah Johnsing' in my business?"

Long and earnestly he mused, looking abstractedly at the men forward enjoying their post breakfast smoke, and when the tinkle of eight bells sounded from the cabin clock a smile had come to his face and a mischievous twinkle to his eye, but as he started forward to turn the men to he felt a grip on his collar; then, squirming and choking, he was lifted wriggling from the deck at the end of the negro's long powerful arm.

"Le' go," he gasped. "Le' go o' me! What's this for?"

"Dat's all right, Misser Peck," said the negro "I jess want to 'press you wi' my quality 'fore I turn to. I allus makes first mates understand at de beginning dat I'se a mons'ous strong man and won't stand no foolin'. So, you see? Dah." He gave Sinful a shake

But Sinful, though fat, was agile. He twisted suddenly in midair, doubled one short leg, and planted his foot on the negro's face; then he exerted his strength and landed on his back a few feet away, while the astonished assailant staggered back, rubbing some deep scratches on his face. But he smiled approvingly at his angry superior

"By golly, Misser Peck," he said, "but you's a smart man. Nobody nebber kicked me in de face before. Hol' on, don' shoot, Misser Peck."

Sinful, with blazing eyes, had arisen with a drawn revolver, and covered him

"Don't you ever dare to lay your hands on me again," he stormed, "or I'll lay you dead on the deck. What do you mean by it?"

"It's all right, Misser Peck. Put de gun down I'se got one in my pocket, too, but I don' want to use it. I shot a first mate in Savannah one time, an' I had to go to chokey It took six p'licemen, by golly."

"It won't need but one and a wheelbarrow if you touch me again."

Sinful lowered the pistol

"What did you do it for?"

"Jess to show you, Misser Peck, dat I'se de right kind of a second mate for you. De Cappen says dey's a mighty bad crowd o' men comin'!"

"Oh — yes — that's so." Sinful pocketed the pistol, but watched cautiously as he continued "There are thirteen more — all scrappers. You'll have enough to do to protect yourself without impressing me with your strength. Big Pig Monahan can do you up in one round."

"He can?" said the negro, his eyes gleaming "Did he say so?"

"No, but you'll know him. He's down on all colored men. He's got a cro'-jack eye and a mild way o' talking, but look out."

"Is he de wussest o' de gang, sah?"

"Almost. There's Seldom Helward — hooked nose, bicycle face, red hair turning gray. Look out for him. Tosser Galvin is another bad one. He's a big, beefy fellow — looks like a butcher. These three love a fight, but the others'll drop in when its started"

"Yay — yah ya ha," laughed the second mate, shuffling his feet and waving his long arms in the air "Dat's de kind o' men I jess love. But say, Misser Peck, ain't dem funny names?"

"They've all got 'em There's Poop-Deck Cahill, and there's Gunner Meagher, and Ghost O'Brien, Yampaw Gallegher, Turkey Twain, Sorry Welch, Shiner O'Toole, Senator Sands, Jump Black and Moccassey Gill. Now, go forward and start the men to work. Get that water laid hawser out of the 'tween deck and coil it 'longside the fore hatch; and, by the way, those are good-tempered, willing men forward, there. They don't need thumping."

"Aye, aye, sah; I'll wait for de bad ones" answered the negro, turning away; "but say, Misser Peck," he added, coming back with doubt in his face, "de Cappen he say somethin' 'bout a new law dat you mus' not hit a sailor. How 'bout dat?"

"Oh, there's a fool law passed," said Sinful airily, "but it can't be enforced. Even though you should be arrested when you get to port, all you need is to demand a jury trial and get a change of venue; then by the time the case is called the witnesses 'll be all off to sea again. Can't convict you without witnesses, you know"

"Is dat so, now? By golly, you's a mighty smart man, Misser Peck. How you learn all dis?"

"I've been a lawyer in my time. Don't be alarmed I'll see you clear of all proceedings, but I expect you to help me keep this crew down."

"Yes, sah I'll do that, sah. I stand by you, and you stand by me."

"It begins to look," muttered Sinful, as his brother officer went forward, "like hot times for the crowd Big Pig won't be a lunch for him. But I've got to keep the nigger clear. I'll read up a bit."

He went to his room, searched it well, and emerging with a puzzled face, went forward and searched an empty bunk in the forecastle Then he directed the men to find and return to him a law book which he must have left behind when he moved his dunnage out of the forecastle

"Haven't seen it" he said "since the first o' the passage out. So it must be forward" The men promised to find it, but by the time the hawser was on deck a tug had steamed up to the quarter, and their services were required in making her fast. Then Captain Jackson climbed aboard, followed by thirteen gloomy-faced men in seedy disarray — their clothing wrinkled, soiled, and sprinkled with slivers, as though from sleeping too close to Mother Earth and undressed planking, and the interest aroused by their coming was enough to drive thought of the missing book from all minds, including Sinful's. None had any bedding or extra clothing, but each possessed a large and a lively sense of injury; for, as Sinful joined them with his dark confrère, they stared at him sullenly, hungrily and enviously, as though his sleek, well-fed little body was both an affront and a temptation

"Muster up around me here," said the Captain sternly, as he stepped upon the mizzen hatch. "I want a few words with you." They flocked around him and he continued "Before you join your shipmates forrard I want you to know that this ship will be run strictly in accordance to the new Seaman's Law. The ship is seaworthy; the forecastle has been repaired and is warm and dry; the complement of men is full; I have laid in full store of the provisions named in the scale, and a complete outfit of slop-clothing, on which you can draw unless under punishment; I have forbidden my officers to strike any of you, but if one of you strikes an officer that man may be shot dead as a mutineer The law is unchanged in that regard. You may also be lawfully shot if you resist going in irons as a punishment for insubordination. Your working and sleeping hours are not prescribed by the law, and are left to the descretion of your officers, depending on your conduct. You will find me fair, in spite of the trouble you have made me; but I shall allow no pistols or sheath-knives among you. Turn your pockets inside out — all of you"

Silently and sullenly they obeyed the command. Every pocket in every garment was pulled out in plain sight. All were empty

"That will do Mr. Peck, have you anything to say to them"

"Yes, sir — thank you, Captain — I have. I want to say to this gang of ruffians, who maltreated me while before the mast, that I am heart and soul in accord with the spirit of the new law — particularly as regards the shooting of mutineers I want to call Mr. Johnson's attention to the four leading spirits, so that he will know them. Mr. Johnson" — he turned to the listening second mate, who stepped eagerly to his side — "see that big, wall-eyed hoodlum, squinting at us? That is Big Pig Monahan, who thinks he can fight" The negro smiled and nodded. "That hangdog tough behind him is Seldom Helward — a good citizen only when in jail. Beside him is Tosser Galvin, who can toss in more whisky without paying for it than any man in Cleveland. And the sneaky-looking scoundrel over here, with the look of a pickpocket in one eye and a barkeep in the other, is Poop-Deck Cahill. Look out for these four, Mr. Johnson."

Poop-Deck's fine features reddened in anger, and he said to the Captain: "May we say a word or two, unofficially, sir, to Mr. Peck, before we begin?" The Captain nodded.

"Sinful," said Poop-Deck, "when you drugged us, your guests at a parting supper, and shanghaied us aboard this ship in which you were bound to sail by the terms of your bet with Helward, you perpetrated what was a practical joke to you, but a wrong involving thousands of dollars loss to us. For this we hammered you well in the forecastle; but when clear of the ship at Singapore we were willing to call it square. You, however, chose to carry it on. You so prejudiced Captain Jackson with lies as to our standing at home that he in turn prejudiced the Consul, and we found every door, and every ear, in Singapore closed to us. The banks would not deal with us, and, unable to get our drafts honored, we suffered privation until compelled to sign in this ship of which fortune has made you first mate, with power of life and death under the law. We have resolved to do our work and obey the law, but if you abuse your power over us, remember that you have thirteen implacable enemies who will make no appeal to law, but will, when the time comes, punish you with physical pain that will make you wish for death."

"And I'll say," said Seldom Helward hoarsely, when Poop-Deck had paused for breath, "that you needn't abuse your power to hear from me again. I've camped on your trail, my joker, and don't leave it till I hunt you out o' Cleveland, or into jail."

To the credit of Sinful's sensibilities be it said that he fidgeted visibly under Poop-Deck's denunciation and paled at Seldom's threat; but before he could reply the Captain spoke.

"This will do," he said firmly. "You are threatening. Go forward. Mr. Peck, man the windlass and pass the line to the tug."

"Wait a minute, Capt'n, if you please," said Big Pig Monahan, as the group separated. "Is this Senegambian going out second mate?"

"Mr. Johnson is second mate of this ship until Mr. Brown joins us at Manila. Mr. Peck is first mate until Mr. Becker comes."

"Very well, sir. Mr. Johnson has been looking at me like a dog at a bone for the last few minutes, and I think he's taken a fancy to me. Now, Seldom's all right, though a little outspoken, and I can answer for him and the rest of us that we'll do our work willingly, having signed willingly; but it's up to you, Captain, to keep your man Friday off our backs."

It may have been the epithets, or it may have been an encouraging nudge from Sinful's elbow that roused Mr. Johnson to action—or it may possibly have been his officerlike indignation at the Captain's complaisant manner toward these impudent men. He sprang into the air with an incoherent yell, arms and legs at all angles, and came down close to the startled Big Pig. But Big Pig was not too startled to parry the outshot fist of the negro and return with a crashing blow in the face which momentarily stopped him, but only increased his rage. Bellowing almost inarticulate profanity, the negro thrust his right hand into his pocket, drew it forth brass-shod, and again charged on Big Pig—as large a man as he, fully as skilled and courageous, but much older and slower in his movements. Then they fought furiously, Big Pig quiet and cool, the negro in a frenzy, while the men sprang to the rail and secured belaying pins, and the Captain, with a drawn revolver, thundered at them to "Put them back." But he did not shoot, and they did not obey him; they circled about the giant antagonists, shouting words of encouragement to Big Pig and threatening curses to the negro, but before there was a chance to strike a blow, youth and brass knuckles prevailed over age and stiffness, and Big Pig went down senseless under a crashing blow on the forehead.

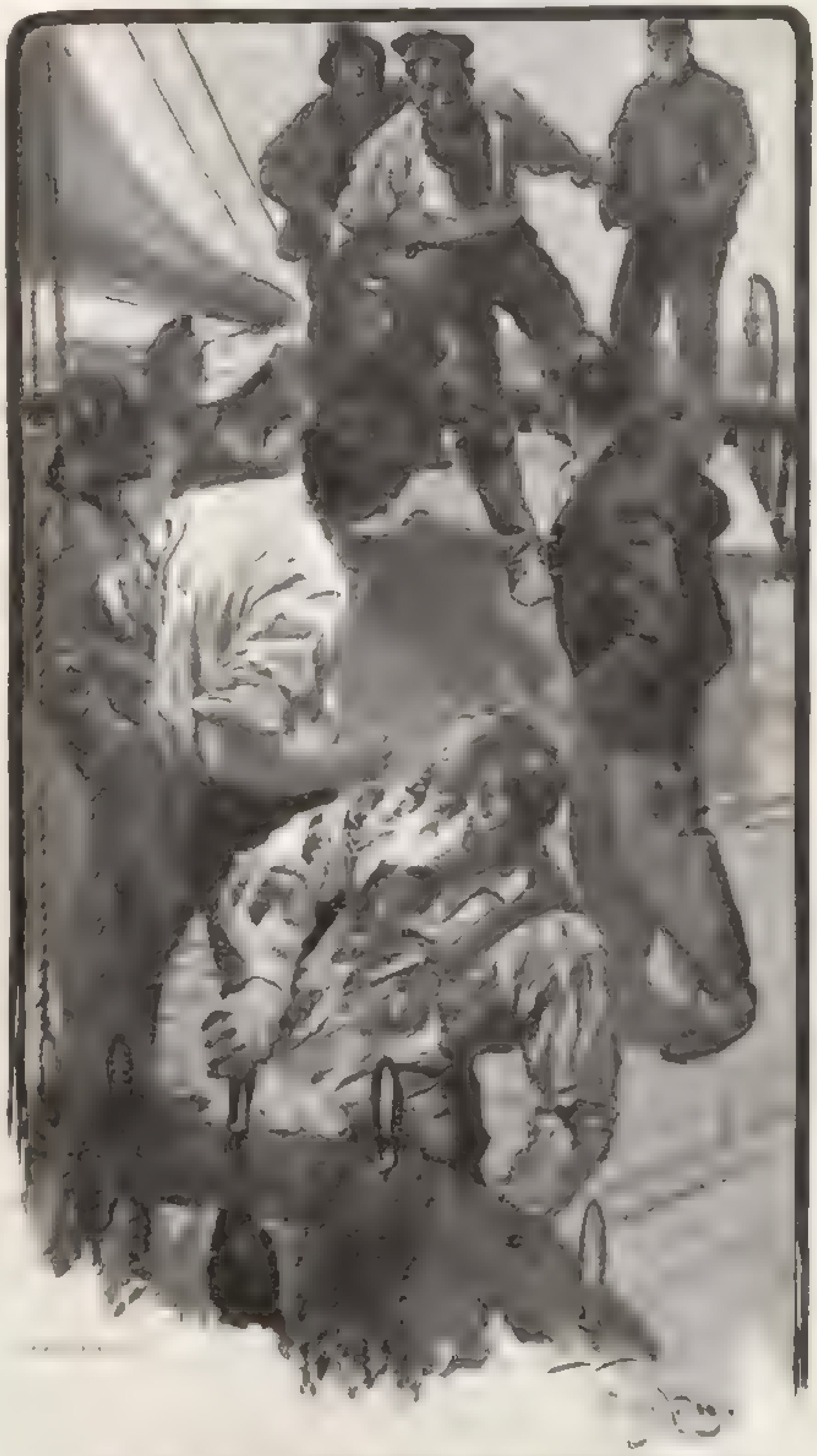
Sinful Peck, pale and anxious of face, had sprung up the poop-steps with his pistol ready, and the Captain now followed, for with Big Pig disposed of the infuriated negro turned to the others. None there could face him as long as had Big Pig, and few could remain within reach of those long, powerful arms for the second of time necessary to strike a blow. The negro sprang, dodged, whirled, struck—and when he struck a man went down—and as at last it became apparent to his excited faculties that he was actually winning against them all, his mouthings became intelligible.

"Forrard wi' you," he growled as he pursued them around the deck. "You heah what de Cappen say, you lazy, good f'nothin' sogers. Go forrard, I tole you, and pass de towline. Wha' you t'ink, hey? You gwine to hab you' own way heah. Not much, I tole you."

Slowly they gave way, and with a man occasionally falling under his blows he fought them forward, until, dropping their useless belaying-pins, they grabbed the towline at his behest, with the frightened non-combatants of the crew, and passed the end up to the bows. He had "turned them to."

Flushed and jubilant, the victor came aft, passing two men still and bleeding on the deck, and four dazed ones zigzagging painfully out of his path, and halted beside the unconscious Big Pig, over whom now stood the Captain and Sinful.

"You haven't killed him, Mr. Johnson," said the latter, "but better leave off your gloves next time."



IT MAY HAVE BEEN AN ENCOURAGING NUDGE FROM SINFUL'S ELBOW

"Give me those things," demanded the Captain sternly. Mr. Johnson, with surprise and doubt in his face, took off the brass knuckles and handed them to him. The Captain tossed them overboard.

"You can do all I require of you here," he said, "without manslaughter."

"Why, sah, he hit me fust," answered the negro in an injured tone; "an' den dey all jump on me, sah."

"Yes, I know—he hit you first. I saw that. But remember what I told you. Keep clear o' the law."

Sinful had slipped away to the other unconscious ones, and now reported: "All alike, sir. Broken skin, but nothing serious. They'll come to soon."

"Take them forrard, pass the towline, and man the windlass."

In passing the towline to the tug, and getting the anchor to the bows, Sinful, whose place was on the forecastle deck among the men, stood well up into the knight heads with his hand continually in his pocket. The men must have known that that hand was closed on a pistol butt. They worked well in spite of their hurts, sullenly but respectfully, and only Seldom saw fit to forget his place. When he had climbed over the bow, and stood on the anchor-stock to pass the ring-stopper, he turned his battered visage upward to the diminutive first mate, and said slowly through still bleeding lips: "This counts heavily against you, you little viper. I saw you start the nigger a-going."

But Sinful ignored the speech entirely.

Mr. Johnson struck them no more that day, satisfying himself with jocular comments on their inferiority and with exasperating praise of himself, which the men listened to without answer. But in the long passage over to Manila, which, from the rather early breaking up of the southwest monsoon, the consequent gale, and succeeding baffling northeast monsoon, consumed nearly a month, he found many occasions in which forcibly to assert his dominion. What the Captain thought of this useless maltreating of willing men found no expression in his speech or manner. Discipline must be maintained, in spite of unwise legislation. What Sinful thought may be judged of by his merciless working of the men in their watch below, and frequent assurance of support and encouragement in answer to the negro's sometimes doubtful queries in regard to the power of the law; for he candidly conceded that he feared jail. But the moral influence of Sinful sufficed to keep alive his drooping courage, and when the anchor dropped in Manila Bay, every man forward—even the unoffending bosuns and the dozen landsmen—bore on face or body unhealed scars and blue contusions. And with the ship moored, the canvas furled, and a uniformed Health Officer come and gone; Big Pig Monahan came aft, with others at his heels, and respectfully asked the Captain for liberty.

"No," said the Captain, "you will get no liberty in this port."

"I demand it, sir, to make complaint against your second mate. I have a right to see the authorities."

"You have the right to demand to see the Consul in a foreign port, but this is now an American Colonial port, and I believe under martial law."

"The Revised Statutes give seamen the right to liberty and one-half their money at any port touched, Capt'n Jackson."

"On the ship's Articles there is a clause reading: 'No money or shore leave at Manila except at master's option.' You have signed away your right. Go to your work."

The Captain turned away, and Big Pig, almost black in the face, went forward. The Captain soon left the ship in a shore boat, and late in the day, just after the passing of a quartermaster's tug, towing a lighter out to the naval fleet at Cavite, Big Pig was missed. Neither returned to the ship that night, but in the morning the shore boat approached with the Captain, and with him in the stern-sheets were two other men whom Sinful examined carefully with the glasses.

"A good chance for complications here, Mr. Johnson," he said as he laid down the glasses. "Here are our predecessors."

"Our what, sah?"

"The two mates we left in the hospital at Manila—Mr. Becker and Mr. Brown. You get your discharge here, I believe, but the question is, who's mate of this ship."

"You is, sah, but I goes ashore. Is you sure, Misser Peck, what you say, dat I can't be 'rested fo' t'umpin' de men? Wha' you t'ink dat Big Pig's gone to?"

"Don't know, and don't care. I've troubles of my own."

"But you tole me, sah, dat you'd stan' by me, an' not let me be 'rested. Didn't you? You tole me dat." Sinful had turned away, and the negro was following him, but the little man only answered irritably: "Fight your own battles, and let me alone."

He went down the poop-steps to receive the party at the gangway, and the second mate followed slowly, the aggrieved look which had come to his face giving way to one of malevolent resentment.

The three climbed aboard, the visitors carrying their dunnage, as though they had come to stay, and the Captain said gayly: "Here we are again—all of us together. They're a little limpy yet, Mr. Peck, but still in the ring. How is everything?"

The two had stared disdainfully at Sinful, and he returned the stare with interest before answering the Captain. Then he said: "Big Pig Monahan has disappeared, sir. Don't know how."

"Why didn't you watch him? Now my hands are tied. Come up on the poop, all of you." They followed him up

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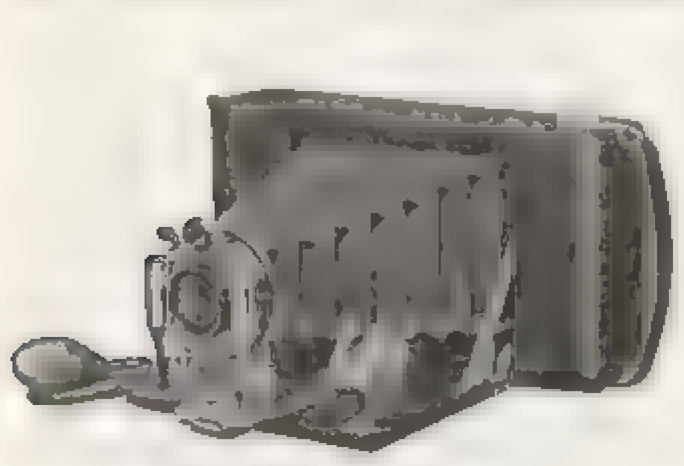

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the steps. "It's this way," he continued, when they had reached the open space abaft the cabin. "He openly demanded permission to complain to the authorities, and I heard his demand before witnesses. So, I am liable for the safe delivery of Mr. Johnson if he is wanted. I can't let you leave the ship, Mr. Johnson, until I am sure you are not wanted."

"Is I gwine to be 'rested, sah?" asked the negro anxiously.

"I don't know. If they want you I shall give you up, for I warned you to keep within the law, and I cannot stand civil damages on account of your escape."

"But Misser Peck," said the negro, turning to the sober-faced Sinful—"Misser Peck he tole me it was all right; didn't you, sah?"

"I told you that it would be difficult to convict. It is an after-consideration," said Sinful angrily. "Don't appeal to me; I can't prevent your arrest."

"Isn't this Monahan coming now, Mr. Becker?" said one of the newcomers softly to the other, pointing astern. Mr. Becker looked.

"That's him, sure enough. Look there, Capt'n Jackson."

They all looked. Big Pig was coming in state, seated under an awning in the after cockpit of a large, white steam launch, in the forward end of which were men dressed in the white working ducks of the American navy and the yellow khaki of the army. There were six of these last, and they carried rifles with murderous sword bayonets, and cartridge-belts supporting heavy revolvers. Beside Big Pig, chatting affably with him, was a portly, gray-mustached man dressed in immaculate white and gold—a naval officer. The launch steamed to the gangway, and the officer, Big Pig and the six soldiers climbed aboard. The party on the poop descended to receive them, and Mr. Johnson hurried into his room.

"Are you Captain Jackson?" asked the officer, after his eyes had wandered over the group and settled on the big skipper.

"I am, sir."

"Is this one of your crew?" he nodded toward Big Pig, who looked damp and disheveled, but happy, and the Captain affirmed that he was.

"He swam aboard the flagship from a passing lighter last night, and told a story of brutal treatment of seamen which aroused the Admiral's attention and interest. I am Captain of the Port, and he has ordered me to devote my personal service to this case. Have you a negro second mate named Johnson on board?"

"I will produce him," said the Captain, stepping to the companion. "Mr. Johnson," he called. "Come out. You are wanted."

Mr. Johnson came out with alacrity. His smile had become a ferocious grin, his scowl was deeper than usual, and his eyes held the desperate, murderous light of a fear haunted animal. In his right hand was a long knife, and as he passed the Captain he buried this in his shoulder; then, as the Captain sank down groaning, he made for Sinful Peck. Sinful fled along the deck, and the men forward, who had dropped their tasks to watch the proceedings, scattered out of their way.

"Shoot him," roared the officer. "He has done murder. Aim—fire."

The six soldiers sank to one knee; six rifle-barrels were elevated and six bullets followed the frenzied negro, now roaring incoherent threats at Sinful for "gwine back on him."

He floundered heavily to the deck at Sinful's heels, and the outstretched knife slit a long gash in his right trouser leg. The bullets were just in time, but Sinful did not pause in his flight until he had circled the forward house; then spying the huge black form of his pursuer quiet on the deck he slowed down and approached with what dignity he could assume the group surrounding the wounded Captain.

"We must get him ashore at once," said the officer, "or he will bleed to death. Who is next in command here?"

"I am, sir," answered both Mr. Becker and Sinful.

"Two first mates? That's funny; but lift the Captain over quickly."

All the men had come aft now, and some, as the groaning and almost unconscious Captain was picked up, volunteered the information that the negro was dead.

"He deserved it," said the officer, "and under martial law it is the quickest solution of the trouble. Are you satisfied, Monahan?"

"Yes, sir," answered Big Pig soberly. "But there's another matter which you may be able to settle for us, sir. The question you just asked: Who is first mate of this ship?"

"Well, who is?" The officer looked at the two claimants, and then at the wounded Captain descending the side in the arms of the men.

"I am the signed first mate, sir," said Mr. Becker. "I came out to Singapore in this ship, and went to the hospital, with the understanding that I was to join the ship by steamer at Manila. I have done so."

"And you?" inquired the officer, turning to Sinful.

"I was promoted to be first mate in this man's place at Singapore," said Sinful, "and have been first mate since."

"I am still on the Articles as first mate," said Mr. Becker, "and I know that this man shipped as sailor out o' New York."

"Well, I don't know," said the puzzled officer. "As Captain of the Port I must leave some one in charge pending the Captain's recovery; but—I cannot replace you," he said to Mr. Becker, "without deposing this man. Can't you get along until the Captain can decide?"

"I am the lawful first mate, sir," said Mr. Becker doggedly, "and as such I will exercise my power if I stay here."

"But I am the last first mate," said Sinful doggedly. "I am in charge."

"Excuse me, sir," said Big Pig respectfully, "but the new Seaman's Law provides that all first mates of sailing crafts of over seven hundred tons register shall show certificates, as in English craft. Here is the law, sir—the latest Revised Statutes." He received a book handed him by Poop-Deck Cahill, who had drawn close to him, and opened it, pointing to a certain part of a page.

"My book!" exclaimed Sinful. "How did you get it?"

"Found it, my son," said Big Pig benignly, "in the forecastle."

"I know," said the officer, after a glance at the page. "I read up that new law lately. Are you certificated, sir?" he asked of Mr. Becker.

Mr. Becker triumphantly drew forth a pocketbook and displayed an engraved sheet of paper.

"Renewed last March, sir," he said; "and it's an ocean steamboat license, first class—twenty years old."

"That covers the ground," said the officer, after examining it. "And you?" he asked of Sinful.

"I have been master of Lake steamers. I am a first-class pilot on the Lakes, and I have a drawer full of those licenses at home."

"But they are of no use to you out here," said the officer, stiffening up. "I cannot wait longer, as the Captain is in danger. Your name, sir?" he asked of the rightful incumbent.

"John Becker, sir."

"I appoint you acting master of this ship until Captain Jackson recovers. Attention," he called to his soldiers. "Over the side—march."

He halted at the gangway to glance at the corpse of the negro. "Better box him up at once," he said, "and I'll send a lighter to take him ashore." Then he was gone.

"Steward," called Mr. Becker to this functionary, who stood in the cabin door. "Clean up my room, and if this man has any traps in it fire 'em out on deck. Go forrard out o' this," he said sternly to the white-faced Sinful.

"We'll take him, sir," said Big Pig with a joyous smile. "Come, Sinful, my boy." He hooked his big arm within Sinful's little one, Poop-Deck Cahill took the other one, and with Seldom Helward bringing up the rear and the whole crew flocking ahead the procession moved forward.

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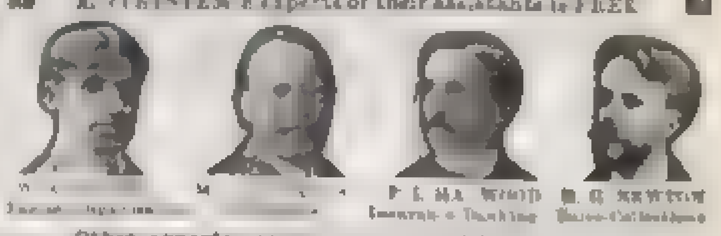

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Their Ways and Their Work

The Sudden Increase of Memoirs and Biographies

DURING the last ten years a curious new development has, almost unnoticed, taken place in our literature. It is the sudden increase of memoirs and autobiographies. A most lucky happening for coming generations of Americans! For these personal portraits, after all, are the only medium by which the real history of a people is preserved with veracity or force. To the student who seeks to know the inner story of a nation what are the dull roll calls of battles or of political tricks and counter-tricks in dignified histories compared to these vivid flash light portraits of living men that show them to us with every detail of their daily lives, their clothes, their food, their amusements, their most petty idiosyncrasies of thought or of action?

For two reasons, however, our memoirs are inferior to those written by English or French men. One is, that they are written for the most part because the authors fancy they have seen something worth the telling — the Civil War, a great political crisis. These are not the stuff of which an autobiography valuable to the historian should be made. The more personal, the more minute its pictures of private life the better worth preserving is it for future students.

Again, the American is at heart a shy fellow. He is quite willing that his doings should be exploited in the papers — his big deals, his wife's balls. But he keeps his coat tightly buttoned over himself. The staring world has no business with *him*, his vices, his longings, or his failures. He tells it nothing about them. Hence American autobiographies are an assortment of facts hung on a lay figure like the garments in a tailor's window draped on a wire manikin.

An odd proof of this is found in the countless private histories of our families which fill the shelves of historical libraries. There is hardly an American family from the A's to the Z's which has not been immortalized in one of these records by some of its members. Turn over the pages of these histories and you will find interminable lists of descendants of the original emigrants with the dates of their births, marriages and deaths, and a careful record of every office or other honor conferred on them. But we know of but one in the many thousands of these books which gives a hint as to the character of the inherited traits which made these twigs of the genealogic tree human. What does it matter to any living being that "in 1795, John, son of Joseph 3rd, m. Mary, dau. of Rachel 4th"? But if we were shown the dominant family trait, the miserliness, the energy, the pious zeal, the murderous instinct creeping down in the blood of these people, uplifting or ruining them, how dull would all your novels be to us! But the American is too shy to lay bare his family secret, even to his family.

The one recent autobiography which is wholly bare of any such reserve is that of Augustus Hare, who died a few weeks ago in England. It is as destitute of decent reticence as that of Benvenuto Cellini, and will some day, for that reason, be as valuable to the student of history as is that incomparable photograph of a life.

Mr. Hare "was principally rich," he tells us, "in cousins." He was allied to the Stanleys, the Maurices and the more famous Hares, and to innumerable people of title from duchesses to lord mayors just knighted. His kinsfolk supplied him with material. He had keen eyes and a merciless tongue. From his boyhood he had an insatiate hunger for gossip and had a habit of setting down in his diary every choice bit which came to him. His business was to write notebooks dealing with the private history of continental towns and English shires. Most of them, as we all know, are delightful gossipy companions on a journey. His researches gave him access to most of the great houses of England and while he was a guest in them he ran down any scandal or legend belonging to them. These, with dozens of ghost stories, form the bulk of the four large volumes of his Memorial of My Life. There is hardly a contemporary man or woman of any note in England of whom he does not leave a thumb-nail sketch, usually etched in by malice. They will be useful hereafter to the student of present English history. Even the fact that this envious, carping little man was everywhere entreated with such patience gives us a new view of the large good humor, the self satisfied content of the Englishman. As to his accuracy one example will suffice. He tells us that he had met at dinner Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, an American, famous for a poem, The Battle-Hymn of the Republic, which she wrote and which was sung by the whole Federal Army after its defeat at the battle of Pittsburg.

A biography which also has the value of absolute lack of reticence is that of Mrs. Fanny Kemble. There was apparently in her opinion nothing which concerned her own personality too petty to be of interest to the public. If her picture of the social life of her time had been drawn with as vigorous a pencil as were her own feelings and doings, the book would have had value as a glimpse into our domestic history during the last century.

Joseph Jefferson's Autobiography, on the contrary, is a charming picture of the notable men of his time whom he has known, but Rip himself is not among them. For once the great actor is content to keep out of sight, to be the stage manager, and suffer other players to amuse the public while he remains behind the curtain.

A book by John S. Wise called The End of an Era will be of great value to the future historian of the Civil War.

In the fifties the old joke was current in the South: "In Virginia you find men and women, and Wises." Henry Wise and his sons represented a class of Americans now absolutely extinct — hospitable, kindly, sincere men, with a purblind, bigoted faith in their State and the old order of things. Improvement there was impossible; the man who hinted at it was a traitor, his neck cried out for the rope. All social difficulties were referred to a pair of pistols and an open field.

Governor Wise, however, was early awake to the signs of the times. Long before the John Brown raid he set all the young men of the Old Dominion to forming companies and drilling, and stumped the State from tide water to the Ohio in person, making vehement appeals to the lethargic planters and directing confidential prayers to "the God of Virginia." The rest of the world, apparently, was left to the care of any deity it could find.

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His son's book of Recollections of the War is full of vitality, prejudices and mistakes. But compared to most American biographies it is like a live man with red blood in him among stuffed straw figures. We contradict him angrily and quarrel with him as we read all the way through. But when we close the book we wish we had lived before the war neighbor to the fighting governor and his sons, down there in old Accomac. Such men and such times are not found nowadays, even in Virginia!

You will find an amusing and striking contrast to this book in the most important biography issued in this country during last year — the Memories of a Hundred Years, by Edward Everett Hale.

Mr. Hale is as direct a product of New England as the Wises were of Virginia. The book has been heralded for a long time as an inestimable contribution to American history. Mr. Hale himself calls it "a keyhole view of the century." But after all, it is chiefly notable as an exhibit of sectional character. Here we have the New Englander *per se*, by descent, by idiosyncrasy and above all, by blind, petty, ineradicable prejudice.

The keyhole through which he views the century is in a Boston door, and the range of vision through it is bounded by Milk Street and the Common. In his summary of our earlier history he attacks "the Virginian dynasty — its fuss and feathers and folderol" — with a fury which would be laughable in a younger man. He apparently cannot forgive Jefferson in that he and not some Harvard professor wrote the Declaration of Independence and moulded the character of the new-born nation.

In his summary of American literature, with the exception of a half-page given to Washington Irving, and one line to Joel Barlow, there is not a single author mentioned outside of the Boston clique.

This trait of the book will disappoint Mr. Hale's friends. He has many. No man among us who holds a pen is more kindly and genial at heart or is more widely beloved. But shrewd and keen-sighted as he is on every other point he seems entirely ignorant that he is a victim to this mental myopia. He complains that he has been accused of a certain arrogance and pleads guilty to it, but is apparently unconscious that it is his faith in Boston, not in himself, that gives him his aggressive bearing.

Had he no younger friends to tell him that the time for these petty sectional prejudices is gone by? The country has outgrown them. The man who sits by the wayside to sing of the sacred soil of Massachusetts or Virginia, or to pray to their separate gods, soon will be left to pipe alone.

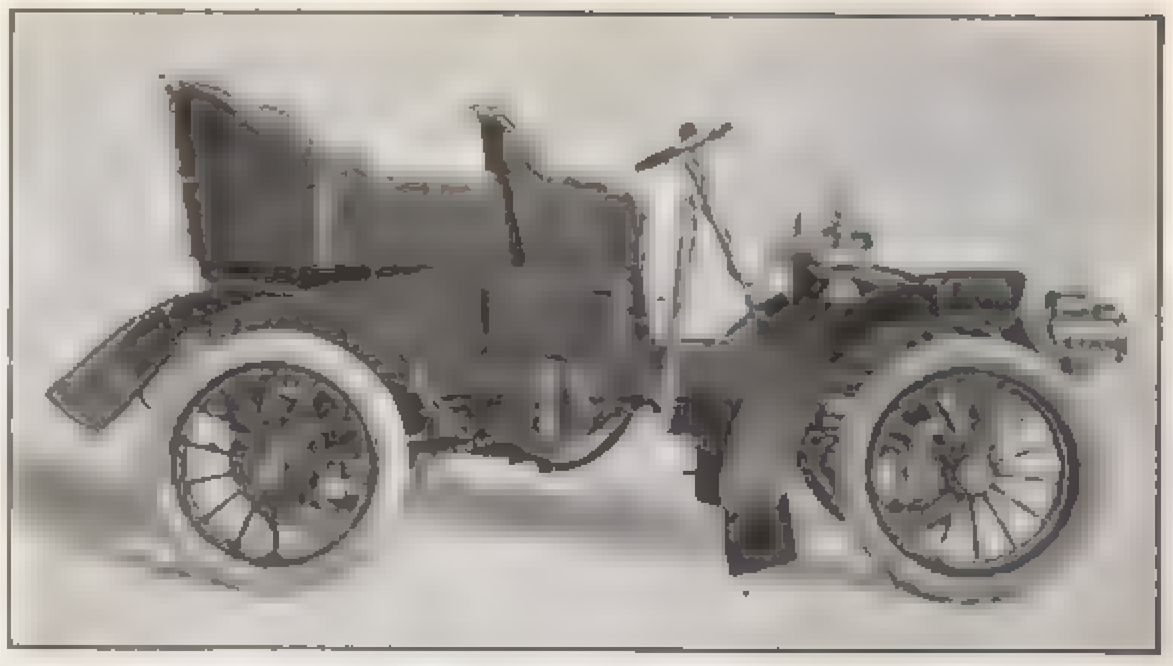
When the future American Macaulay shall begin his work of telling the story of the first two centuries of our national life he will find his best material in the individual books which depict but a single phase of it. There are many records of the separate immigrations of races which have accuracy and value. New England has kept a strict account of her first settlers, so has Virginia. Rupp's history of the German immigrants is correct and exhaustive. Mr. Charles A. Hanna has given a general sketch of the Scotch-Irish settlers in the great valleys of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

But only in personal biographies will the historian come face to face with these dead and gone tribes whose blood mingled to make up the modern American. Every State has its store of such private records, memoirs and lives of noted judges, ministers and lawyers. You will find a stray copy on the farmer's bookshelves issued probably from some local press soon after the death of the great man. They are roughly bound and poorly printed, the grammar may be faulty, the diction absurdly ornate. But the flavor of them! They smell of the earth in which they grew as does a root of bracken torn up in the woods.

There are, for example, one or two copies existing of the Life of Meshach Browning, a hunter in the Cheat Range when George Washington was a young man fighting at Fort Duquesne. There is no other record of the life of those days in that region than this story dictated by the old man to some one who could write, nor of the beginnings of many powerful families whose ancestors hunted bear and panthers with old Meshach.

There are scores of such books, forgotten, out of print, and of no value except that they are true and human. Some blood of our ancestors has gone into the lettering of them.

We already have good histories of our national progress — our laws, our politics and our wars. But when the story of the Making of the American Race is written such records as these will furnish the material.



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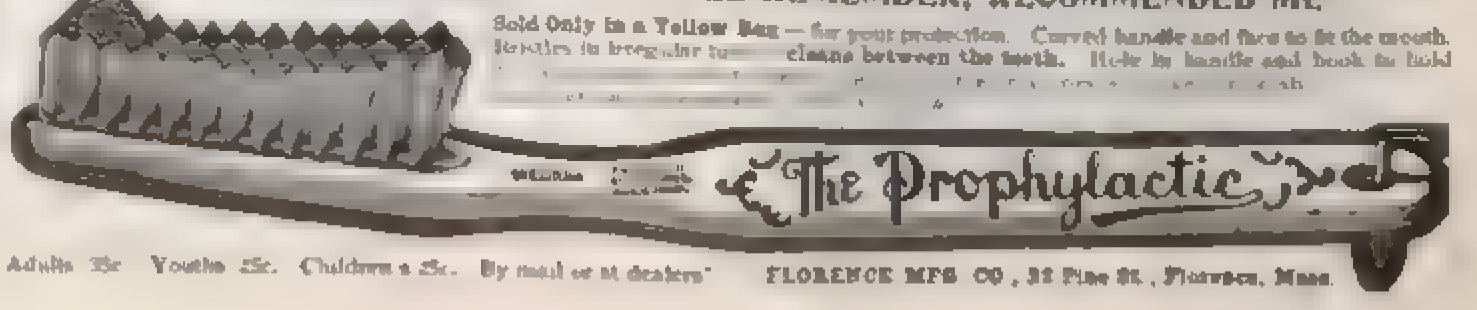

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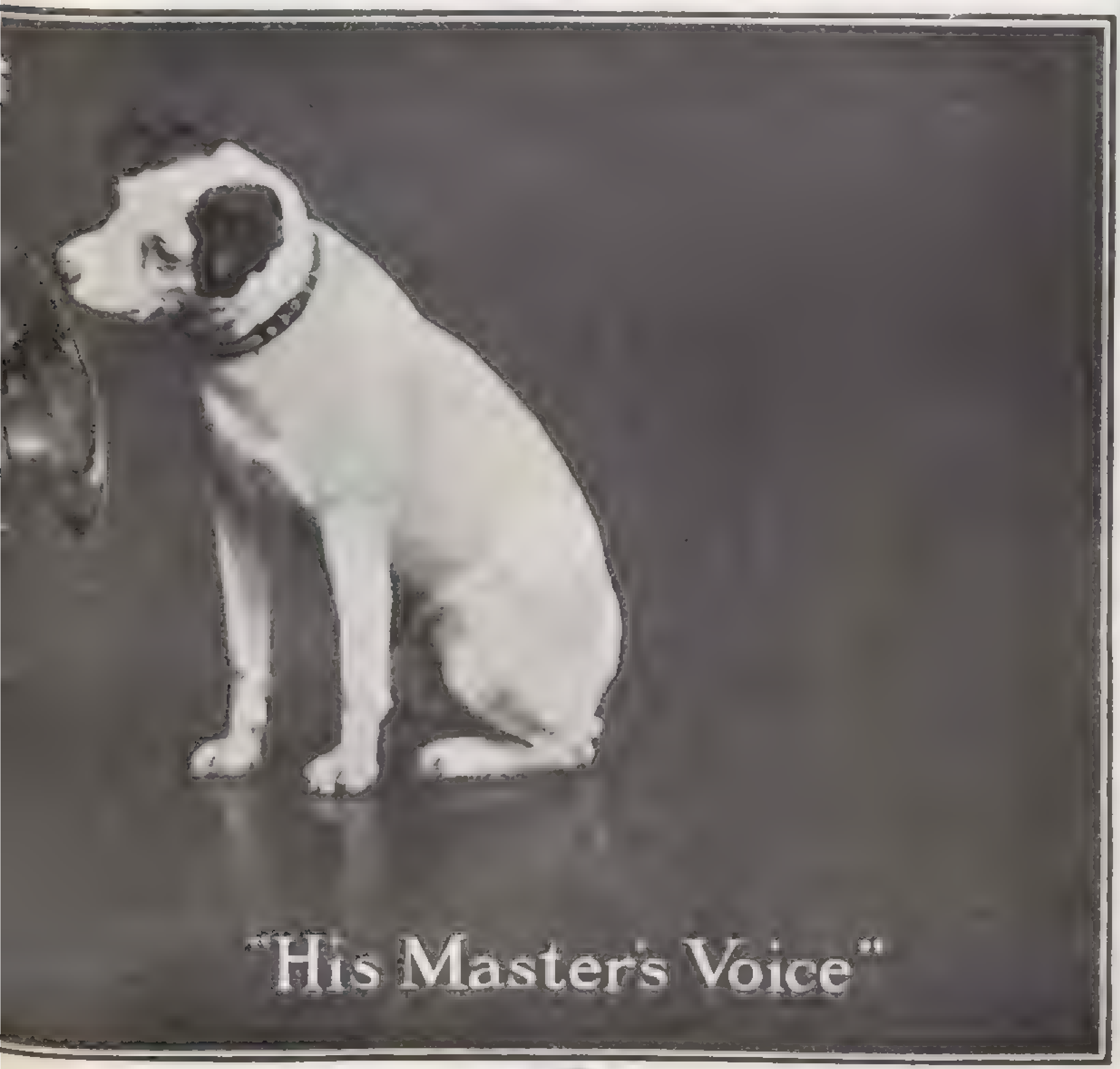

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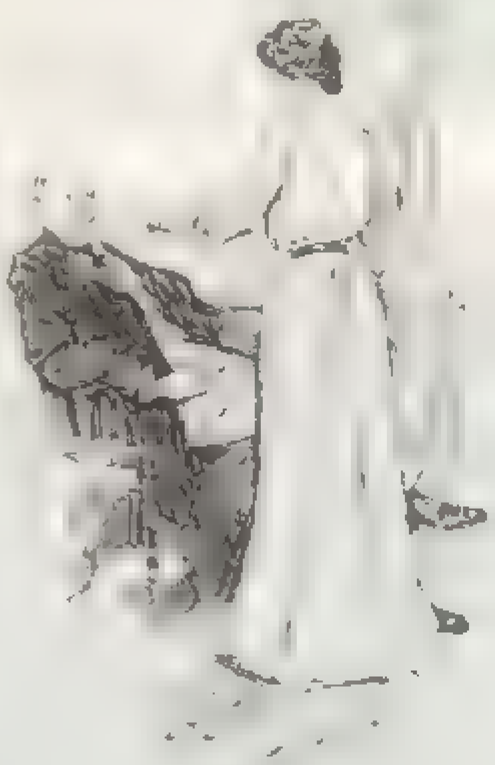
XXIII

This morning as he sat there in his chair,
Half tilted back and got the mail and read,
I put a letter on his desk and said,
While standing at his side "Why, I declare!"
And from his shoulder took a long, dark hair.
He gurgled fondly as he turned his head,
Reached for the hair, but caught my hand instead
And for a happy moment held me there.

Ah, dear old soul, how red his gray cheeks went —
He hadn't shaved, and so the stubble showed —
His eyes, as I looked in them, fairly glowed,
Alas, he lost his balance as he bent,
And, reaching out, upset the ink and rent
His watch chain. Oh! I felt that I'd explode.



XXIV

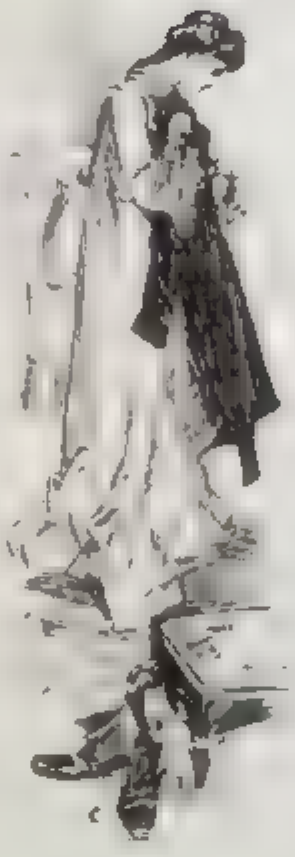
I wonder what compels my heart to sink
When I foresee myself as his — his own —
Up there with him in that big pile of stone?
It seems as if I trembled on the brink
Of some deep, dark abyss. I often think
Of Teddy's handsome face when I have thrown
Myself upon the bed to lie alone
And toss and fret and never sleep a wink.

Ah, there are wattles under William's chin
Like those old roosters always have; his eyes
Are rather watery, too, but, fudge! I'll grin
And stand what must be stood. Who hopes to win
The prize of wealth — the dazzling, splendid prize —
Must also take the husk in which it lies.

XXV

I'll not be selfish when my wish comes true;
They say that she is closer than the paste
Upon a four-cent postage stamp. I'll taste
The joy that comes from giving; I'll go through
Dear William's pockets every night or two
And cheer the poor; the gaunt wolf shall be chased
From many a widow's door when I am placed
Where I may do the things I long to do.

My father shall give up his job and rest
Poor man, he's had to toil so long and hard.
And I shall keep my dear old mother dressed
In stuff that costs two dollars cash a yard.
And on my carriage door I'll have a crest
When I go riding down the boulevard.



XXVI

What silly things men are! A girl may wind
Them round her fingers if she only tries
They say big words, pretending to be wise,
But, oh, they're stupid and they're very blind.
I'll take good care that William dear shall find
Some man to fill my place here when she dies.
I'll blackball every woman who applies,
However old she is, when I've resigned.

If only Teddy were the master here,
I'd coyly give him courage to be bold;
He's silly like them all, but when he's near
I'm filled with all the joy that I can hold;
How gladly I would lead him by the ear
If he had but a tenth of William's gold.

XXVII

There's something wrong. There's trouble in the air.
Her sister came here yesterday. He sent
Me from the private office; as I went
She gave me an unfriendly, nasty stare —
I wonder if the old frump thinks I care?
Some day, perhaps, I'll ask her what she meant;
When humbly she comes wanting to repent
I'll give her glances that will crimp her hair.

His face was clouded when she'd gone away,
He sat and rubbed his chin and thought and thought,
And when I stole up to his side and sought
To make him glad I noticed with dismay
A bunch of violets that I had brought
All scattered where the scraps of paper lay.

XXVIII

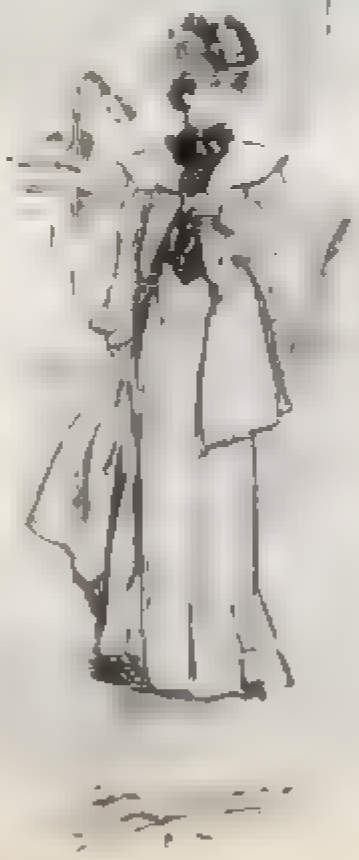
The end has come! Oh! what a fool was I
To think of giving up my soul for gold.
Some busybody went to her and told
The wretched thing a monstrous, wicked lie —
Therefore she has decided not to die.
The mad old wildcat says I'm bad and bold,
And so I'm rudely turned out in the cold —
What shall I say when people ask me why?

Ah, well! I'm glad it's done. Now I am free
To give my love to Ted and claim the joy
Ambition almost led me to destroy
The poor old fools, they've merely shown to me
The happy course I blindly failed to see —
Oh, Teddy, thank your stars, you lucky boy.

XXIX

Now, if the tears were poison that I shed
I'd weep a bucketful and find some way
To make them drink. The joy that yesterday
I might have claimed as all my own has fled.
I wish that they and all of us were dead!
Fate brings us here, not asking if she may —
She grants us no protesting word to say —
It's just announced that Nell has married Ted!

Whether at Naishapur or Baltimore
We leave loose screws, they wreck the plans we've made;
They sadly err who fancy that the score
Is ever sure before the hand is played,
Unhappiness for her is still in store
Who counts her goslings ere the eggs are laid.



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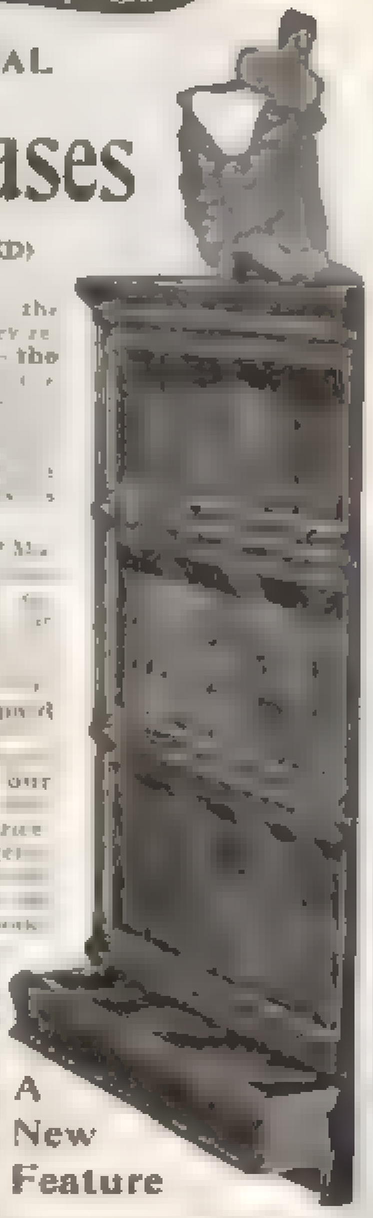

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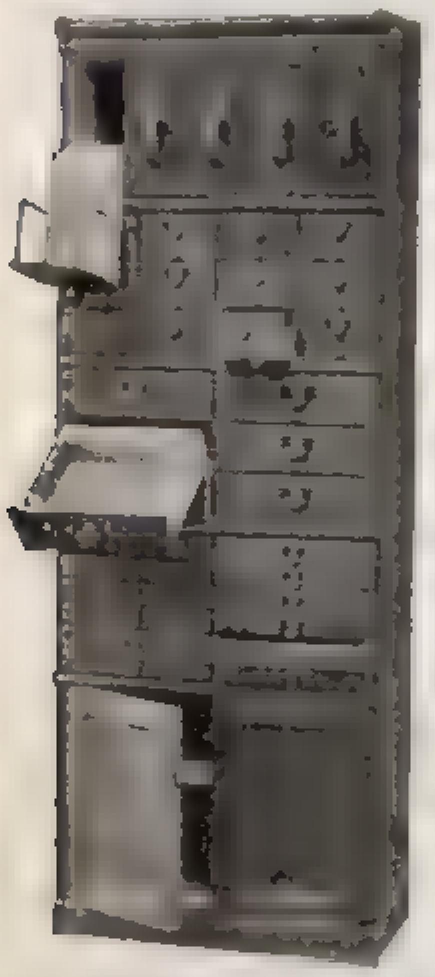

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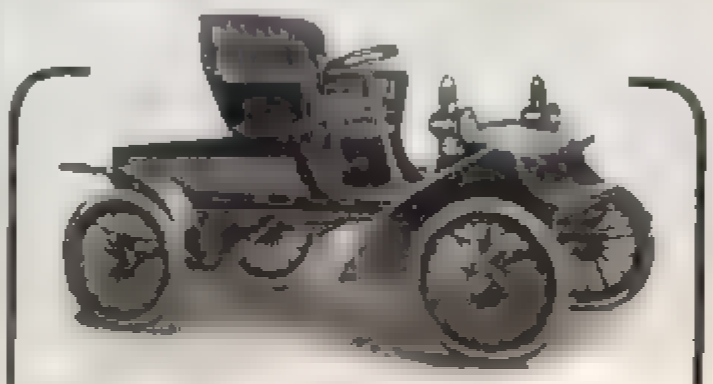

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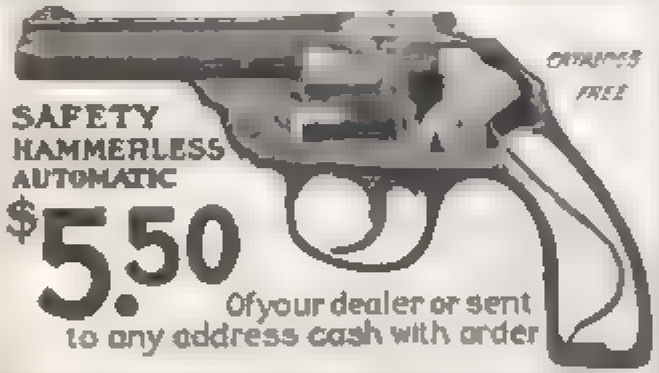

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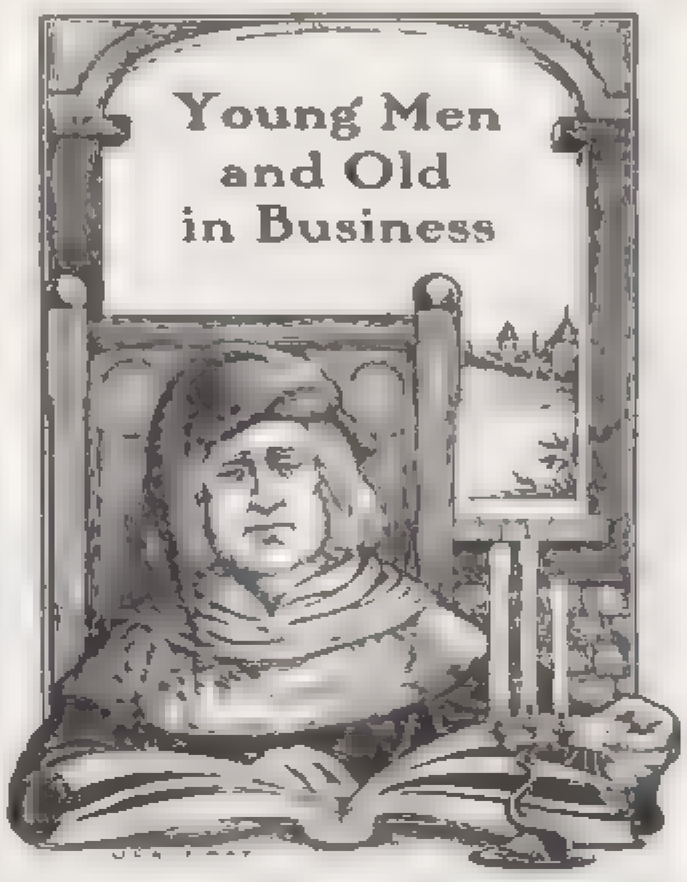

Young Men and Old in Business

Bookkeeping Farmers

A GREAT many times in my life I have been asked the question, "Can farming, as a business, be made to pay?" The question is a very old one and I suppose will continue for some time to be asked. My answer has always been the same: "Yes, but it must be remembered that farming, as a business, is subject to the same general principles which govern any other business."

If a man were to start a cotton mill and keep no account of receipts and disbursements, take no care of his machinery and keep no lookout on the market, how long could he continue in business, or what bank or individual would think for a moment of advancing him credit to carry on his enterprise? And yet the same necessity for exact business methods exists in agriculture as in manufacturing.

"But," says some one (and, in fact, I heard this same argument only a few days ago), "a cotton mill is a big affair and a farm a comparatively small one; and the exact methods of the one are not necessary in the conduct of the other." Unquestionably the farm is usually—though by no means necessarily a smaller affair, but a business conducted without system must of necessity be small

I have purposely used the cotton mill as an illustration because, though great fortunes have been built up by it, the making of cotton cloth is not, in itself, a very profitable industry. There is a larger percentage of profit on many agricultural operations, and the comparison of the two industries illustrates the old truism that a bad business well managed will pay where a good business poorly managed will not

It is true that the number of business failures among farmers is extremely small as compared with other classes, a fact that many agricultural journals dwell upon with insistence. But why are these failures so infrequent? Simply because, with a very large proportion of farmers, agriculture is not a business at all, but only a means of subsistence, which is a very different thing. A man who has no business cannot fail in it. But though farmers may not often be driven into bankruptcy, they sustain losses from neglect of business methods which they little suspect.

An illustration of this, which I think is worth giving, recently came to my notice.

An acquaintance of mine had one hundred and two cows on his dairy farm. The farm was not paying, and he asked me if I could find where the trouble lay and point out a remedy. After a careful examination of his farm and equipment I told him I doubted if all of his cows were paying him a profit.

He was surprised and said that though the cows varied in quality they were all good cows. The test, however, which consisted in milking each cow separately until her milking qualities were fully ascertained, disclosed the fact that eleven out of the one hundred and two were being kept at a loss, while several others were barely self supporting.

The weeding out of these worthless animals made it possible to dispense with the services of one of the farm hands, and a further test proved that the cows would give just as much milk and keep in better health on a considerably less expensive ration—a thing their owner should have known long before.

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this very day you need the Angle Lamp. You need it because it is more brilliant, more economical, and because it is easier to handle than the light you now use, no matter what it is. If that statement is not strong enough we will take all the chances of proving it by shipping [illegible] and refunding your money if you don't find it exactly as represented. All you have to do is to let us convince you as we have convinced thousands of others. If you could conceive of the beauty and grandeur of this light, its simplicity and the entire absence of the various faults that cause dissatisfaction in other systems, you would marvel at yourself for having been without

The Angle Lamp

so long. Now that the days are getting longer, it is just the time you need a light in your house that you would not know was there so far as care goes—a light that just goes on and does its work quietly and without making any fuss. If you let the matter lay over until Fall, you will be out just four months of comfort. Don't do it. The [illegible] little heat given by the Angle Lamp makes it a positive luxury during the [illegible] weather. It hangs high in the room, well up out of the way, is handled like gas, being lighted [illegible] extinguished in exactly the same way, and can be left turned low for any length of time without the slightest odor or danger of explosion. There isn't any other lamp on earth that this is true of.

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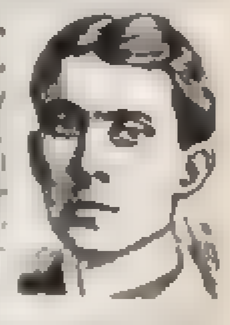

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O'Sullivan Rubber Heels [illegible] missing link between wings and sh[illegible] is due to the elasticity of new [illegible] 35 [illegible] small sum for attaching. Buy of your dealer, or
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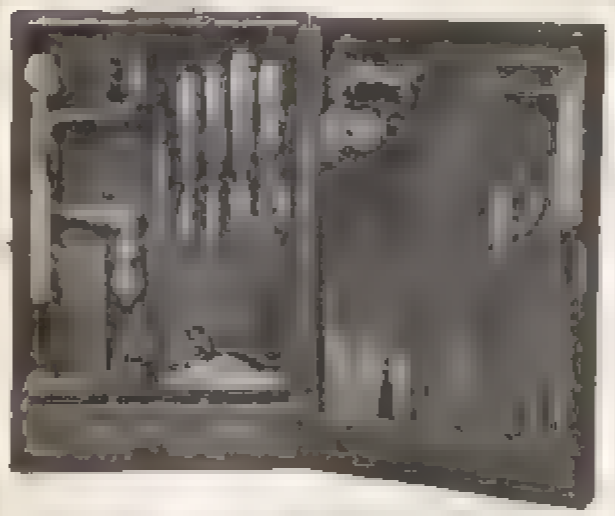

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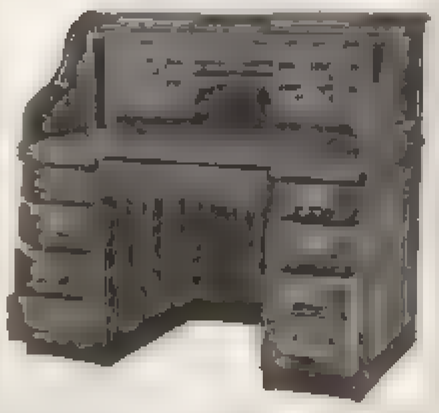

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The advantage to the farmer of knowing just "where he is at" in each and every department that he has in hand would seem to be so self evident as to be beyond the realm of discussion. "But I don't need to keep books," said a country neighbor of mine; "I have a good livin' and I'm sure o' that much; then if I have, say, $500 to the good at the end o' the year, I don't need any book but my bank book to show me I've got it—and there's my profit, see?"

No, I didn't see, and I asked him at what figure he estimated the cost of his living. He had very vague ideas on this subject and was surprised when I told him that he ought to know, and that the figure should be added to his $500. I said I supposed he at least knew what he paid out during the year for groceries, flour and household supplies. But no, he didn't know even that. Further talk disclosed the fact that he never disbursed any cash for these luxuries, but "cal'lated" for his hens to pay the store bill, always trading eggs for groceries

"Then you don't know how much to credit your hens with?" No, he didn't. But the critters done all he required of 'em; they paid the store bill

My averment that an accurate knowledge of one's business was essential to obtaining the best results of which it was capable he admitted did sound kinder rash'nal; but he cal'lated to hit pretty nigh the mark without much cipherin', and concluded as follows "We farmers hev got a vein o' luxuriousness in us that ain't always evident in our exteriors, and we're willin' to lose a few thousands o' dollars in a lifetime for the sake o' freedom from harassin' details—a sort o' livin' up to our ideals, as our parson says." The unquestioned philosophy of this reply excited my admiration, but I doubted its truth. I felt sure that he would not pay the price, nor anything like it, for that particular kind of freedom if he realized it in its full extent.

This man was by no means a fool, on the contrary he had much native sagacity and many sterling qualities, but his training from boyhood up had all been in the lines which he followed, and having attained a moderate success he placed the stamp of full approval upon himself and his manner of farming. He was doubtless honest in his judgment, but his success was not in a large enough way nor of a sufficiently attractive kind to justify it

The Other Side of the Picture

The antipathy to bookkeeping existing among farmers is deep-rooted, and is probably born of the twofold nature of agriculture that I have already indicated—namely, that it may be, according to circumstances, either a means of subsistence or a business. Very many farmers are thus carrying on a hybrid sort of industry, which is neither the one thing nor the other; certainly much elevated above the means-of-subsistence kind of agriculture, but never approaching the dignity and symmetry of a well-developed and organized business It is an industrial anomaly, with nothing exactly like it in the whole range of trades and callings. But omitting further criticism of what is perhaps the natural outcome of the conditions which first shaped the agriculture of a new continent, let us look at the other side of the picture and see what can be done where farming has been conducted on a strict business basis

A gentleman in the West Indies with whom I am well acquainted and at whose house I have spent many days, started in life with a small and much-worn-out coffee plantation which was left him by his father. He now owns eight country properties, the smallest of which is a stock farm on which he has 600 head of cattle and mules He accumulated all this property by agriculture alone, never having been in any other business.

Not very far from him lives another, a coffee planter, who started a dozen years ago $20,000 in debt. His net profits now amount to over $10,000 a year

These men, to be sure, are in the tropics where natural conditions are extremely favorable to agriculture. But they made money where others lost it: in fact, each and every property that they bought was in the market because its owner could not make it pay Nature does a great deal for you in the tropics, but she will not run your business for you

But we need not go outside of our own country to find agricultural successes equally great. Some twenty or twenty-five years ago a farmer went to a manufacturer of harvesting machines and asked for credit on the purchase of a single reaper. That farmer was not a genius, but he had an idea which, properly

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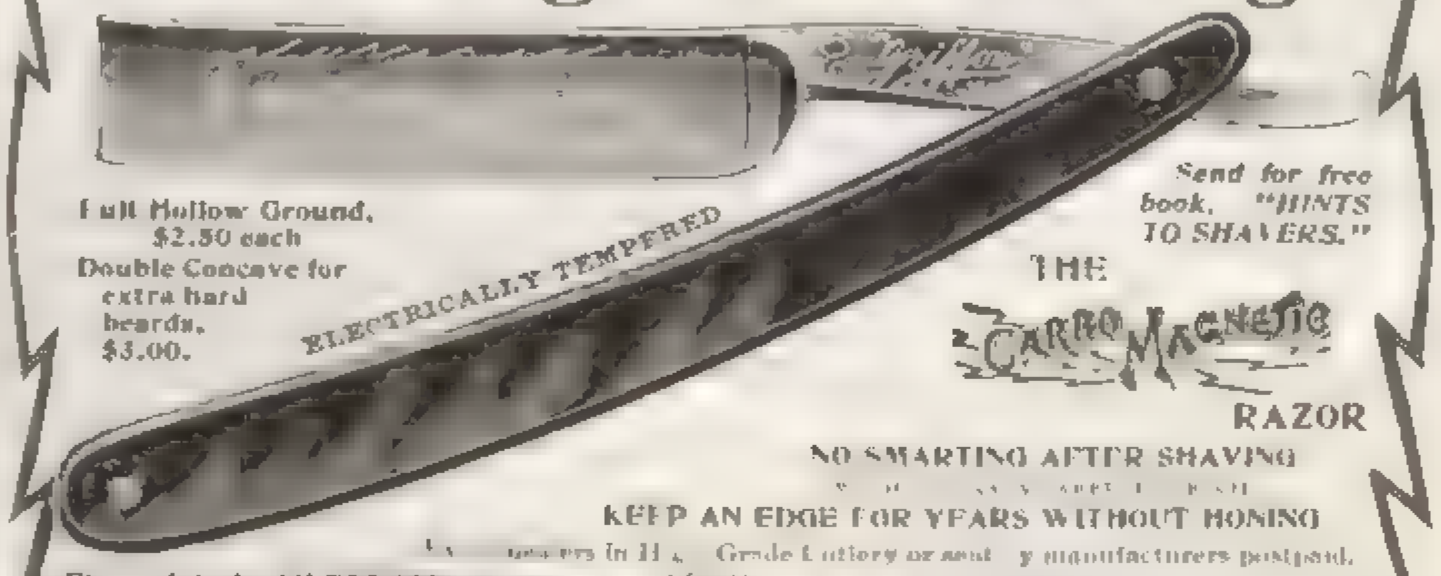

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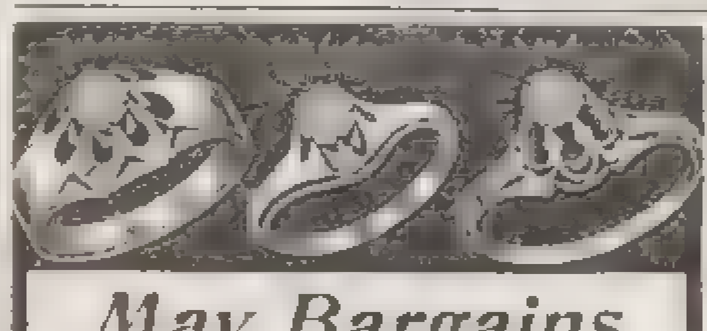

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carried out, he believed would greatly increase his prosperity. It was simply to conduct his business, as nearly as its nature admitted, as any other industrial enterprise would be conducted: to reduce his labor to a regular system, having his men begin and leave off work at the sound of a whistle or bell; to care for his stock and machinery as a part of his investment, just as the cotton manufacturer cares for his engine and looms, and to keep a careful account of his business, so that by consulting his books he could always know just where he stood. The credit was granted. When I last heard of him he was using thirty self-binding reaping machines to harvest his wheat, and he was rich, even according to modern standards

This great business was established in one of the Western States, where the soil is deep and rich In direct contrast to it in this respect I may cite another instance here in the East. Quite recently (I do not recall the date, but I think within a dozen years) a few men formed a partnership and purchased six or eight Massachusetts farms, their idea, like that of the above-mentioned wheat farmer being to run them on strictly business principles. This was really a pretty daring experiment, as the land was rougher and poorer than it is ever advantageous to buy for farming purposes. There is enough good land in the world for all, and I have always held it a needless folly to choose for farming, land that Nature never intended for it Despite this drawback, however, it not only paid but paid handsomely. With better land it would, of course, have paid still better, but its owners are more than satisfied with the result, and as an object-lesson it is of more value as it is

What System Will Do

But perhaps of greater value as an illustration than any other instance I could cite is that of a man in my native State of Rhode Island. He inherited from his father a very good farm, beautifully situated and of fertile soil, though rather far from market. For some reason or reasons it paid him very little and he became greatly dissatisfied. He finally decided to keep for one year a separate account of each feature of his farm in order to ascertain which was the most and which the least profitable. This brought to light some surprising facts. He found that he had been fattening steers at a loss, and that his dairy was barely self-sustaining. His sheep paid much better, but the one feature which paid far in excess of any other was his poultry. On this there was a net profit of a trifle over a dollar a head per annum

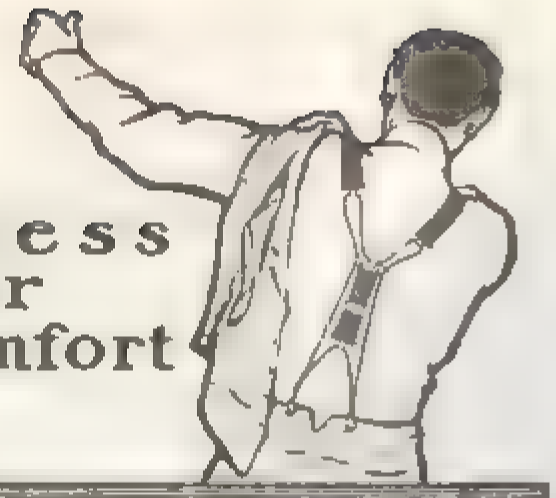
He now gradually disposed of his cattle, keeping more sheep, and increasing his poultry (which he kept on the "colony plan") till he had over seven thousand hens Figured on the above basis, which is a safe one. the income from these alone is no mean figure, to say nothing of what he realizes from his sheep and other sources. I have personally examined (and admired) his farm a great many times and know that it is an exceedingly profitable one. And yet this is the same farm which formerly yielded only a meagre and unsatisfactory income

I might cite other examples, but the above are probably sufficient. They cover very diverse conditions of soil and climate, and, I think, contain in pretty full measure the answer to our question

The question may very naturally follow, "If agriculture can be made to pay so well as a business why have not more men gone into it as such?" The answer is simple. Young farmers have rarely been trained in exact business methods, and habit holds them to their manner of life; while young men in the cities lack that intimate knowledge of agriculture without which all the method and system in the world would never make the farm pay. The number has thus been restricted of those who would naturally grasp the possibilities of agriculture, and to whom it would appeal as a thing in which brains and capital could be profitably invested

Nevertheless, I believe that in the future—possibly much sooner than any of us expect—greatly increased attention will be bestowed upon agriculture as a business. Its possibilities, as brought to light by investigation and the gradual narrowing of many other fields, will naturally compel this. It is a field that has never been overdone and it contains golden prizes for those who will cultivate it aright; even in those departments which have been most largely developed and in which there has been the greatest competition there is still room for the production of the best Of the best agricultural products there has never been, and never will be, an oversupply

—*David Buffum*



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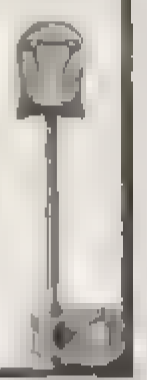

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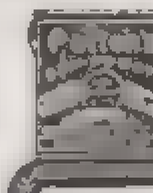

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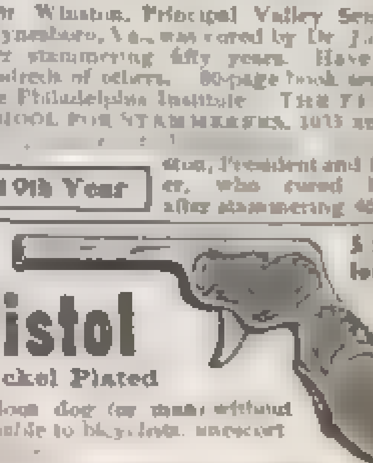

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A Woman's Washington

By The Congressman's Wife

THIS is the time of year in Washington when, with the budding of the trees, the whole place seems given over to two classes of individuals: the individual who is just closing a career and the individual who is just beginning a career, though there is a third class, to be sure, that seems forever to have profited by that old advice given in Charles Sumner's famous telegram to Edwin Stanton, when the latter appealed from Andrew Johnson to him and he telegraphed, "Stick." This third class sticks from Administration to Administration, and always seems to be possessed of a career of which few remember the beginning or foresee the end. Never before in the several years that Robert and I have been in Washington have we been called upon to say good-by to so many prominent men retiring from public life. Farewell dinners and gatherings have [illegible] all during the spring [illegible] and I have felt with George Eliot, that "in every parting there is an image of death." I said as much on one of these farewell occasions to Governor Merriam, who is closing his career in Washington. He said gayly:

"There is no death image in my parting with Washington. I would rather quote, 'I have no parting sigh to give, so take my parting smile.' It's a clear case of opportunity, and opportunity, you know, has hair in front but is very bald behind."

"I suppose," put in Senator P——, "that you are going to do what Henderson, the retiring Speaker, says every outgoing man in the House is going to do? Henderson said that he had asked various outgoing men what they were going to do when they got out of Congress, and that every man of them had declared he should take six months' solid rest, 'which means,' said the Speaker slyly, 'that they are all going to practice law.'"

"Incidentally, perhaps," chipped in Senator Blank dryly—for Senator Blank, Robert and Senator P—— are in that class who are "sticking" and who are still in their mid careers and are rather skeptical of others remaining long away from Washington—"those fellows will practice in their wards and primaries in order to get back here."

"Oh, well, after all," said Senator P——, "Washington is a good deal like the famous Shawnee spring down in Virginia. It is an Indian spring, and the Shawnee Indians fully [illegible] that if any one once drank of its waters that man, whether Indian or white man, would come back before he died to drink of that spring once more. So it is with Washington—men, if they ever get away at all, come back to die here. There are some among my old friends, though," and the Senator began to smile reminiscently, "who in all the forty years I have known the town have never crossed the District line or changed their occupation. Have you ever met, Mrs. Slocum, my distinguished old friend who sells the Hagerstown Almanac in the market house here?"

"I never even heard of the Hagerstown Almanac," said I.

"Well, the Hagerstown Almanac, in this part of the world, among the natives and the oldest inhabitants, ranks next to the Bible and the Maryland code," returned the Senator, and he continued, "This old fellow has sold it down in the centre market ever since I can remember. And then there is another humble friend there who is very proud of having been written up in the papers lately. She will tell you she was raised by 'ole Marse Tipton,' over in Charles County. She knows all the secrets of 'yarb' and root decoctions, and she can conjure the sick. She calls the big market-house the 'mash' market, and she has sold her wares in that vicinity ever since the days of the Rebellion. She will particularly recommend to you a little weed she calls 'Adam-and-Eve,' which she says, with a sharp look at you as she guesses your calling, will make glue strong enough to guarantee any statesman in the country *sticking* to his job up yonder at the Capitol. Then there is still another lowly friend who has never changed his place or calling since I first came to Congress. He sells those little, dried, smoked herring which are so tasty and which the true old Marylander always calls P[illegible]."

"Well," said Robert, "I am glad there are some others besides legislators who do not

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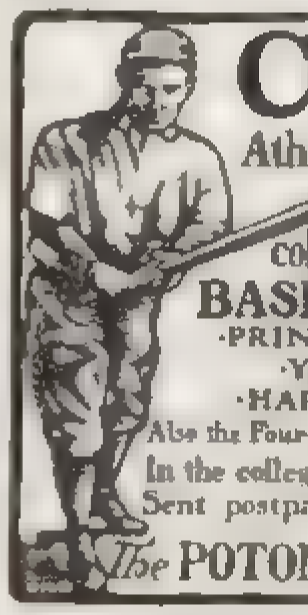

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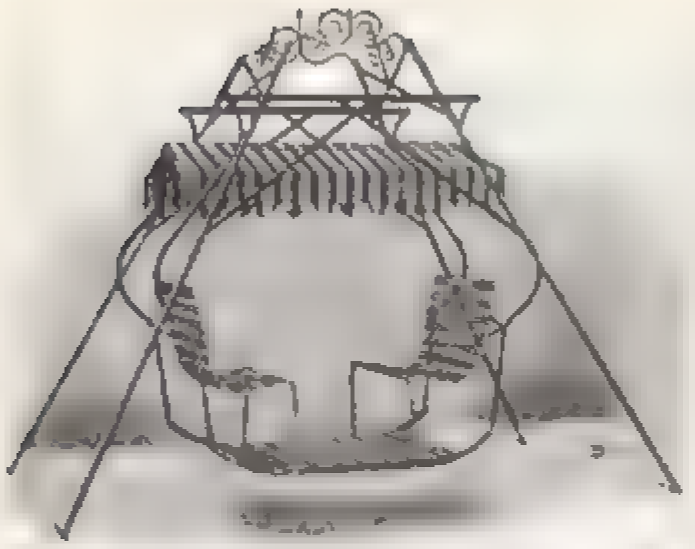

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want to change their calling. Now, there is our friend Spooner; he does not want to change his a little bit. Our new Senatorial directory, issued for our recent extra session, sets forth that Spooner declined three important offices. The late President offered him the Interior portfolio, the Attorney-Generalship, and a membership on the Canadian Joint High Commission."

"And I know of a still more remarkable case of an old fellow," said the new Member who was lingering in Washington, "who thought he had had enough of the goods the gods provide, and was content to relinquish *in toto* Uncle Sam's bounty."

"It's the only case any one ever heard of, then," said the three skeptical members of the Senate.

"Commissioner Ware told me of it himself," continued the new Member. "The number of applications for pensions this Congress has been colossal, and I was over at the Pension Office to take care of one of my own pension cases. Mr. Ware had just had a letter that greatly delighted him. It was from a man out in Ohio saying that he had been getting thirty dollars a month pension, but that, as the Lord had prospered him in his old age, he thought he ought not to take it any longer. It was such a novel proceeding that Ware investigated it. Sure enough the name was on the rolls and the record was fine. Ware was so pleased that he dilated on this old hero and quoted one of his own war poems:

> "'Lightning struck him, cannon shot him,
> But he never failed nor flunked;
> Danger left him, as it found him,
> Undiscouraged, undefunct.'

"All the same," continued the new Member, "Ware thought he would better have a special agent out in Ohio look into the matter before he discontinued the pension. A few days ago he received a report which said:

"'Have found the pensioner. He is in an asylum hopelessly insane.'"

"Poor Ware!" laughed Senator P——. "Just when he thought he had found a spot in the desert where there were 'living springs of water and threescore and ten palms.'"

"That story," said Robert, "is akin to a story told at the Cosmos Club the other night when I was a guest there. The Cosmos Club has just been pronounced by a distinguished British scientist to be the only club in existence where one may get an authoritative answer to any scientific question broached. These men the other night were discussing phases of insanity, and a certain man made the statement that in every insane hospital in the country there could be found at least one case where an inmate was wrongfully committed to an asylum and held through conspiracy. Doctor Richardson, the expert alienist at the head of the Government Asylum of St. Elizabeth, was present and promptly denied that such a case could exist. He said:

I know of a man some time ago who made that same charge and he was challenged to test it! He spent months searching for his case in various parts of the country, and finally he thought he had located it in one of the great institutions near here. This patient by his own showing when questioned said he had been declared insane for family reasons, and consigned to this asylum through conspiracy. He was, and had been all during his incarceration, entirely rational, and everything that could be learned of his case outside seemed to bear out his story. But the superintendent was loath to make out his discharge papers. The investigator became impatient and made a last, supreme effort, which failed. Then he paid a final visit to the patient. When it was time to go the patient said:

"'"Whether I get out or not, sir, I shall ever be grateful for your kind interest and help. Before you go I should like to know whether you happen to have a piece of toast in your pocket?"'

"'"Toast!" ejaculated the investigator.

"'"Yes, sir, toast. I am a poached egg and I should like a piece of toast to sit on."'"

This was such an absurd conceit that the laugh which followed was of the kind that some one has likened to a soul-stirring prayer. Then the conversation turned upon the general exodus from Washington and the President's contemplated swing around the circle. Senator Blank said:

"Some of the President's cronies are poking fun at him, and they are telling him that this trip of his, for pleasure, will be likened to one that Madison and Jefferson once made over a smaller area, which went down to history as 'a passionate courtship.'"

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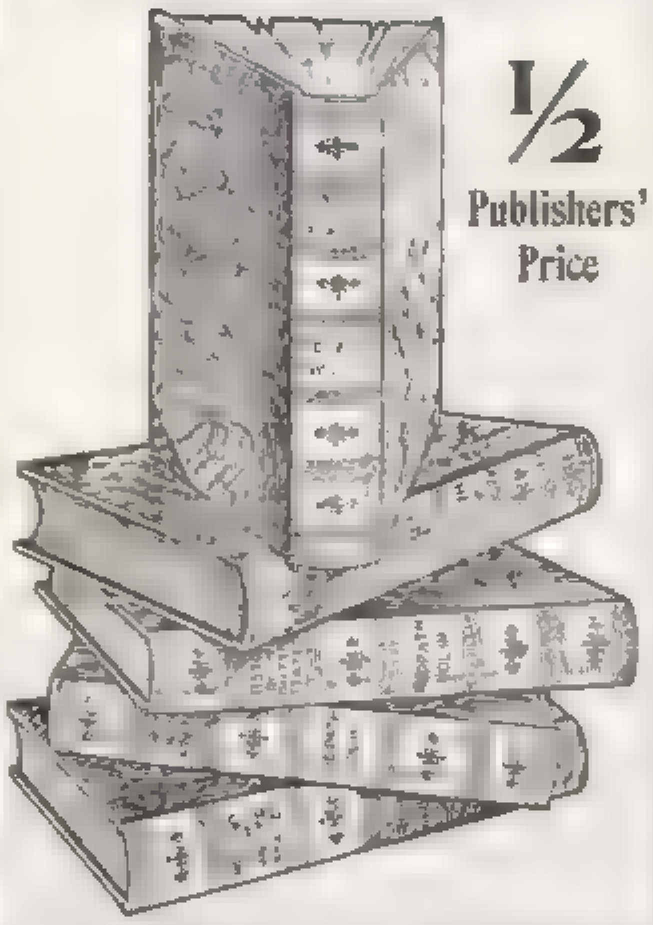

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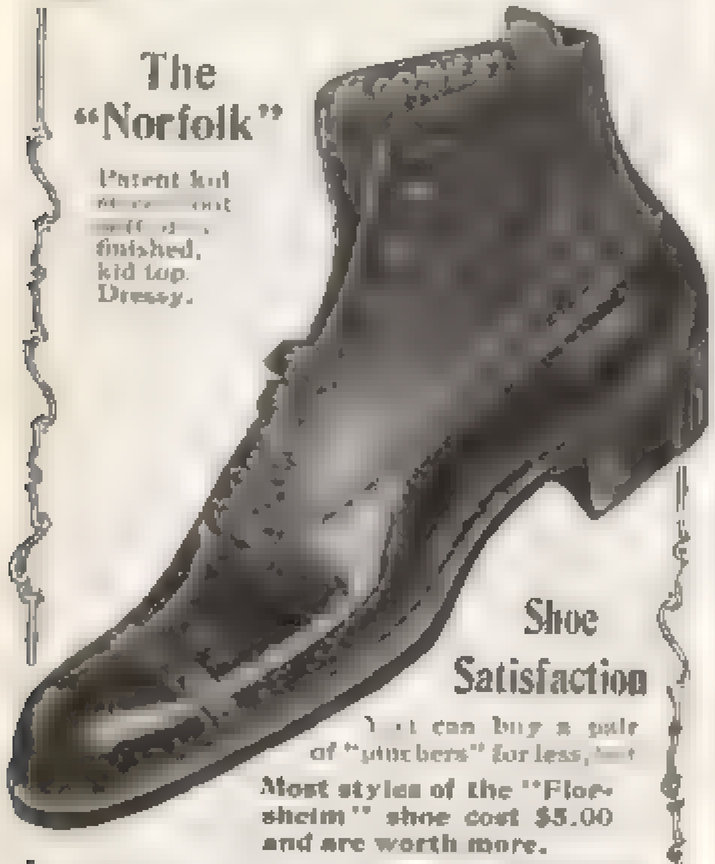

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"Oh, but have you been in the President's new 'department of physical culture,' as he calls it?" asked Robert. "Well," he went on, "the President has turned the old Cabinet room, where Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation and where other great events in our history have had their inception, into what is popularly supposed to be a study, but what is in reality training-quarters. You'd never recognize the room now. There is scarcely anything to be seen but single-sticks, fencing swords, foils, plastrons, boxing-gloves, wire masks and the like; in fact, everything that goes to the equipment for the exciting bouts which the President delights in with General Wood. The President complained good-naturedly when he was showing us his new quarters that everybody seemed to get on to every bump and bruise that Wood had given him, but nothing was ever said about the whacks he's given Wood. The President was full of the championship fencing match which was to come off between Count Cassini and General Wood. Of course, the President thinks Wood the better swordsman, but I rather think, and so do others, that Cassini is the better man at the foils, for these foreign chaps are taught fencing with their alphabet. I hope Wood will win, for I'd like an American to win over the Diplomatic Corps."

"Well, for my part," said Mrs. Blank, solicitously, "I only hope that the President may get through without being minus an eye, a tooth or a finger. And above all, I hope the authorities who have this trip in charge will not yield to his wish to leave the secret service men, detectives and guards at home."

"Fancy the way that poor King Edward has to submit to being cared for," said I. "When he was ill last spring and Sir Francis Laking wrote a prescription, that prescription was placed in a wallet, locked and sealed, there being only two keys, one held by Sir Francis and the other by the royal apothecary. This wallet was then given to an equerry who carried it under escort of a royal guard to the royal apothecary. Now, fancy our President and his doctor submitting to such a rigmarole!"

"I don't know that that would be any worse," said the new Member dryly, "than what our President has to submit to from politicians in these much-fought-over postmasterships. Any two Congressmen can carry on a merry war over an insignificant crossroads postmastership and, willy-nilly, the President has to be in the fight.

"These postmasters in rural districts," laughed Senator P——, "ought to do as Abraham Lincoln did when he was made postmaster of New Salem in 1833. There was much dissatisfaction, and some threats were made against Lincoln. So his method was to carry the United States mail around in his hat and hand out the scanty letters to the scanty inhabitants whenever and wherever he chanced upon them. When finally the whole town of New Salem 'winked out' Lincoln's ceremony of retiring from office was to put on his hat and turn over to the Government the magnificent sum of seventeen dollars, in silver and copper coins, which he had collected from the New Salem denizens, and which he had carried around in an old stocking."

"The truth is," said Senator Blank, "the President ought not to have to fritter away his time and patience on all these lesser matters and appointments —"

"Oh, but," interrupted Mrs. Blank, "this President does not regard anything in the United States as unimportant, or as a 'lesser matter.' He is ready to regard every cause and every demand as a claim upon him. Why, the other day"—and Mrs. Blank became confidential and gossipy—"I came upon a little thing which shows his kind heart. My dressmaker was threatened lately with a foreclosure of a mortgage. She had been unable to meet notes because of delinquent customers, and one customer, the wife of a man high up in one of the branches of our service, was her principal debtor. She had tried going to the department in order to have some part of his pay assigned her, but they told her it was a matter in which the department could not interfere, and she was in despair. Then, unexpectedly, Miss Alice Roosevelt came to the establishment to have a frock made. I said with a sudden impulse, 'Tell your story, as simply as you know how, to Miss Roosevelt. She may suggest some way out of your difficulty?' The little woman told her story, to which Miss Roosevelt listened sympathetically. She asked a few questions, but did not suggest any remedy. She went home, however, and did just what I knew she would do: she

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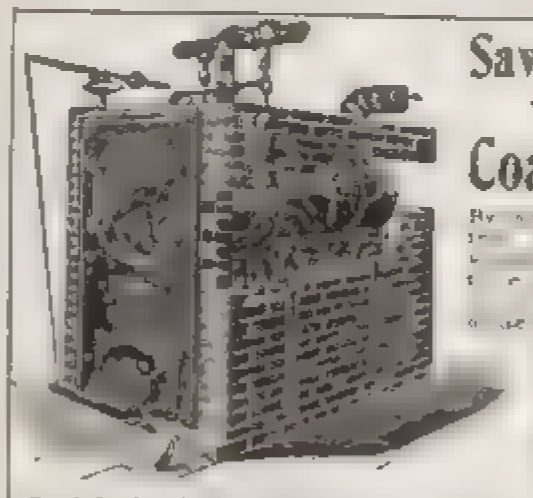

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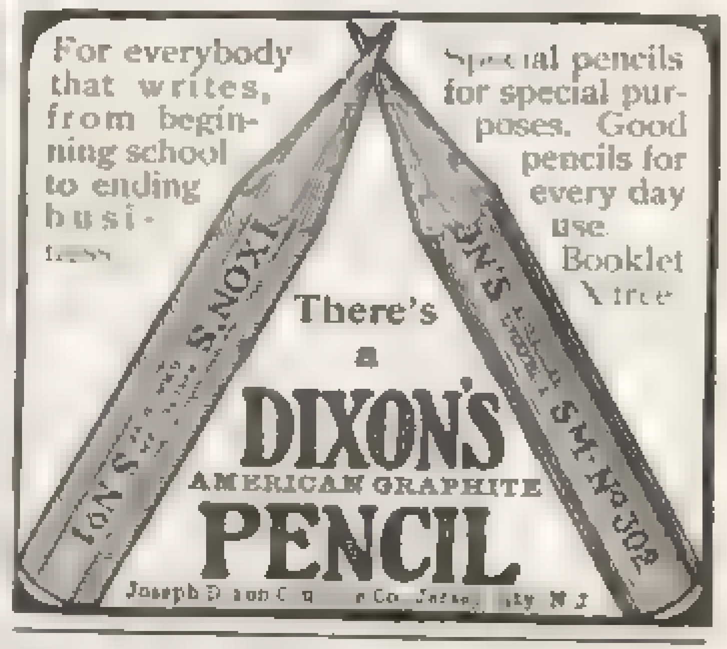

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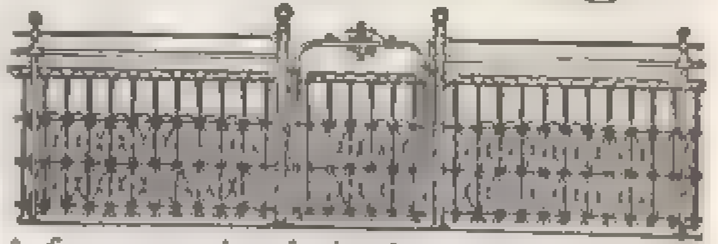

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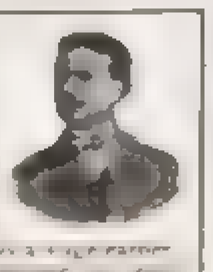

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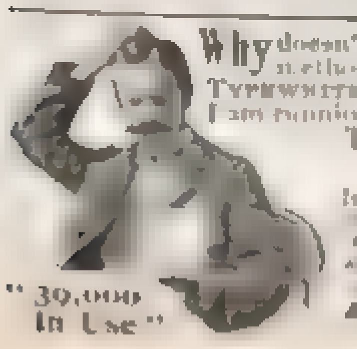

told her father. I heard nothing more till I went again to my [illegible] two weeks later. She was [illegible]. She said [illegible]

The most wonderful good luck has befallen me. My big bill has been paid in [illegible], I've [illegible] my interest money, and I'm the happiest woman in this town.'"

Senator P—— spoke up with a twinkle: "It would seem that the old proverb of there being only two perfectly good men, the one who is dead and the one who is unborn, doesn't fit here."

Then he asked me what the smart world was doing now that the trees were all in leaf and the spring sunshine was over all the land.

"Oh," said I, "we're at the stage of the garden parties and [illegible] Chevy Chase clubhouse. And, of course, we all of us have been attending [illegible] circus!"

"Circus?" echoed he, puzzled.

"Yes; our Uncle Samuel has been conducting a circus over at Fort Myer that outdoes anything P. T. Barnum or Buffalo Bill ever did in all their lives, and the final exhibition is to be at the Madison Square Garden, New York. Fancy a brawny United States trooper riding six horses bareback and vaulting all six of them as they jump a hurdle at top speed. This is what Trumpeter Fred Mann, of the Second Cavalry, can do, and will do, in Madison Square Garden. Fancy a stolid young Chippewa Indian, who belongs to this famous troop, jumping off and on four horses going at top speed. And when he vaults he turns somersaults that any acrobat might envy. This is what Shawadasa, the Indian, can do. I never saw anything so thrilling in my life, and every man in the whole troop can do these same wonderful things. And the horses are as remarkable as the men. When they form a [illegible] on these [illegible] sidestep [illegible] and [illegible] as [illegible] belles. You should have seen the expression of pride and delight on Secretary Root's face the other day at this drill at Fort Myer. And General Wood, when the whole troop in squadron front, with drawn sabres, charged down the hall giving the cavalry charge yell which became so famous at San Juan Hill — well, General Wood went quite wild as he joined in the cheer."

"These riders are wonderful," said the new Member, "and I heard General Wood tell an interesting little thing the other night at the Yale banquet in connection with the organizing of his regiment of Rough Riders. As everybody knows, he had a mixture of cowboys from the West and college men from the East to make up his regiment, and there was a good deal of grumbling among the Western cowboys because, as they expressed it, he had so many gilt-edged dandies along who would not be able to endure anything and weren't worth the powder and shot furnished them. So General Wood kept the men from their respective sections of country apart as much as possible. Well, after the regiment had been organized a while and had drilled and [illegible] when they had taken the [illegible] and had roughed it a bit, Wood said he was waited on by a delegation of cowboys.

"'Colonel,' said they, 'we want you to divide up those college chaps from the East among us. Give each company an equal quota of them, for they may be gilt-edged dandies, sir, but they're Jim Dandies, all right, and we all want a share of them.'

"So General Wood said he had to parcel out his college men evenly among the cow-boys, and right jolly well they got along, too."

"I see," said Senator [illegible], who was on the Military Committee, "there is a movement started in army circles to do away with sabres. Field officers say the sword has outlived its usefulness and is a [illegible] weapon in the presence of an advancing column, and that for guiding or inspiring troops it would be just as well replaced by a baton or swagger-stick. So the cry is, 'Take away the sword. States can be saved without it.'"

"Goodness," said I, in disgust, "I shall feel like the old lady up in Maine who heard Robert Ingersoll expound his doctrines and declared that if there was to be no hell, fire and brimstone she did not want to live any longer. If there is to be no sword I don't want to live any longer."

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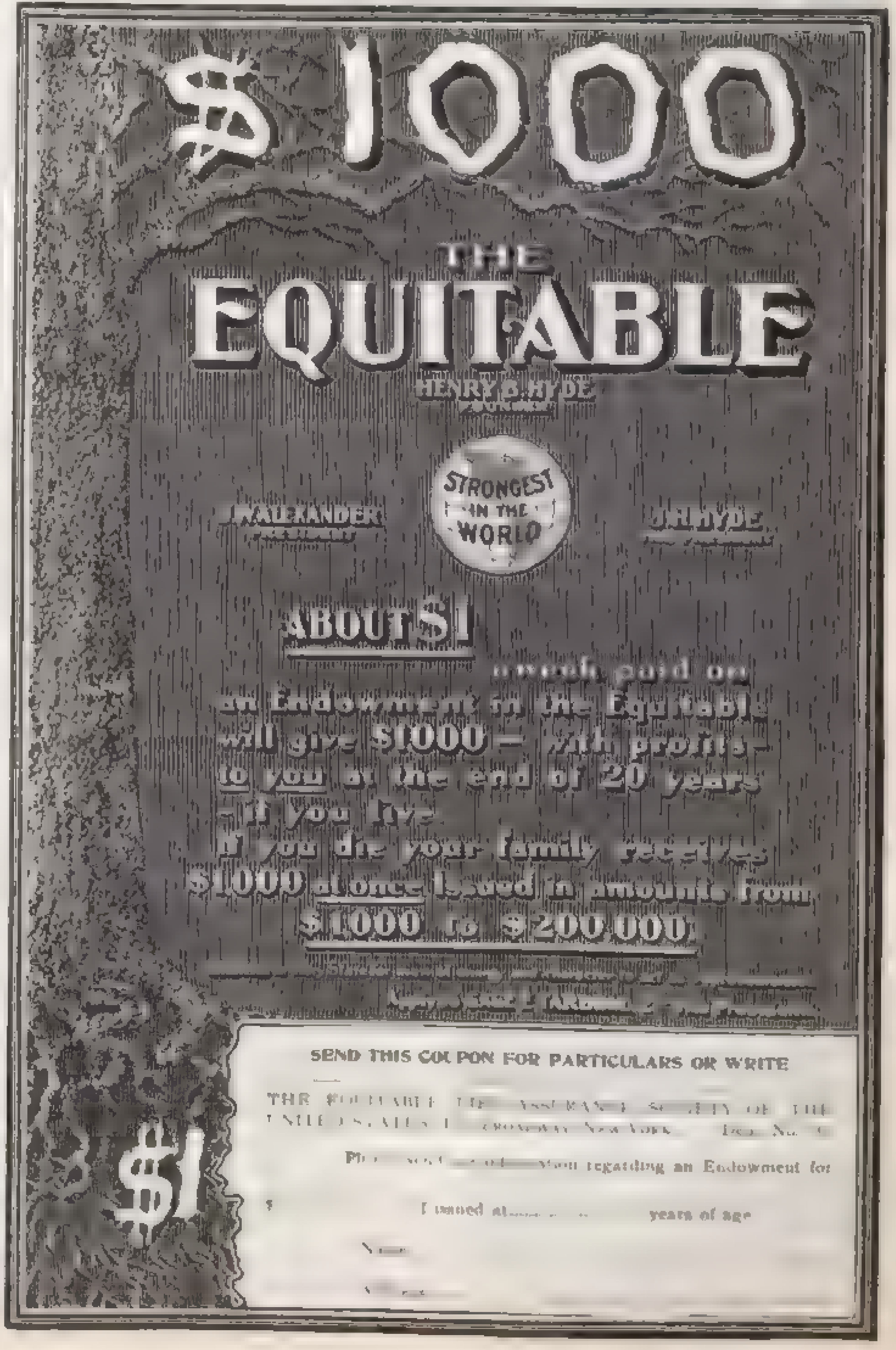

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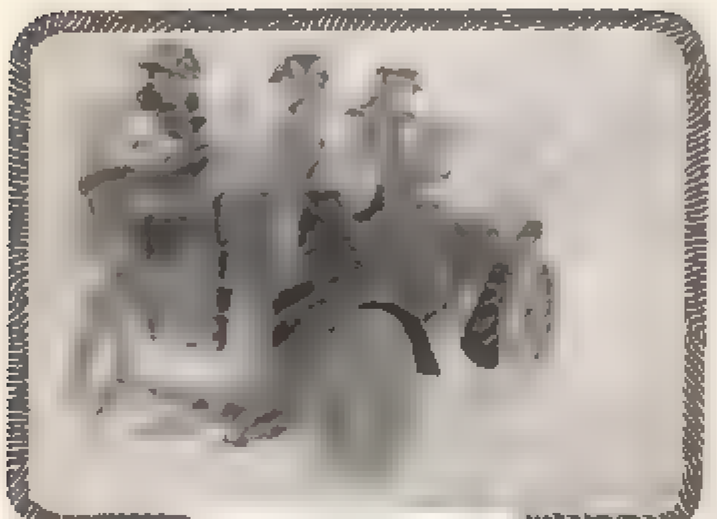

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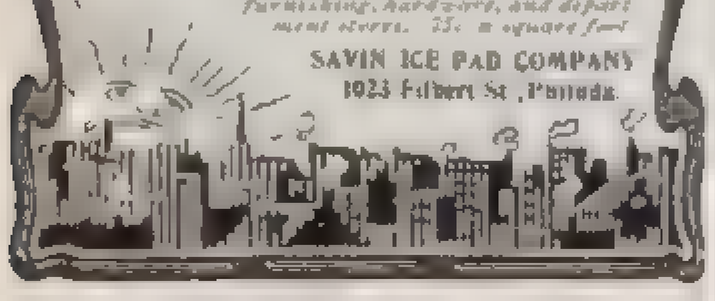

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Despotism and Democracy

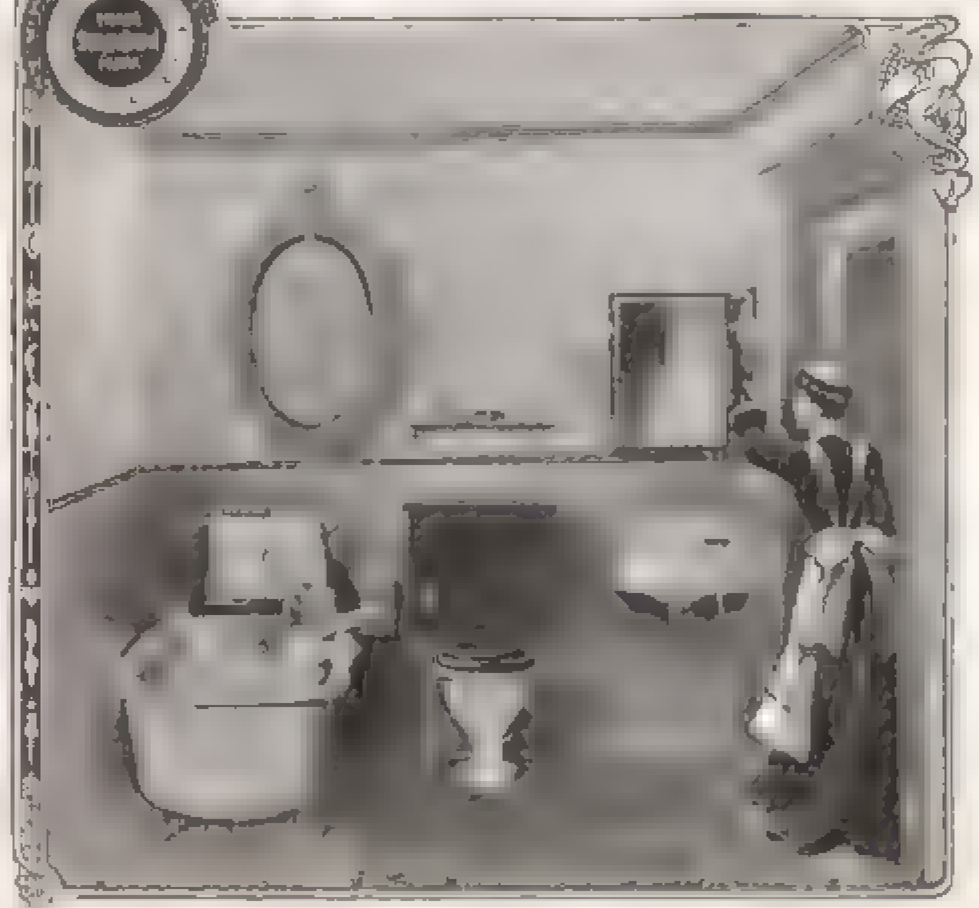
(Continued from Page 11)

proceeded Thorndyke perceived that the tone and manner of the report were making a strong impression. The matter of it could not be wholly digested, but the manner of presentation commanded attention. Nearly every one of the three hundred and fifty members present saw Thorndyke's fine Italian hand in the business—but the crowd gazed in admiration at the tall and handsome member from Circleville, who was reaping the glory of the present occasion. The reading over, Crane arose, with a few notes in his hand, prepared to defend the report. He was a born speaker, and as soon as he began to talk he forgot his clothes and also made his audience forget them, too. Thorndyke listened with enforced admiration. Crane spoke lucidly, strongly, yet temperately — Thorndyke had taught him the enormous power of moderation. Thorndyke, quite unobserved, watched the faces of the European diplomats in the diplomatic gallery who were listening intently. One man, whom Thorndyke reckoned the ablest diplomat among those representing Western Europe, stealthily took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Another, a round, red-faced, sensible, guileless man, looked about him with a frankly puzzled air, which said as plainly as words, "God bless my soul!—what are we to do about this?" The younger men unconsciously assumed expressions of contempt, indifference and displeasure. They had every reason to be displeased at the turn international affairs were taking—and there was no alternative but war.

Crane spoke for half an hour, his rich, full voice growing richer and fuller, without becoming louder, as he proceeded. At the very end he had allowed himself a little leeway, rightly judging that by that time the audience would be wrought up to the pitch which would permit what is called eloquence. When the last sentences, ringing with terse Americanism, rolled out the effect was magical. A great storm of feeling had been evoked and had responded. The applause was long and loud and deep and steady, like the breaking of ocean waves upon granite rocks. Crane's words had pierced the heart of every American present, and a common impulse brought all of them to their feet. Even the Speaker, not knowing what he was doing, rose from his chair, then sat down again shamefacedly. No one escaped the tumult outwardly except the European occupants of the diplomatic gallery. They were ostentatiously cool, and talked and laughed during the tempest of applause, while secretly they were more agitated than any of the cheering multitude.

The Speaker's gavel descended presently, and quiet was partially restored. Crane was surrounded by members of both parties congratulating him, and he received their praise with a modesty more sincere than was generally believed. But to him had it been brought home that the crisis was bigger than the man, and the people were bigger than the crisis. Thorndyke, sitting near him, had shared in the tempest of feeling, but a sickening disappointment possessed him when he saw Crane's personal triumph. In all of Thorndyke's years of labor Fate had never given him any such a chance as this. But it was his years of labor which made Crane's success possible. He could imagine the turgid, strained spread-eagleism, the powerful but ill-reasoned speech which Crane, but for him, would have made. His eyes, in his cold fit of chagrin, wandered toward the place where Constance Maitland sat. A slender black figure, gracefully holding up the train of the black gown, was just disappearing through the door. Thorndyke's impulse to follow Constance was accentuated by a strong desire, if there should be any debate, to leave Crane to his fate, but he soon found out that the whole matter would go over until the next day, and by that time his better self would assert itself, and he would do his part—not for Crane's sake, but for the sake of that overmastering sense of public duty which he cherished religiously and never alluded to. So, finding himself free and superfluous, he left the chamber, partly to avoid the sight of Crane's triumph and partly drawn by Constance Maitland. Before leaving, however, he went up like a gentleman and congratulated Crane, who, moved by an honest and generous impulse, expressed the utmost gratitude to him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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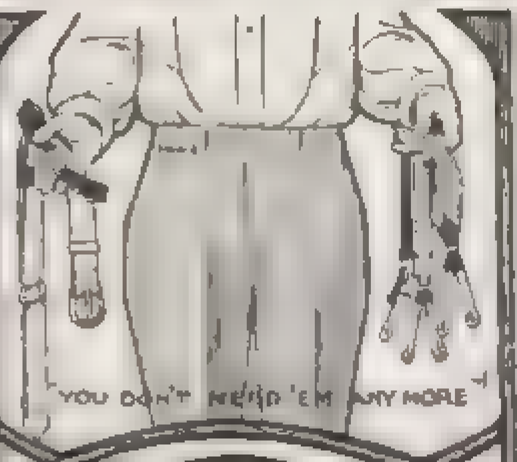
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A $3000 house owned by a young man who, at 16, earned $3.75 a week—then started to save.

"I began at 14, at $12 a month. Now I own this $1700 house—all paid for."

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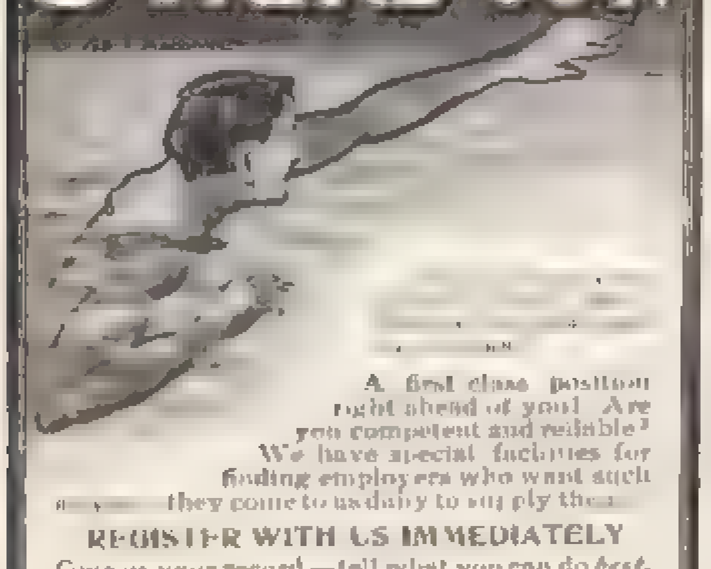

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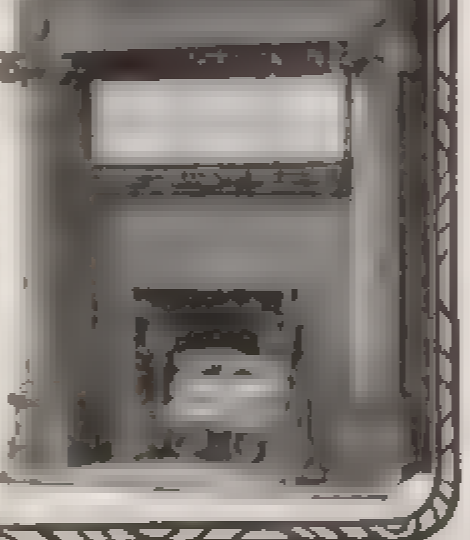

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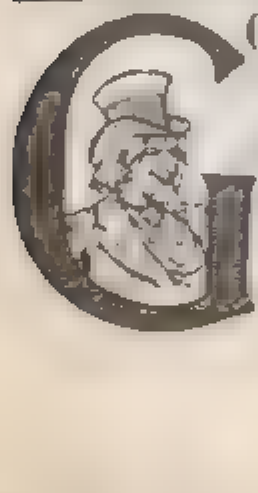

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Imitation Foods and How They Are Made

By John F. Hobbs

UNITED STATES Senators are not above playing pranks upon each other in much the same manner as they did when schoolboys. A Westerner induced a Southern member of the National upper house to eat some "predigested" alimentary paste with a high-sounding foreign name. He did not recommend a peanut meal substitute because his friend detested peanuts, saying that they ruined his "innerds," which were at that moment in the thrall of a refractory state of indigestion. After dieting on the substance for a time the Missourian, who had noted the improvement in his patient, asked:

"How's your health, Senator?"

"Fine; couldn't be better," was the answer.

"So that peptonized, beef flavored malt food helped you, after all?

"It certainly did. I'm not much on these new-fangled things, but this one's O. K. and I thank you for it."

"It's simply a waste product of a pean[illegible] oil mill. I fooled you, old fellow," said the Western Senator jokingly.

"Well, that's good. You fooled me and I fooled my gastronomy. It's a faith cure," he replied, and both laughed heartily over the incident.

The digestion, after all, seems to be largely a dupe of the sight, the olfactory nerves and the taste. These tell the gastric machinery to get to work, and it obeys, whatever the material is at hand. The brewery analyst has even threatened to upset our ancient beliefs in meat extracts with a "similar" or "just as good" extract made from the residue of the brewing vats. The malt and hop waste has been found to contain much of the flavor and properties of real beef. The brewery chemist thus imperils the popularity of the real roast-beef sandwich with a brewery waste substitute, by inducing the drinker of the beer also to chew up the discarded pap of malt and hops.

Our Four-Legged Chickens

The brewery does not have as much effect upon the beef industry, however, as that and the hog industry have upon chicken soups and deviled crabs. A New England farmer, after hauling his swine products to a near-by canning factory, was surprised to learn that his canned chicken soups and deviled chicken were mostly hog and flavoring devices. The poultry meat cost about fifty per cent. more than the swine flesh. That explained why the factory needed mostly four-legged chickens. The neighbor of this farmer supplied pumpkins for a "selected ripe fruit" marmalade and jam factory which turned out a highly labeled product in jars, earthen vessels and otherwise. He said to the manager one day:

"I fetch loads o' pumpkins, potatoes an' turnips in here, but th' hull output o' y'r fac t'ry's fruit stuffs."

"We ship the other stuff abroad," was the [illegible]

Pure fruit [illegible] at twenty-two cents a twelve-ounce jar. Ten-cent jams have a mere trace of fruit. No kitchen worries the manufacturer or the merchant because the jelly won't jell; a coagulator made of alum and sulphuric acid attends to that. For red fruits the proper color is added. A sweetening made from coal tar is also added. A tiny bottle of it contains the equivalent of five hundred pounds of sugar, not glucose, for glucose is not sweet, as is commonly supposed.

The jellies are made as already explained, and the jams of any old thing. Apple "[illegible]," for instance, is made from the cores and skins of apples. The "wild" cherry in your cordial is nothing but a composition of glucose, vegetable color and sweetened water flavored with oil of bitter almonds; and the same ingredients, flavored with orris-root, produce violet syrup, and the same again, flavored with oil of lemon grass, make the lemon syrup with which your last soda was very likely flavored. These ugly facts are not helped by the knowledge that any chemical which will prevent fruit or fruit juices from fermenting in a barrel or other inclosure will prevent them from being digested when eaten.

When the ladies at a five-o'clock tea turn to scandal, over the delicate aroma of a highly flavored Asiatic tea or a cup of Mocha, they little suspect that the delicious brew is a

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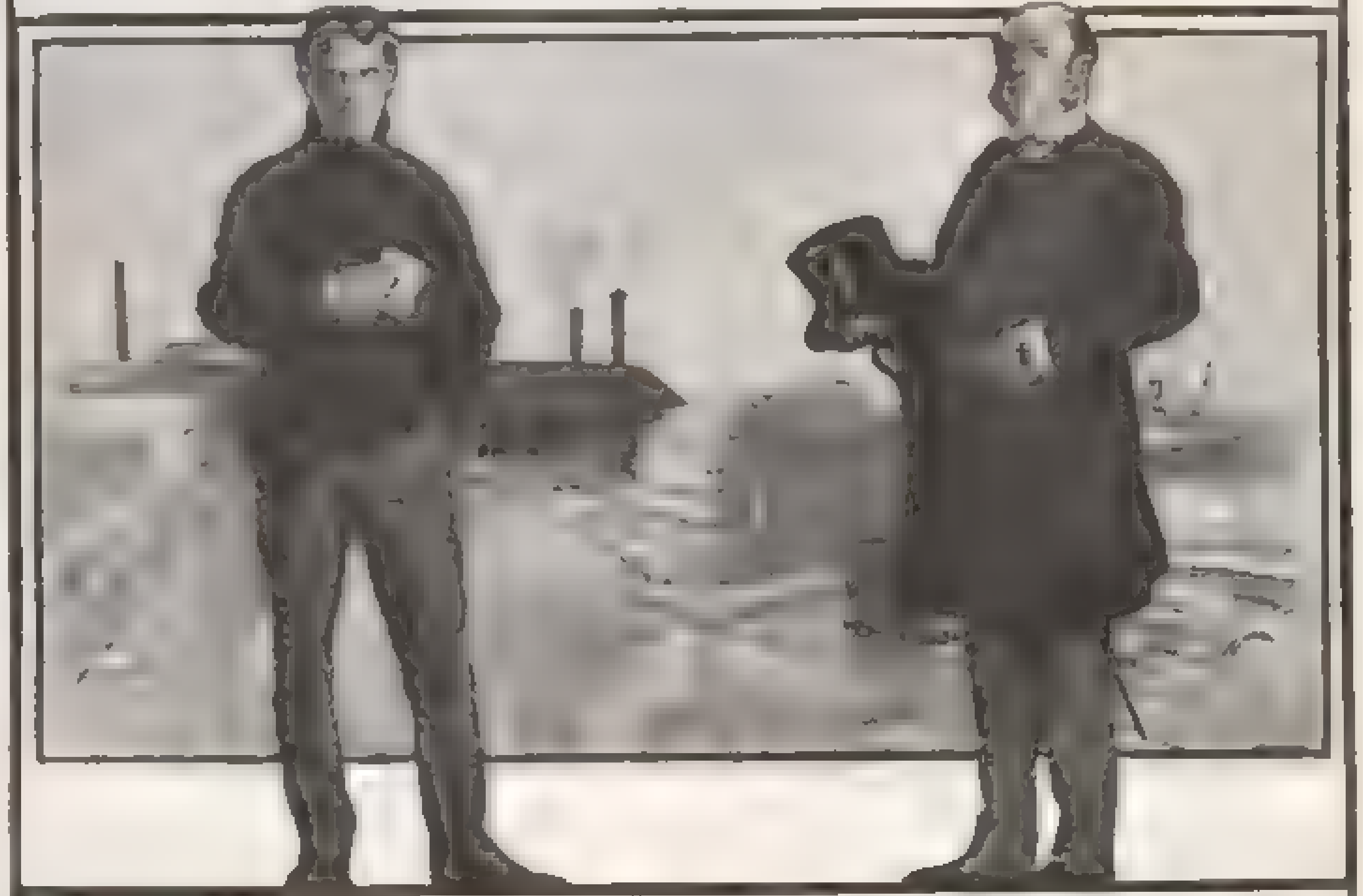
for May (JUST OUT)

Contains the opening chapters of a new six-part serial, entitled

"THE WHIP HAND"



A STORY OF LUMBER
By Samuel Merwin

Joint author (with Henry K. Webster) of "Calumet K" and "The Short Line War," and author of "B. Carter," and "The Road to Frontenac"

MR. MERWIN is one of a great trio of authors, including Henry K. Webster and the late Frank Norris, who have created the modern "business story" of the type represented by "The Banker and the Bear," "The Copper King," "The Pit" and "Calumet K." Mr. Merwin spends months preparing the material for his great stories, often putting on overalls and engaging as a common laborer in order to make sure of accuracy of detail. The results of such work form the closest representations of modern business and industrial life of America, with its many Titanic conflicts between trusts and individuals, that are found in literature. Such stories do more to give a young man a knowledge of business and equip him for the struggles to come than any amount of ordinary "book learning."

Mr. Merwin's new story is by far the strongest he has ever written. In the illustration above, the well groomed gentleman on the right is a Chicago banker and promoter who plans a great combination of lumber concerns around the Lakes. The sturdy young man on the left, not long out of college, is manager of one lumber firm which declines to be "taken into camp." The banker is backed by millions of money — the young man by a sweetheart who believes in him. The fight which follows is fierce, — dramatic, — full of the unexpected, — intensely *American* throughout.

Other Notable Articles in May SUCCESS

"Great American Magazines and Their Makers," by David Graham Phillips
"The Elements of Social Success for a Girl," by "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie)
"Correct Dress for Business Men," by C. M. Connolly (Illustrated by J. C. Leyendecker)
"Ralph Waldo Emerson and His Influence in the World," by T. W. Higginson and others
"The Great Breakfast Food Industry of America," by Frank Fayant
"The Cape Horners," a Nature Story of the Penguins, by T. Jenkins Haines
"Great Joshua's Daughter," a Story by Zona Gale

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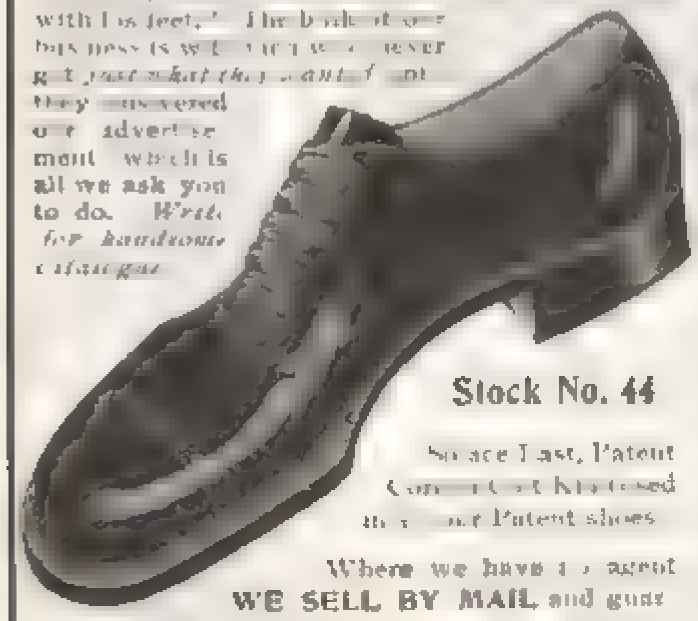

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Where we have no agent WE SELL BY MAIL and guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money.

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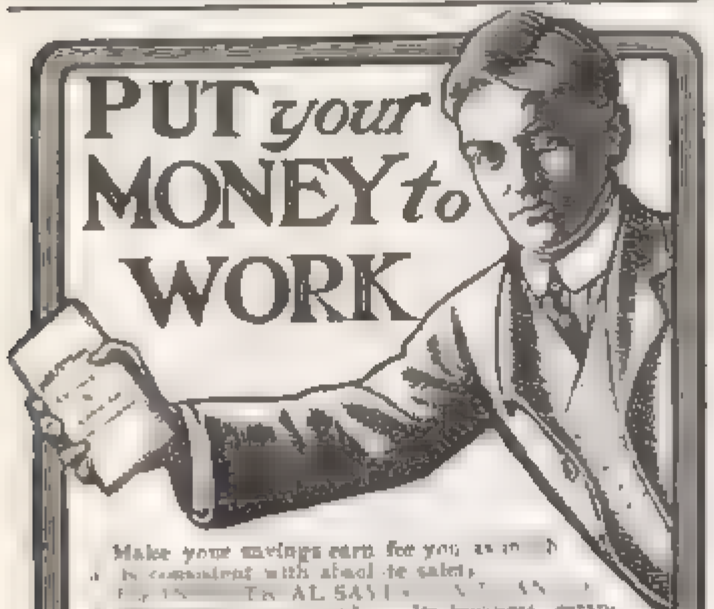

PUT your MONEY to WORK

Make your savings earn for you as much as is consistent with absolute safety. [illegible] INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS [illegible] [illegible] responsible. Its business, established 10 years, is free from speculative features, under New York Banking Department supervision, and regularly examined by same. We will pay 5% PER ANNUM on your Savings which bear earnings for every day invested. Write for particulars [illegible] $1,400,00 [illegible] Industrial Savings & Loan Co. [illegible]

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EVERYONE ASKS "HOW FAR?"

THE Veeder ODOMETER

TELLS THE DISTANCE EXACTLY

[illegible] wheel! Prices, $3.50 to $7. 24-page Booklet Free.

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Makers of Cyclometers, Odometers, Tachometers, Counters and Fine Castings.

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Adjustment [illegible]

[illegible] direct through the local music dealer.

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LYON & HEALY, 211 Adams Street CHICAGO

The World's Largest Music House
Sells "Everything Known in Music"

fruitful outlet for surplus peas and beans, and for nondescript weeds properly "doctored." Mrs. Blank, a prominent Swedish lady in New York City, would not believe that the coffee she used at a recent coffee party was merely a jellified pulp of sweet potatoes or other vegetable matter, stamped in a bean mould after being properly flavored, labeled "coffee" by courtesy, and sold at a price sufficiently high to win the imagination to its support and to command respect for its virtue.

Coffee from the Potato Patch

Dried cubes of sweet potatoes, roasted peanut meal and similar vegetable substances are not only adulterants in but, often, the main body of many reputable brands of ground coffee. Mrs. Blank had a scientific friend, a well-known food chemist, who verified the facts of the coffee "fakes." What she didn't half like about it, however, was the fact that a social rival who was a connoisseur of teas, had sprung the joke on her at her own coffee party, to the intense delight of the other ladies. Her analytical friend had said as disreputable things about ambrosial teas as he had about coffees, so she determined to even up matters. A little return social tea afforded the opportunity. Mrs. Blank purchased the excellently flavored leaf which the chemist suggested and the expert pronounced it "[illegible] [illegible]." The package, procured at her request, disclosed the fact that the "gunpowder" was a "noted English" brand reputed to be affected at Windsor Castle. These facts — on the label —confirmed the lady in the accuracy of her judgment. She was even vulgar enough to sniff the vapor of her cup by way of further verification. "Horror!" she exclaimed a week later, when the laboratory man to decide a friendly wager between the ladies, said "Contaminated with stems, husks and similar refuse." He had examined some other samples of tea for outside clients and assured his fair visitors that in some of those there was "the presence also of a few chopped up hairs in the samples, charitably interpreted as being accidentally there. There is a large admixture of foreign leaves. The amount of theine in these samples is very small." Of one popular brand of medium-priced tea he said: "Though highly flavored, it is an absolute fraud." In a footnote was the following comment: "The facing of tea should be prohibited on account of its being injurious."

"I think housekeepers should know these things," said the lady with the sensitive tea nose. The "lady delegation," as the man of science afterward called the intruders, insisted on ransacking the place and knowing everything. "Because," as one of them put it, "they might adulterate anything and fool anybody."

"They do in the case of most cheap and medium-priced articles," asserted the chemist, hauling down everything in sight as though he might have at some period of his life been a clerk behind the counter of a fashionable dry-goods store. "Now, there's the left over quantities of nearly three hundred samples of foods and things taken at random from grocery stores as they run in both the humble and the aristocratic districts. The majority of them are either wholly or partly spurious."

The ladies puckered their mouths, arched their eyebrows and looked at each other.

Counterfeit Cocoas and Chocolates

"Now," continued the chemist with a smile, "Mrs. A—— buys this cocoa. It is a rank fraud, a compound of sugar, arrowroot and a percentage of flavored cocoa with a cheaper [illegible] substituted for the [illegible] [illegible] extracted for more expensive uses. This chocolate has lost its cocoa butter, cheaper oil replacing the extracted oily matter."

The ladies further learned that cream of tartar may be adulterated with starch; that much Cayenne pepper is made from garden seeds, flavored with pepper and then colored; that other peppers are often simply ground husks, or cornmeal, cocoanut hulls, or any old thing for a body, flavored; that apple butters are often composed of molasses and flour made tart with tartaric acid; that there are strawberry and other jams containing nothing but vegetable fibres, grass seed and glucose — their flavor being imitated with compound ethers, and glucose made from cornstarch bleached with blue coloring matter as a laundryman does a shirt, and sold for crystallized cane sugar. The demonstrator then made some of the imitations described for his guests. He also tickled their palates with an impromptu decoction sold all over the country as "Ohio," "Rhine" and "California"

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The only watch works in the world where a watch is made complete is at the home of the Dueber-Hampden Watch at Canton, Ohio. Every grain of material is of known merit. This has made possible the "ACCURATE TO THE SECOND"

Dueber-Hampden Watches

Which have become famous the world over as not only the greatest time-keepers, but the best value in watches known. Our booklet, "A Guide to Watch-Buyers," may be had of dealers or from us direct.

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Little Falls, N. Y.
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A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin

Removes all odor of perspiration. Delightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample Free.* Gerhard Mennen Company, Newark, N. J.

PIANO [illegible]

[illegible] Factory and Warerooms to your door [illegible] lowest prices, explain [illegible] as available in the most remote village in the United States as if you lived in Boston or New York. More than this, if our careful selection of a piano fails to please you, in other words, if you don't want it after [illegible] [illegible] freight both ways. We solicit correspondence.

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,
103 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Accident Proof Iron Cribs

with **high sliding sides** and **closely spaced spindles**, prevent **Mothers worrying**, as the **Baby can't fall out**, climb over or stick its head through. Fitted with high grade woven wire spring and finished in white enamel or colors. Ask your dealer for **Foster's No. 40 Ideal Crib** [illegible]

FOSTER BROS. MFG. CO.
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WE SEND IT FREE FOR TRIAL

A SHOWER AND VAPOR BATH IN ONE

The Only Perfect Bath

[illegible] we will send our

PERFECTION VAPOR SHOWER BATH FREE

for fifteen days' trial, all charges prepaid. [illegible]

no plumber needed [illegible]

[illegible] The shower invigorates the system, soothes the nerves, braces up the whole body and prevents colds. The vapor brings great relief in many common [illegible]

To persuade you to try it at once we will send you, charges prepaid, [illegible] penny of advance payment, the complete attachment ready to put up. [illegible] end of 15 days, you do not think it is worth fully the price we ask for [illegible] at our expense. The risk is all ours, none of it is yours. Write for our new book "The Story of a Perfect Bath," beautifully illustrated from life, sent free on request.

VAPOR SHOWER BATH CO., 466-D Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

For a boy

[illegible] boys will outwear two pairs of ordinary [illegible] retain their stylish [illegible] until they are worn out. That's the beauty of them

Better-Wear Shoes

are made by specialists in boys' shoes. *They are the fin[illegible] for boys made anywhere in the [illegible]*

Price $3.50 Express Paid

We [illegible] a pair to you at our risk. If they fail to meet [illegible] we will return the money [illegible] free.

BETTER-WEAR SHOE SHOP Berwick, Pa.

In the Home there's always fun when

Hires Rootbeer

begins to run

A package makes five gallons. Sold everywhere or sent by mail upon receipt of 25 cents.

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LEARN TO EARN $1200 to $8000 A YEAR

By studying the **ART OF ADVERTISING and the Science of Business Management** under my direction for six months, you will be qualified to greatly increase your earning power. My last graduate earns $1200, others $1500 up to $8000 per annum. I can add but a limited number of student-clients — will you be one of them? Read what a student says about my course:

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Dear Sir: — It was only after considerable investigation that I decided to become one of your stud[illegible] men and schools [illegible] taking in your methods, and your instruction is very comprehensive. **best of all, you know how to arouse the enthusiasm of your students.** I shall be glad to [illegible]

Write to-day for Booklet L; it's interesting and free.

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Master of the Art of Ad[illegible] the Science of Busine[illegible]

wines. It was a mixture of prune juice water and saccharine, with salicylic acid added to keep them alive. Mustard is seldom met with which has all of its fixed and volatile oils present; often no starch turmeric is present. The extracted oil of the nutmeg is a valuable agent in the manufacture of ground mace. The cake is then ground up and sold for genuine nutmeg.

The inventors of the wooden nutmeg and of the "brummagem" ham may have been clever in their day but they are back numbers in this age of ingenious food sharps.

They are not a circumstance to the fellows [illegible] by the Georgia Legislature some years ago, who heavily influenced their flour with Tennessee kaolin. This deposit soon found itself in red-hot competition with potato meal as a flour adulterant. One might even stand a limited dosing of sawdust, potato flour and grainless white soil mixtures if his digestive apparatus were allowed to escape the penalties of the hundred and one other sophistications of food products which, with the aid of seductive names and ambrosial odors, entice him into dyspepsia. With the ground under the lemon trees of Florida covered with rotting lemons one would not expect to find his "extract of lemon" cheapened with oil of limes and sugar. And the housewife who sniffs "something queer" in her "extract of Vanilla" half detects the fact that she nearly discovered its extract of tonka bean. Vanilline, glycerine and caromel help to bolster up other well-known extracts used in the culinary economy.

If the hens only knew that a dangerous chemical called, in the bakery trade, "egg yellow," is used by some bakers to imitate the color of eggs and to dispense with the use of eggs in the cheaper cakes, there would be a barn riot. The consumer might join in when made aware of the fact that very few [illegible] cakes ever see an egg. The dear old cow has had so many nice things said about her and lived above reproach so long that her milk seems always pure. But a young mother who bought a four-ounce can of "condensed milk" marked "Pure Jersey," and diluted it for her infant offspring, had her abiding faith badly shaken. The cream sank when in fluid form, and its place at the top of the vessel was taken by a cheap oily substance which the manufacturer had incorporated in the mass to give it a greasy consistency. It was mainly a composition of cornstarch paste colored to the richness of "Jersey" cream. There are other chalk milks with a very delicate coal tar hue. The city folks are not the only ones who have their lacteal troubles. The countryman also has them.

The Bunco Man a Back Number

Here is an instance. A Southern farmer read the following advertisement in a Western paper: "Send five dollars and learn how to get a pound of butter out of a quart of milk." He sent the money and received his recipe:

"Take a pan and pour a quart of milk into it, having first placed a pound of butter in the centre of the pan. Lift the butter out." As clear a case of "gold brick" as this seems to be, it has been outdone by a Canadian who came to the United States in 1892 and copyrighted an "expander" or "increaser," which, where the bunco man only got a pound of butter out of a quart of milk, takes butter milk and all out in the form of butter. It even does more. It takes six pounds of butter, six pounds of rich cream and gets thirteen and one-half pounds of butter out of the mass. The little emulsifying joker in the case is a mixture of pepsin, salt and color matter. Another is composed of eighty-three per cent of salt, fifteen per cent. of annatto and two per cent. of rennet and organic matter. In [illegible] the Iowa Agricultural College found the [illegible] doing business in that State. A farmer who saw the professor take six pounds of good butter, six pounds of good ripe cream, churn them together and, after washing the result in water, letting it stand a while, get thirteen and one-half pounds of butter, exclaimed: "B'Gosh! It collars the hull outfit, milk, butter, water and all." A Wisconsin cheesemaker, who was present, observed that "while the butter man only gets the fat out of milk, the cheese man the fat and the casein, the 'expander' gobbles up fat, casein, sugar, water and all for butter."

If you do not know what you are buying or the character of what you are eating it makes no difference. The sensitive aristocrat who disdains to imitate his plebeian brother in buying peanuts from an Italian peddler loses the edge of his supersensitiveness when the little nut is insinuated into him in the form of health breads, breakfast foods, spices, butter, flesh and other table articles.

Columbia

24 H. P. Gasoline Touring Car
Mark XLI

Everywhere admitted to be the most perfect gasoline car yet devised. Seats six persons. New and exclusive features throughout. All parts of engine and transmission gear instantly accessible. Igniting plugs and valves removable without tools. Speeds four to forty-five miles per hour. Minimum of vibration and noise. Finest body work and furnishings ever seen on an automobile.

Catalogue illustrating and describing [illegible] different Columbia electric and gasoline vehicles will be sent on application

Electric Vehicle Company
HARTFORD, CONN.
New York Salesroom: 134, 136, 138 West 39th Street.
Boston: 74-76 Stanhope St. Chicago: 1421 Michigan Ave.

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BEST VALUE TRADE MARK

There is a new degree in the world of science — Doctor of Business

Many a business needs the Doctor — maybe yours does. Any business man who cannot tell whether he has made or lost money and exactly how much, at the end of each month, needs the Business Doctor — quick. Know how you stand every month. It is possible in any business. Tell us your difficulty and let us prescribe for you.

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BAKER-VAWTER COMPANY
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Gentlemen: Please send me information about your service, particularly with reference to the

business.

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Life Insurance Free from All Speculative Features.

The
Travelers Insurance Company
Hartford, Conn.
S. C. DUNHAM, President.

Accident Insurance in the Oldest, Largest and Strongest Accident Company in the World.

There Are Some

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Just Placed on the Market by The Travelers Insurance Co.

They are something new, and there is nothing now offered that can touch them in LIBERALITY, in INCREASED BENEFITS, in SIMPLICITY.

And the same old security grown larger that makes THE TRAVELERS' contracts the most widely popular among solid business and professional men, is behind them.

CHEAP RATES California, Washington, Oregon, Colorado. We secure reduced rates on household goods of intending settlers to the [illegible] States. Write for rates. *Map of California FREE.* Trans-Continental Freight Co., 2-355 Dearborn St., Chicago.

STARK TREES SUCCEED WHERE OTHERS FAIL
STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo. Dansville, N. Y. Etc.

NEW-SKIN
WATERPROOF
LIQUID COURT PLASTER
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ANTISEPTIC ASEPTIC
WILL HEAL ANY CUT OR SCRAPE
DOUGLAS MFG CO.
NEW YORK

NEW-SKIN
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
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For Cuts, Abrasions, Hang-Nails, Chapped and Split Lips or Fingers, Burns, Blisters, etc. Instantly Relieves Chilblains, Frosted Ears, Stings of Insects, Chafed or Blistered Feet, Callous Spots, etc., etc.

A coating on the sensitive parts [illegible] protect the feet from being [illegible] or blistered by new or [illegible] shoes.

Applied with a brush and [illegible] dries, forming a tough transparent, colorless waterproof coating.

MECHANICS, SPORTSMEN, BICYCLISTS, GOLFERS, Etc.

[illegible] to bruise, scratch [illegible] their skin. "New-Skin" [illegible] relieve these injuries, will not wash off [illegible] "New-Skin" [illegible] the broken skin [illegible]

Pocket Size (Size of Illustration) . . . 10c
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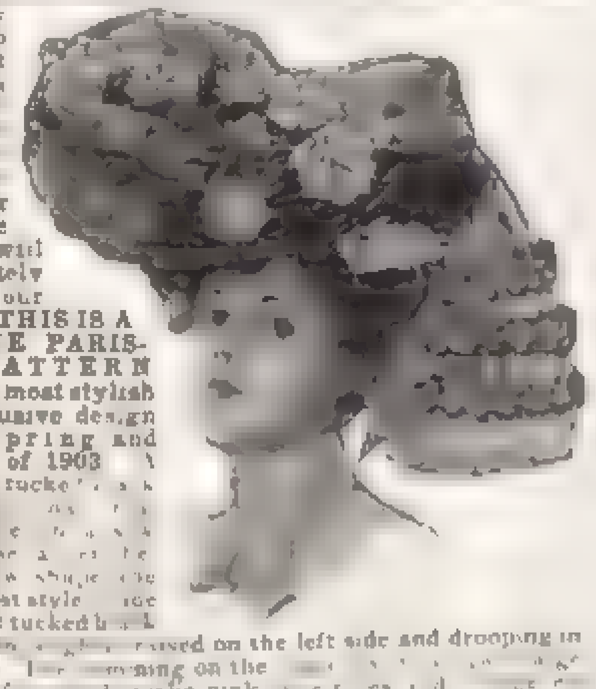
2-oz. Bottles [illegible] . . . 50c

At the Druggists, [illegible] United States [illegible]

DOUGLAS MFG. CO., Dept. R, 96 to 102 Church St., New York

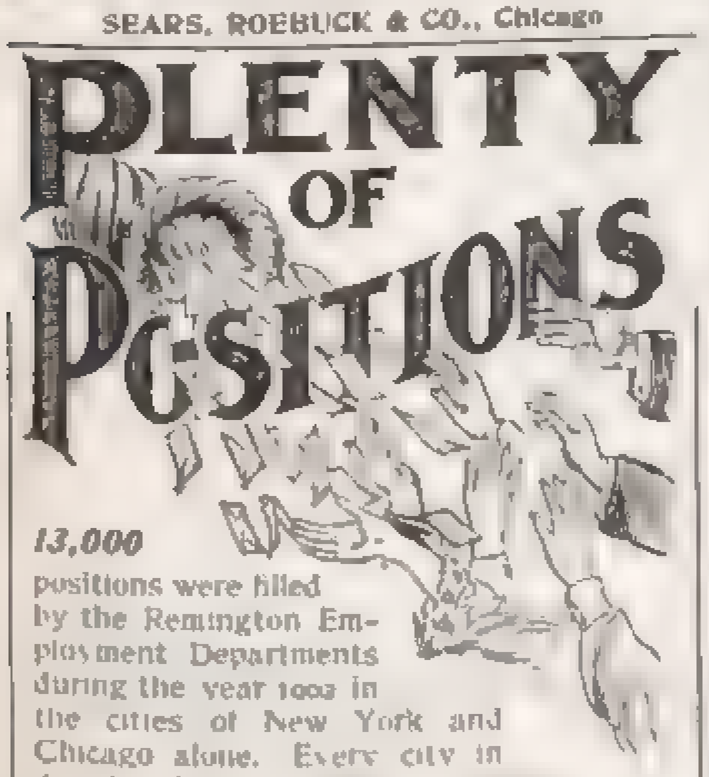
$1.75 BUYS A DRESS HAT YOUR MILLINER WOULD CHARGE $5.00 FOR.

[illegible] and send to us, enclose $1.75 and we will send you this beautiful stylish dress hat by express. After received, if you do [illegible]



[illegible] at our expense and we will immediately return your money. THIS IS A GENUINE PARISIAN PATTERN HAT, the most stylish and exclusive design for the Spring and Summer of 1903 [illegible] tucked [illegible] very newest style [illegible] of the best tucked [illegible] raised on the left side and drooping in [illegible] on the [illegible] muslin pink [illegible] both sides of the [illegible] The entire hat is draped [illegible] trimmed on the ends [illegible] of fluted black silk, the same [illegible] in grace [illegible] at the back [illegible] the trimming of this stunning hat. This New Stunning Parisian Pattern Hat is equally becoming to young and old. [illegible] style and workmanship such as [illegible] from the [illegible] of fashionable city milliners [illegible] price it was never [illegible] milliner. Can be ordered in black or any other color desired. Order today and wear the handsomest hat in [illegible] town. Write for free Millinery Catalogue. Address

SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., Chicago



13,000 positions were filled by the Remington Employment Departments during the year 1902 in the cities of New York and Chicago alone. Every city in America shows a similar proportion

Good Pay

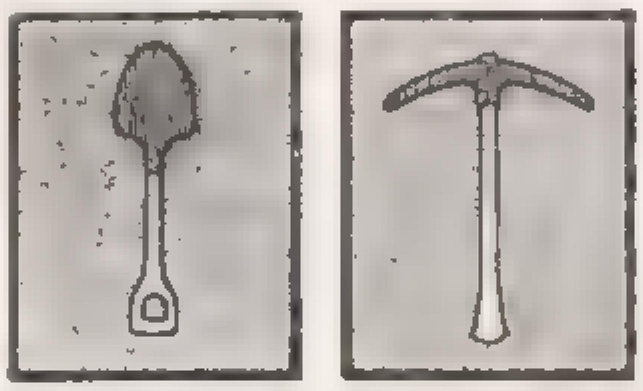
Remember that the user of a low-priced writing machine always wants a low-priced stenographer. The best positions are

Secured by the competent operators of the

Remington

Remington Typewriter Company
327 Broadway, New York

Professor Dillpicker's Discovery



By Hayden Carruth

A ROMANCE OF THE DIGITALIS FLYING FROG WHICH HAD HAM-BONES FOR CLAWS

IT APPEARED that another very remarkable character was a certain wandering scientist named Dillpicker. His stay was short, according to the account of Mr. Milo Bush, but long enough to impress its details vividly upon the memory of this repository of local history. Reference being made to electricity, Mr. Bush spun off the following

Bet you a pair o' new boots that if old Perfessor Dillpicker was here he could tell you all about it. Told me himself that he'd handled electricity so much that he could take hold of a live wire sizzling with ten thousand bolts of the stuff and never feel it. Explained it by saying that it was just like a man used to keeping bees not being afraid of their stings. Though electricity wasn't the Perfessor's strongholt, either, the same being rocks and these here leather-covered perhistoric animals which used to stand around this country solemn, wearing other critters' tails and misfit trunks, and always took themselves apart 'fore they went to bed at night and gener'ly got themselves put together wrong the next morning

I sha'n't never forget the day that Perfessor Dillpicker arrove. He comes into Shanks' and says he: "Sir, may I ask if fozzles abound in this neighborhood?" "We ain't been troubled with 'em much this season," says Shanks. The man looks at Shanks with his round eyes, and strokes his long whiskers sort o' gentle, and says he after a minute, "Ah, yes;" then he turns to the rest of us around the stove and goes on "Gentlemen, my name is Dillpicker. I am sent out by Smithington's Institootion, of Washington, D. C., to examine the guological formation in this region and make a collection of the fozzle remains of the perhistoric animals

"Stranger" says Abner Blackmark, "Al Doty's your man. He's got more'n five hundred dorgs and a tame coon "

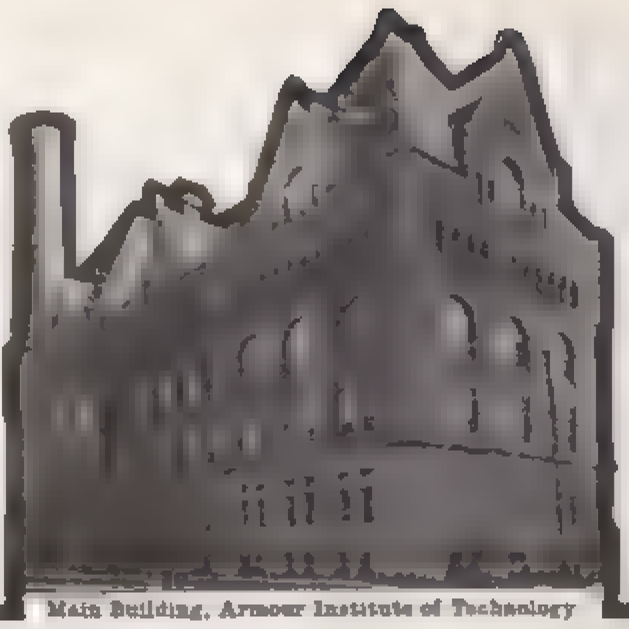
"The dorg is not a perhistoric animal" says the man, "though he is represented in the past ages, like the hoss. Did you ever stop to think, gentlemen, that the hoss formerly had five toes, though he now has but one?"

"When I was down at the county fair last fall," says Jap Bingerford, "I bet some good money on a hoss that didn't have no toes at all, jedging from the place he occerpied at the end of the race. Would you like that there hoss for your collection, Stranger?"

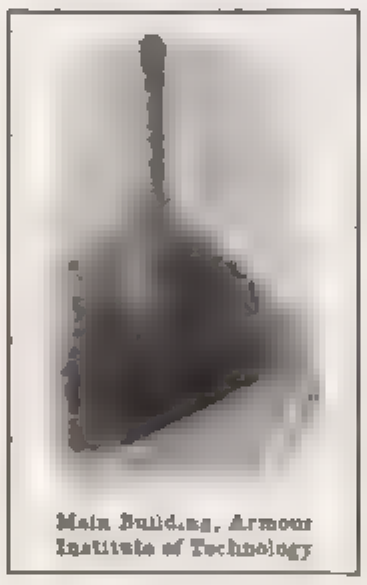
"Oh, no," says the Perfessor. "Wot I propose doing is going up here in the gulch and examining your rocks, and if I can find any fozzles, shipping the same to the mooseum of the institootion which I represent. Wot I specially would like to secure is remains of the great Winklesaurus, of which you will find a picture in this book. See page 147." And he pulls out a book and passes it around for us to see

Well, as I said, there was the most cur'ous animals in that book. Says Abner Blackmark: "Wot might this critter be that's setting down and sticking his nose up in the air like a 'Piscopal church steeple?"

"Ah, yes," says the Perfessor; "the Dinklestrobashus, percusser of the modern cow. It was much larger than the present cow, however, as the perhistoric hoss was smaller than the present hoss. Multichudinous are the changes worked by the slow processes of time, gentlemen. A vast many of these beasts have become extinct entirely And the same changes are still going on. Everlution is capable of all things. Forty



Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology



Main Building, Armour Institute of Technology

Evening Study

THE courses offered are not intended to replace resident school work but to put within the reach of young men who have been deprived of college instruction a course of technical training of superior merit. Many ambitious men are taking advantage of this opportunity to increase their efficiency along

ENGINEERING

lines or begin their college studies while earning enough to pay for a full course in a technical school. The instruction is under the direction of the members of the faculty of Armour Institute of Technology and work done will receive due credit should the student decide to finish his work at that institution.

COURSES in Electrical, Mechanical, Civil, Locomotive, Stationary, Marine and Sanitary Engineering; Architecture, Navigation, Refrigeration, Mechanical and Perspective Drawing; Sheet Metal Work; Telegraphy and Telephony; Textile Manufacturing, also 40 short Engineering Courses.

In addition to their regular instruction papers, students in full engineering courses are furnished a Technical Reference Library (in 10 volumes) as a help in their studies.

Foundry, Armour Institute of Technology

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
at
Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO, ILL.

The Desire for Natural Food is Natural

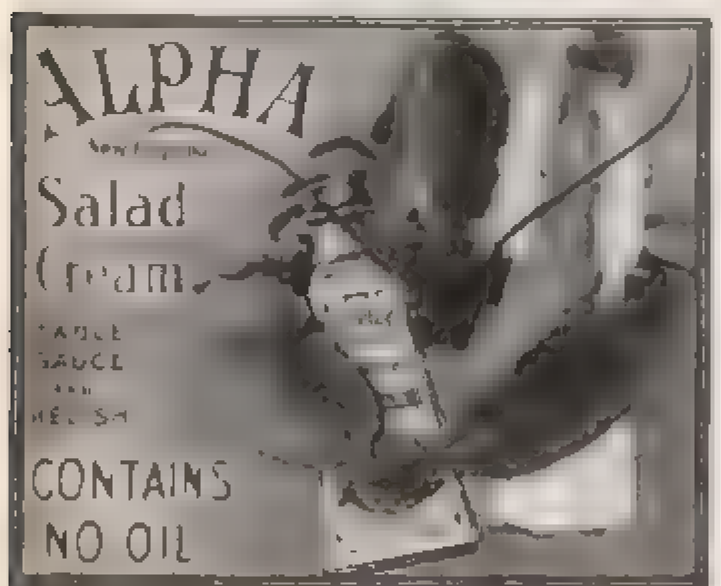
Mothers, do you know that children crave natural food until you pervert their tastes by the use of unnatural food? Unnatural food develops unnatural and therefore wrong propensities and desires in children. Like begets like—pure food, pure minds.

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT BISCUIT

is a Natural Food, *i. e.*, contains all the properties necessary to perfectly nourish the whole body and mind. **Made in the most hygienic and scientific food laboratory in the world.** It has been thrice cooked, and being crisp, compels [illegible] tication, which insures perfect digestion, [illegible] a healthy mind. **Sold by all grocers.**

Send for "The Vital Question" [illegible] illustrated in colors) FREE. Address

THE NATURAL FOOD CO., Niagara Falls, N.Y.



ALPHA SALAD CREAM

is the ideal salad dressing for all varieties of [illegible]. It is [illegible]

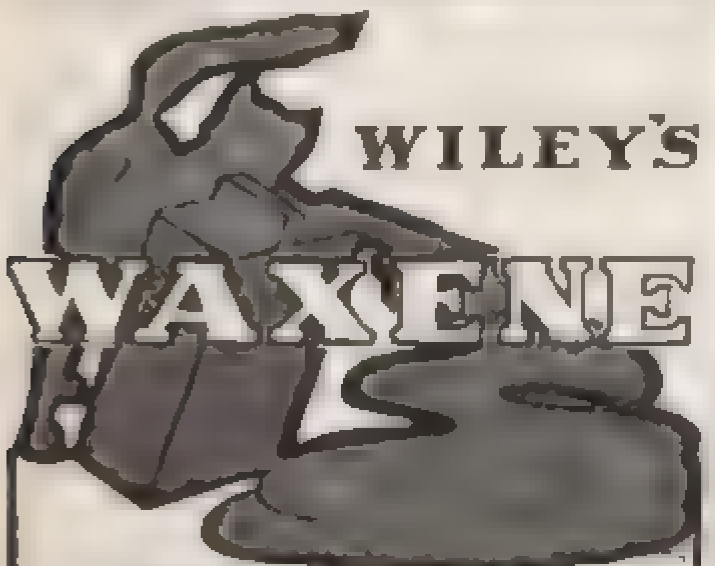
ALPHA SALAD CREAM

is absolutely pure. Never separates. Never spoils. Those who like oil can add their favorite brand with perfect results. Samples not mailable. ALL GROCERS.

Martha Taft Wentworth Recipe Book (60 Recipes and Suggestions) **Sent Free** for grocer's name. This book [illegible] Informs you how to secure **the New Game of Diamonds FREE.** This game sells at 50c. to $1.50, according to style [illegible]

Wonderland Pudding Tablets—One tablet makes a quart of milk into a milk jelly, more delicious, refreshing and [illegible] than other desserts. **Also make Delicious Ice Cream.** Package of 10 Tablets, by mail, 10c. No samples.

The H. J. Blodgett Co. (Inc.), 54 Thayer St., Boston, Mass.



This is the only preparation which is made expressly for

Kitchen Floors

You can apply it yourself. It preserves the wood, gives it a bright, natural finish; it prevents dust and dirt, does away with bugs, and k[illegible] the room clean, sweet and healthful. WAXENE is not a wax, wash or varnish, but an entirely new preparation—the only thing in the world that will prevent a floor from spotting, coloring or soiling with hot grease or water.

Invaluable for all HARDWOOD FLOORS. Worth its weight in gold for linoleums, oil cloths, furniture [illegible] [illegible] epartment stores everywhere. FREE sample and booklet by mail.

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Successors to I. H. WILEY & CO.
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million years ago the whale, mighty leviathank of the juberous deep, was a small animal about the size of the weasel, and run about these parts on four legs and lived in a hole in the ground."

"I'd never a-thought it," says Abner.

"It is science which reveals to us the wonders of the yearth," says the Perfessor. "See page 236." And we looked and found a critter built like a hot-water bag and with an extensive snout. "That animal," goes on the Perfessor, "is the original of the present swine. He was over two hundred feet long exclusive of his proboscus, with which he used to pluck fruit from the highest trees. See wot the noble critter has become—small, and squealing, and rooting in the yearth, and breaking out of his pen and not being able to find the hole to get back in even with help."

We looked at the pictures some more, and then says the Perfessor:

"As I told you, I have come out here in the interest of science. I have took a cabin up here in the gulch so as to be near my work. My funds," goes on he, turning to Shanks, "is ample, supplied by the Government, but not at the moment available, the Government sending out its drafts quarterly. If I could get you to advance me a little pork and such foodstuffs I should take it very kindly and you could feel that you were helping on'ard the great cause of scientific research. I do not require much. A ham, a peck of beans, and a few such things."

Shanks said it was all right, him being always ready to h'ist along science, and the Perfessor took wot he could carry and went up the gulch. After which we seen very little of him except when he come in for supplies, which was frequent.

It run along most of the summer and every time we seen the Perfessor we asked him if he was having any luck. "Very little," he always said. "Fozzles are skeerce. But I do not despair of yet making a valuable discovery. I have found a footprint of the mighty Digitalis, porkotype of our present bullfrog, which had wings and a long bill, and flew over the primeval landscape uttering squawks which shook the coal trees of the period and caused the perhistoric mother to clasp her epizootic infant to her buzzum."

We sot silent for some moments. It was Shanks' voice which broke the stillness. "This here flying bullfrog had a long bill, you say, do you, Perfessor?" says he.

"Outrageous long," answers the Perfessor.

"Which I am some like him," says Shanks, cold and icy. "Agin you, Perfessor; mostly for hams."

"Mr. Shanks," says the Perfessor, "on the eve of a great scientific discovery is it a fit time to lug in a mercenary ham bill?"

"You drawed it too strong on them flying bullfrogs," says Shanks. "I don't believe no such varmints ever lived."

"Sir!" says the Perfessor in a voice of thunder, rising up and throwing back his shoulders. "You audacious tradesman! You groveling shopkeeper! See page 314!" Which we done, and sure enough there was the flying bullfrogs.

The next morning he was back all excited. "Gentlemen," says he, "I have found it. Some bones of the Digitalis, the first ever discovered, the mighty-winged bullfrog which sailed through the hazy vault of the carboniferous sky uttering anon his sweet song or his harsh snort which caused the caveman to shudder in his cavern. I cannot wait for my draft now—I must on to Washington."

He had a box under his arm and we asked him if we might see the fozzle bones. He took off the cover and we looked at 'em, pretty clayey and sandy.

"All peterfied by time, of course," says he. "They are small, being only the claw-bones at the end of the wings, but from them the experts can restore the whole animal. I go, but I will return. Adoo!"

That afternoon a boy come in with the Perfessor's box, which he had found just below town, aside the railroad track.

Shanks pulls off the cover and empties out the fozzles. Then he looks at 'em close and straightens up and says:

"That there wonderful Digitalis bullfrog was not so good a flier as the Perfessor. Them are the bones from my hams. See page 40 of my account book—$37.50 owing for them hams and ecksetery."

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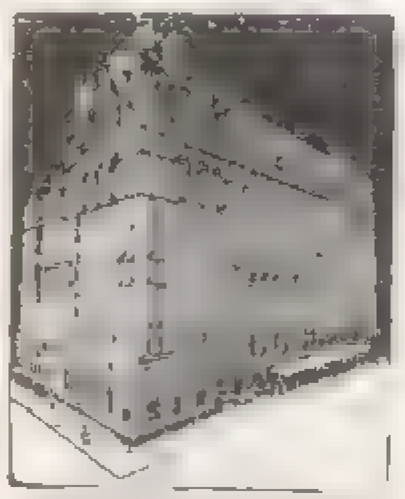
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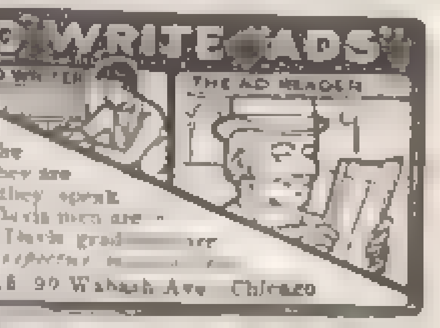

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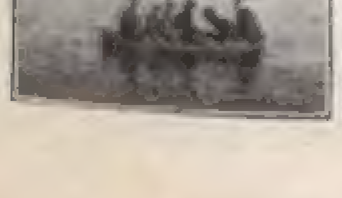

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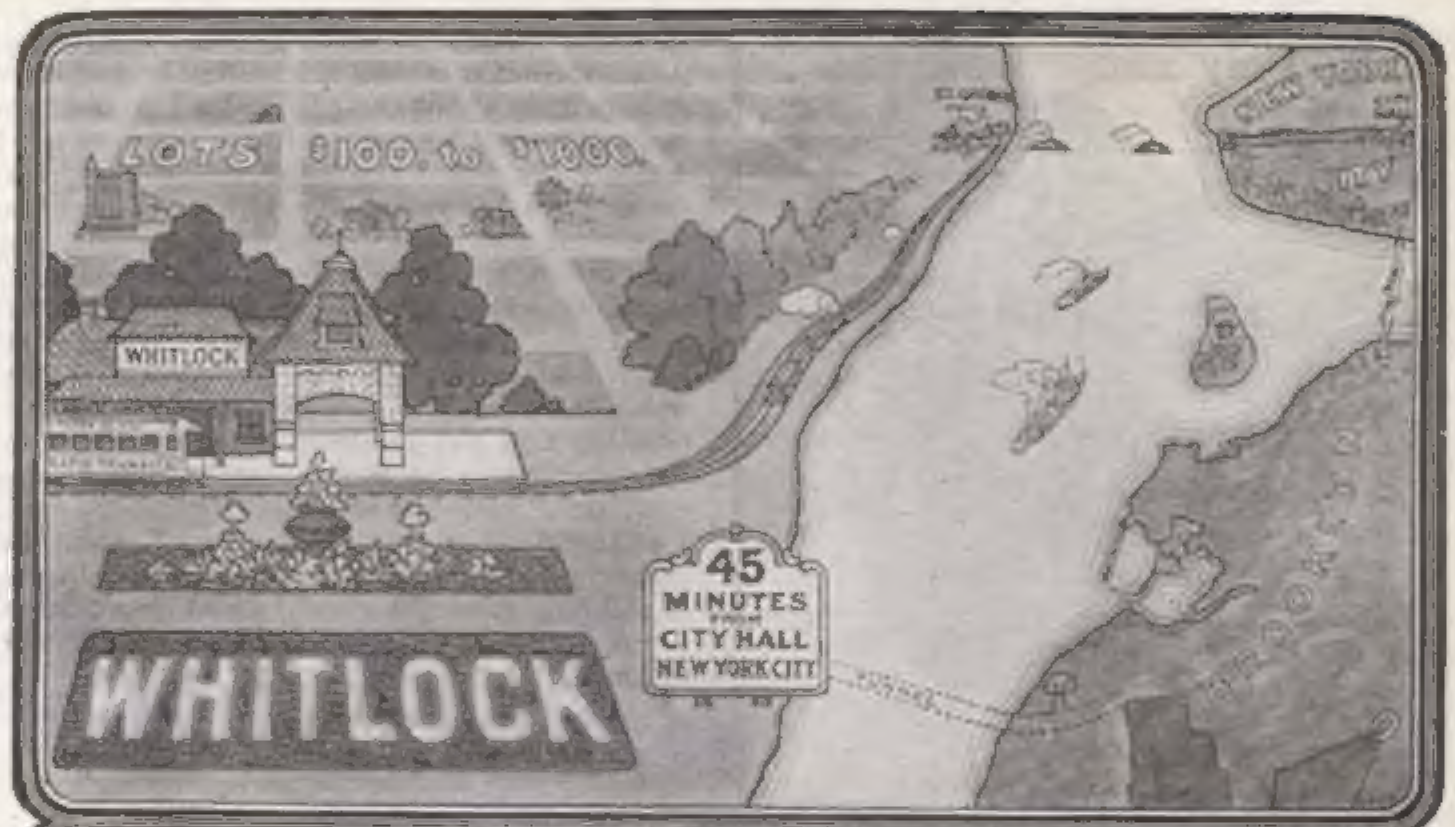
UNSOLVED
Wisset's Will

(Continued from Page 9)

which had no association with him and then I entered the room where he had died. As I stood there I had what I may describe as a vivid sense of the man who was in my thoughts. I do not mean that I saw or felt or heard anything, but only that I seemed to be in his environment. I was uncomfortable and left the room, passing through the little dressing-room into his sitting-room. When I went over to the window, that window at which the things had happened, perhaps it was inevitable and did not mean anything that my sense of Wisset deepened. When I laid my hand upon the window cord, as usual the blind wouldn't move, and when I seized it by the lath and shook it in order to make it start my hand trembled, which I think was quite natural, and I could not help looking over my shoulder. The blind went up at last and I looked round the room where I was convinced the secret, if there was any secret, must be found. The sense of something was strong upon me and I was tempted at one moment to clear out; but it seemed absurd to be afraid, in the sitting-room of a middle-class house at nine o'clock on an April morning. If it had been ten-forty-five at night inside that room it would have been another matter. I began to argue the case out along this line: that Wisset was devoted, although he would not acknowledge it, to his nephew; that in a fit of disappointment he had left his money past his nephew to those dirty Afghans; that he had repented it, and, as I guessed, had corrected that will; that he could not tell us where the paper was, and that now, if I could depend upon what I saw, he returned about the hour of his death to keep his vigil. And then I argued further that when he turned from the window with that pathetic look it was to get that paper, and if so, it was in the room.

"I had an hour to spare before patients came, and I determined to do what I could with that room. I hung my coat at the back of a door where Wisset used to keep an old jacket, and looked round the room. Really there did not seem a hole where any one could hide even a slender paper. There was a stone mantelpiece, but there was no crack between it and the wall; there were, of course, no shutters — the house was too recent for that — behind which anything could be hid; the hearthstone had not been moved, and it was certain nothing would be hidden up the chimney because any paper would have been burned. There only remained the skirting boards and the floor. And now I noticed something about the floor which struck me and seemed to give a clue. The floor had been covered with brown paper laid beneath the carpet, and this paper had not been removed, although here and there it had slipped from its place and was ruffled. In one corner, however, it was all gone and the floor was bare; it seemed also as if the dust had been brushed away. Three boards' breadth was clear and clean. I knelt down and examined the wood, and I found that instead of a nail holding down one board a screw nail had been put in. When I looked closely at it I saw that it was braised and evidently had been frequently removed.

"What I am going to say now I could not prove to you even if you were kneeling with me over that board, and I do not know that I am sure of it myself, but there were signs to my mind as if some one who had no screwdriver and could do nothing with the nail had been trying to raise the nail with his fingers. But it would be quite open to say that the scratches had been caused by the frequent lifting of the board and I cannot press that point, but I have my imagination. As I became in youth the proud possessor of one of those marvelous knives which fit you for every emergency — and indeed would enable you to live on a desert island — which I have been careful to carry ever since as a link of the days of long ago, I had no difficulty in drawing the screw nail. It was then possible to raise the board a few inches and to insert my hand. At first I found nothing, but when I stretched a little farther I came on a packet, and I must say I drew it out with considerable satisfaction and expectation. It was wrapped in brown paper and tied with tape, and I ask the hearty admiration of this company when I tell you that I mastered my curiosity, which was certainly quite as keen as any woman's ever could be, and resolved to keep the packet intact and to hand it over to be opened by the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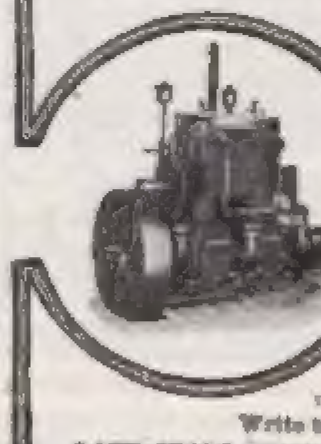

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lawyer. What I may have prescribed for my patients that morning and what I may have said to them about their illnesses I do not care to inquire, but I grudged every moment till I was able to place the papers in the hand of Jeremiah's lawyer and ask him to examine them. It was a disappointment to find that they consisted of about five thousand pounds' worth of American railway bonds which, for some reason we could not guess, Wisset had hidden away in this place; for this would mean only so much more money for the officials and the faddists, and would bring no inheritance to Stokes, and, I was also convinced, no relief to Wisset's troubled soul. I was explaining what I had hoped when the lawyer cried, 'Hello! here is a letter in one of the bonds,' and I should like to have taken my pulse when he opened the envelope, took out a sheet of notepaper and read:

> "'I, Jeremiah Wisset, being in full possession of my senses, but believing that I may not live long, do hereby revoke and declare of none effect that portion of my will which donates the residue of my estate, after the payment of certain legacies, to the Society for the Restoration of the Ten Tribes to the Holy Land, and I do now bequeath all of which I may be possessed at the hour of death, after the payment of the said legacies, to my nephew, Captain Stokes, because I have always loved him, and because he has done so well in Egypt.
>
> JEREMIAH WISSET.'

"'He might have used me,' said the lawyer with a slight asperity in his tone, 'instead of trying to do this himself, but I fancy he hated the idea of giving in and coming round to my view of things, for I had said what I thought about the Afghans. Stand in the courts? Oh, yes. It is perfectly clear what he intended and he only intended what was just, and in such circumstances an English judge always decides what is equitable. It is a mercy the Afghan people have not yet received a single penny from the estate, and I don't think they will need to appoint any more secretaries. Wisset has behaved like a trump, after all, and I don't see why Kinnish and I should not write to-day and let Captain Stokes know what his uncle thought of him and what he has done for him.' But for reasons which I leave to your imagination I did not say a word to the lawyer about the face at the window. I mentioned only my casual observation of a screw nail."

◆

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The production of "Madeira nuts," as walnuts of this kind were called a generation ago, is increasing at such a rate that before long the domestic supply will suffice for our own markets, which as yet depend to a considerable extent on importations from Spain, Portugal, and particularly the Island of Madeira. They get their name of "English walnuts" from the fact that they pass through the hands of British merchants on their way to the United States.

The great difficulty that has had to be overcome in the growing of walnuts in California is the fertilizing of the flowers of the trees, but it has been found that, when black walnuts or even common butternuts are planted in the orchards here and there, their more plentiful pollen serves to impregnate the blossoms of the English walnuts, which otherwise might remain to a very large extent infertile.

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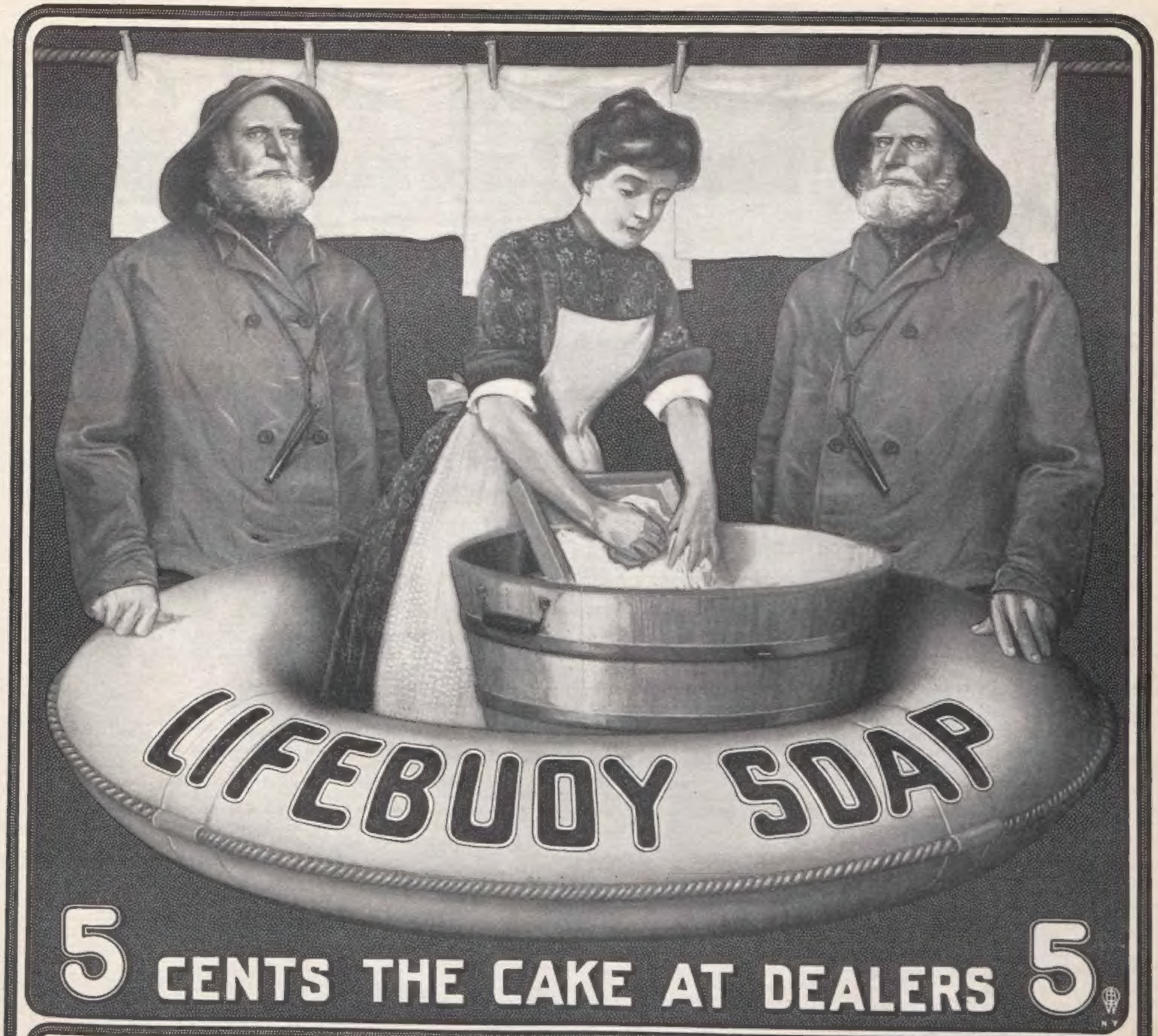

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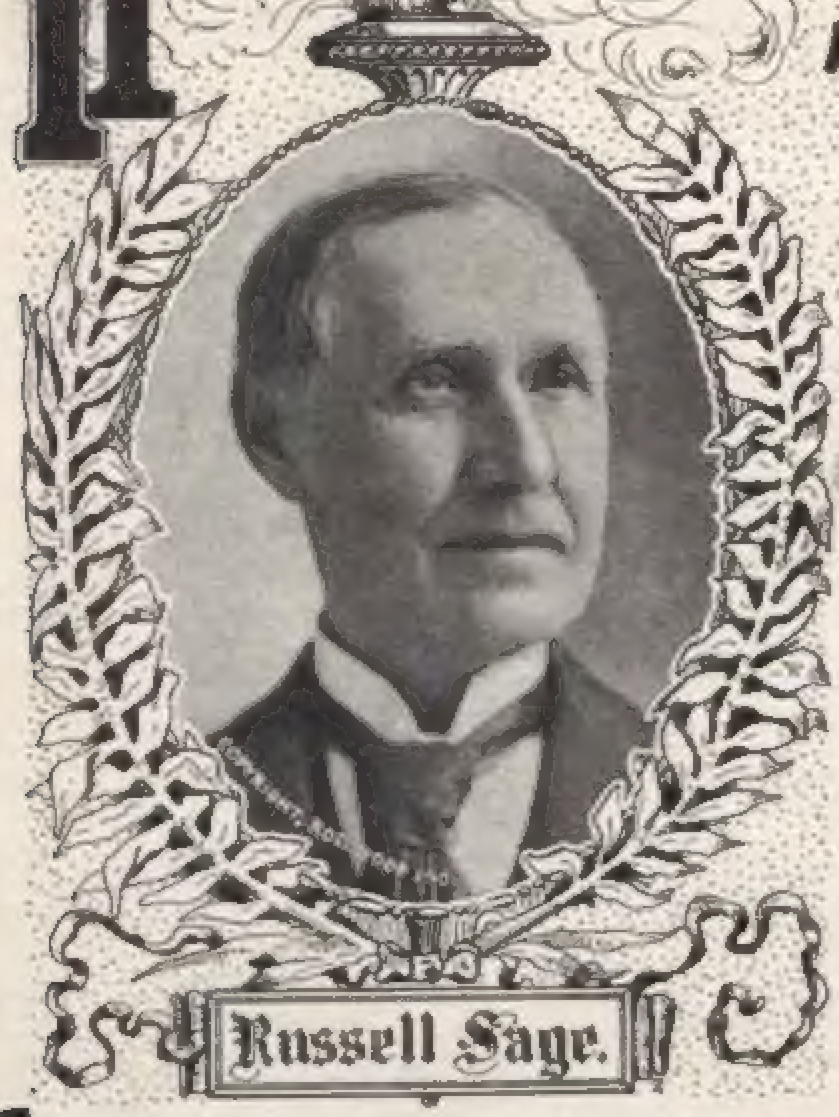
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